Collier's

JUNE 20, 1942 TEN CENTS

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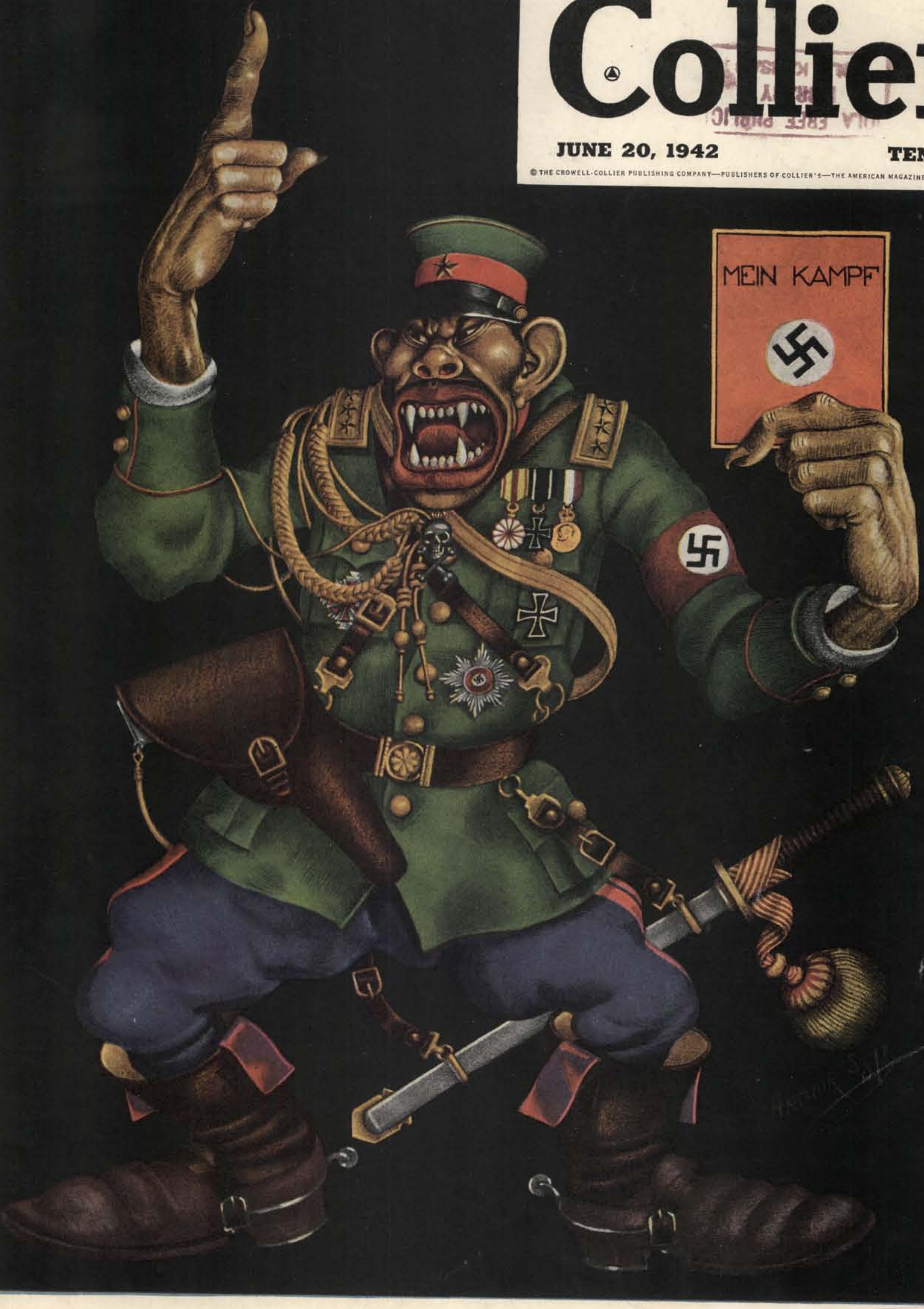

Yanks Down Under RADIOED FROM AUSTRALIA **By W**[illegible]**y**

June 20 '42

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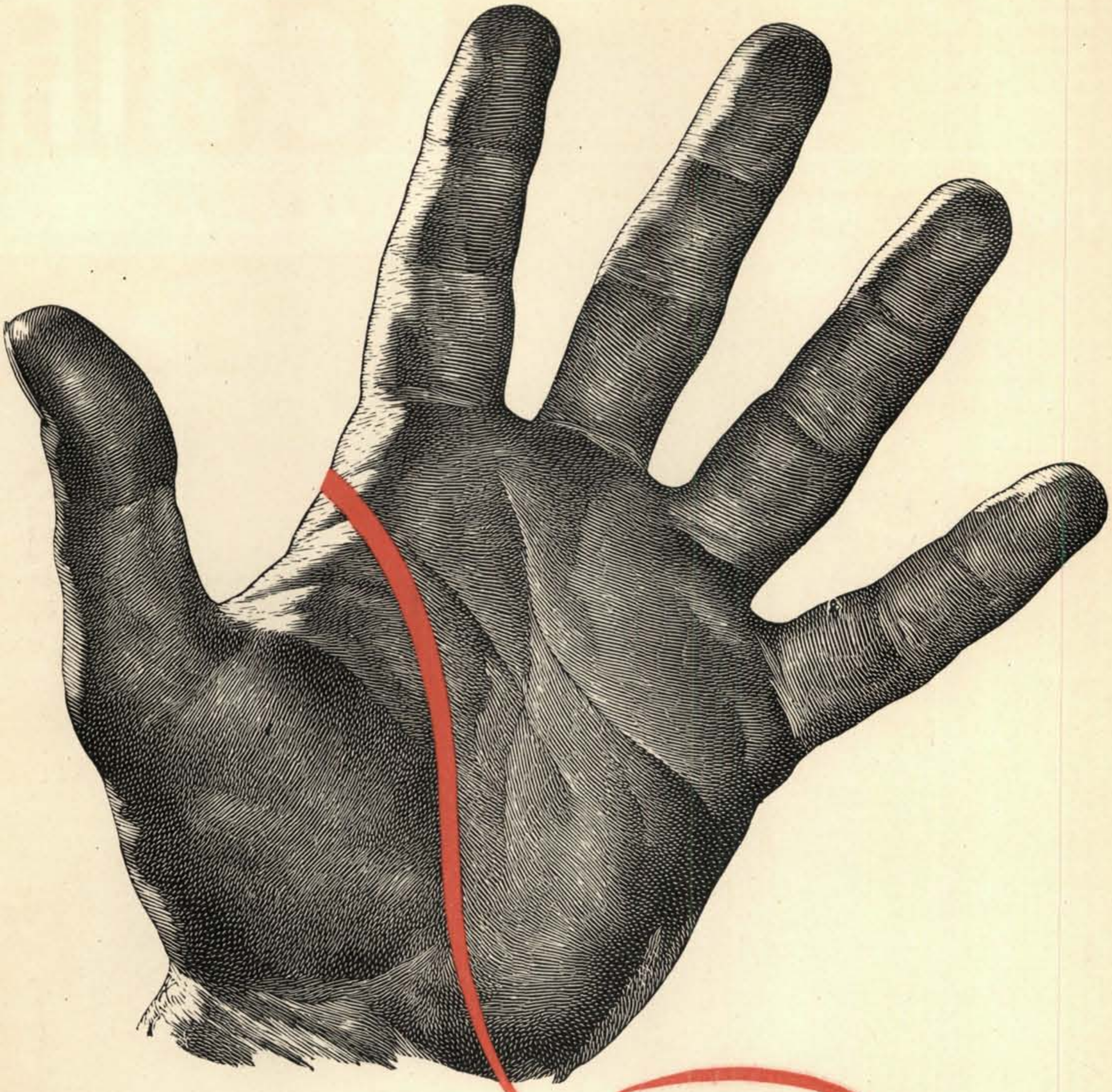

CONSULT YOUR MOTOR LIFE-LINE TODAY

The heart throb and the life-line of your car is its Auto-Lite* ignition system. The magic of this complex system changes motionless, dead weight into the living, moving, speeding vehicle you enjoy. *Auto-Lite* actually means *Auto Life.* Whenever wear or neglect hamper the free flow of this living energy, your whole car falters. When the flow stops, the car stops—that's all there is to that.

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These Are the Vital Units of Your Car's Life-Line

SPARK PLUGS BATTERIES

STARTING—LIGHTING and IGNITION SYSTEMS

WIRE and CABLE

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air.

TOLEDO, OHIO THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY SARNIA, ONTARIO

AUTO-LITE *means* AUTO LIFE

*MORE THAN HALF OF AMERICA'S CAR MAKERS SPECIFY AUTO-LITE EQUIPMENT

This is an American child.
This is an American home.

Lucky young American.
No child in the World has so bright a future.

We see her the Woman—loyal, helpful and smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

SHE COULD BELONG to no other country. In her are summed up all the efforts and strivings of the past—all our hopes for the future. If you have a daughter like this, how proud you must be of your share in her destiny—proud that she can face the world strong in body and mind, confident and smiling!

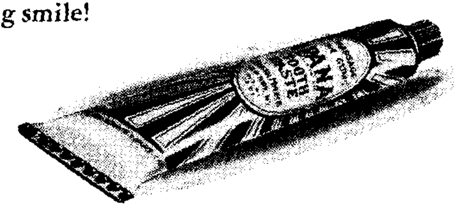
Yes, *smiling!* For this little girl knows well a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn. Today, in thousands of American classrooms,* youngsters are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

YOUR RADIO-PHONOGRAPH BECOMES MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU!

...Here's how to make it last longer!

IN TIMES like these it will pay you to take *extra* care of your radio or phonograph-radio—so that you may get the greatest amount of service and enjoyment from it.

HERE are a few hints:

KEEP IT CLEAN!

CLEAN the dust out of your set occasionally—after disconnecting it, of course!—with your vacuum cleaner's hand attachment. Better yet, have a qualified Radio Serviceman go over it carefully at least once every year—cleaning it, readjusting it, testing tubes.

KEEP IT COOL!

ALL radios generate a certain amount of heat inside—heat that may shorten the life of some of the elements in the set, if it is not permitted to escape. Therefore: Keep the back of the set *away* from the wall by a few inches at least—to assist free circulation of the air. A radio placed against a wall may overheat!

TREAT IT KINDLY!

CHECK the set's electric cord and plug—be sure that the cord is not frayed, and that the plug fits firmly into the wall socket. Check connections on electrical appliances nearby: loose connections may cause noise and static. Check the aerial and ground wires for breaks. If you have an outside aerial, make sure it is equipped with a lightning arrester in good condition. Even small static discharges—not lightning—can ruin your set if it is unprotected.

REPLACE WORN TUBES!

ANY radio set will last considerably longer with reasonably good care and periodic checkups. Tubes, of course, should be replaced without delay when they begin to weaken—for a thoroughly worn-out tube can occasionally damage other parts of the radio. Be sure to replace them with genuine RCA Radiotron, RCA Victor, or Cunningham Tubes . . . made for *longer life* by RCA!

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

RCA VICTOR

Collier's

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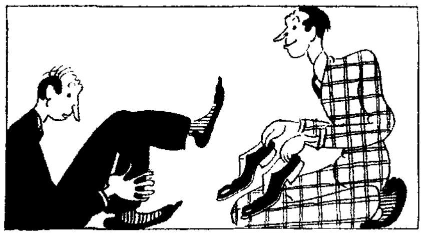
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

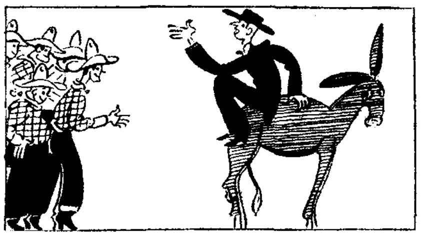
BETWEEN aircraft plants we ran into Damon Runyon whose Mindy stories are among the numerous reasons why millions of intelligent people read this indispensable magazine. Mr. Runyon asked us to lay for all time the ancient story that he buys shoes by the dozen pairs and sends them to Mr. Hype Igoe, the New York sports writer, to break in for him. Mr. Runyon told us that he buys but very few shoes indeed; that those he does buy (one pair at a time) come already broken in and that anyway he wears shoes only because modern paving hurts his bare feet. As for Mr. Igoe, Mr. Runyon said: "He broke in only one pair of shoes for me and that was many years ago when I had but two pair to my name. I did not ask Mr. Igoe to break them in. He volunteered—in my absence. Whether he broke them in properly I do not know. I never saw them again."



AFTER you've walked the concrete floors of your tenth aircraft plant, seeing warplanes being turned out like motorcars you begin to lose interest in names. Therefore it doesn't matter which assembly line it was whereon this happened. But we got to asking silly questions of the men and women who are making the planes which, as certainly as our name isn't MacArthur, will fetch this war to an entirely satisfactory end sooner than you think. Being somewhat shy we talked first to the men. We noticed that in almost every assembly line leader's crew there was a woman! We asked the first squad leader how he liked working all day beside a girl. "Well," said he slowly, "I don't believe in all these women working in aircraft factories. It won't work. They're not mechanically minded. You can't tell them nothing. But this little woman here with me, she's different. Smart. Best woman in the place." So we asked the second squad leader: "Nope," said he, "it won't work. Women weren't made to work on assembly lines. This here little girl who's working with me though, she ain't like the rest of 'em. Clever. Quick to catch on. Best gal in the place."

Still doubtful we asked the third squad leader. "I dunno," he sighed. "Don't hold with women working machinery, myself. Means trouble. But now this young woman here with me, she's different. She's the smartest—" So we quit speaking to squad leaders on airplane assembly lines and were about to leave the place when a foreman accosted us. "I heard what you were asking," he said. "About women working on assembly lines. Personally I think a woman's place is in the home and you got all you can do to manage them there. But this gal I got working with me—well, I'd say she's one in a thousand. Quick as a flash, she is smart. But I wouldn't give you a nickel for the rest of them. Now this gal I got. Listen, mister—" But we waved him off and got out, hotly pursued by a four-engine bomber just leaving the finish end of the assembly line.

IN ARIZONA we met a gentleman named Robinson who had dropped everything to organize Less Gas for Congressmen clubs. Mr. Robinson told us that already thousands of our fellow citizens, porch-bound for the want of tires and threatened with further cuts in their gasoline rations, are longing for the day when their representatives in Congress drive back on new tires and with X cards entitling them to unlimited supplies of gas. He can assure us, he said, that the very sight of such a legislator will cause thousands of his constituents to cast their votes for the other guy. "If I were running for Congress this fall," said Mr. Robinson, "I would campaign from the back of a mule or, at best, in a buggy. All the congressmen I know have all the gas they need without X-card help."



SO WE joined Mr. Robinson's movement and rode into the desert to inspect a desert stove whereon our troops in the sand and cactus country heat their beans and boil their coffee. We're glad that Mr. Robinson wasn't with us because he might now be at some pains to preserve his patriotism. In the desert no firewood is to be had. Therefore the lads take a large can, lower it into a hole in the sand, half fill the can with sand and saturate the sand with gasoline. Touch it off with a match and there you are. It's a brain child of Major General George Smith Patton, Jr. It's called Hell in the Desert and is Pattoned Applied For. The desert does things like this to some people. W. D.

THIS WEEK

JUNE 20, 1942

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COVER ARTHUR SZY

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For beautiful outdoor photographs—load up with Agfa Ansco Plenachrome. It is guaranteed: "*Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!*" Its extra margin of quality and its ability to minimize certain exposure errors make this exclusive guarantee possible. It comes in the orange-and-blue box. Look for your guarantee bond with every roll. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. 100 Years of Service to American Photography.***

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Aerial Ears
ASTONISHING INSTRUMENT FOR DETECTING APPROACH OF ENEMY PLANES MANY MILES OFF. HORNS ARE ROTATED TO FIND PLANES' ELEVATION AND DIRECTION. THE HORN UPPER RIGHT ASSISTS THE OTHER TWO
THIS MECHANISM WITH THE MINIATURE PLANE CHECKS ON DETAILS OF THE ATTACKING SQUADRON SUCH AS ITS SPEED AND THE WIND-DRIFT OF THE SOUND
THIS INSTRUMENT CALCULATES THE RANGE – THAT IS, THE DISTANCE OF THE ENEMY PLANES. THIS AND THE OTHER DATA CONTROL THE FIRING OF THE GUNS
THE SEARCHLIGHT THROWS AN 800 MILLION CANDLE-POWER BEAM 3 TO 6 MILES. THE LIGHT SOURCE IS HOT ENOUGH TO BURN UP A DIAMOND
PHEW! THAT'S JUST TOO HOT! ME FOR A COOL-BURNING PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED – COOLEST OF ALL!
ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY
RANGE FINDER
SEARCHLIGHTS
SEARCHLIGHTS
SOUND DETECTOR
LIGHTS 'FLICK' THE PLANE – GUNS BEGIN
THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN WE REALLY APPRECIATE COMFORT IN OUR SMOKES – THE DELIGHTFUL MILDNESS AND MELLOWNESS OF PRINCE ALBERT COMBINED WITH SUCH HEARTY RICHNESS OF TASTE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS ARE 'THAT WAY' ABOUT P.A., TOO. THE NO-BITE PROCESS GIVES OUR TONGUES A BREAK, WHILE THE CRIMP CUT SPINS UP SO QUICK AND EASY
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A unique orchestra of the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific is composed of twenty native women who perform without musical instruments, producing their symphonic effects by skillfully clapping and pressing their hands. With their large repertoire of melodies, they have played before white audiences in Australia and New Zealand.

Evidently, the oak seedling has a greater phototropic reaction than any other plant. It will definitely bend toward the light of a match held within three feet of it for only eight seconds.—*By Vivienne Eisner, Dayton, Ohio.*

Recently, a short-wave radio station, using the call letters DEBUNK, started to broadcast a daily, half-hour program of anti-British and anti-Semitic propaganda. It purports to be hidden in the Middle West, but direction finders have located the transmitter in Germany. The announcers give themselves away by signing off at "(Censored) Central War Time" when it is Eastern War Time.—*By Julian P. Cole, Arlington, Virginia.*

A poll made among American poetry lovers in thirty-nine states revealed that the five best-liked poems, in order of their popularity, are: A Psalm of Life by Longfellow, The House by the Side of the Road by Foss, Thanatopsis by Bryant, Crossing the Bar by Tennyson and Trees by Kilmer.—*By Frederic J. Haskin, Washington, D. C.*

The only accident in American railroad history caused by a "passenger" turning over in his sleep, occurred a few years ago during the night run of a circus train. While in the throes of a nightmare, a sea elephant suddenly shifted his great weight and derailed the car.—*By Gertrude A. Mohler, Toledo, Ohio.*

One of the most famous encyclopedias in the English language pays its celebrated authors at the incredibly low rate of two cents a word. As an example, George Bernard Shaw, for a difficult article of 3,420 words, received $68.40.

Through pipe lines, oil refiners today are able to ship thousands of gallons of gasoline to one city, fuel oil to a second and kerosene to a third, simply by pumping them into the line in succession. Little mixing occurs and the operators in each city remove their shipment, irrespective of its position in the "liquid train," by opening and closing the valves at the right moment.—*By William M. Baldwin, Buffalo, New York.*

In reality, a hairsbreadth is one forty-eighth of an inch, a dash of bitters is one quarter of a teaspoon and the lion's share of anything is one hundred per cent.

Daniel Pratt was probably the most colorful and beloved character in New England for fifty years before his death in 1887. Although long demented, this "Great American Traveler" could make such grandiloquent speeches that he addressed numerous student bodies annually, his arrival resulting in a boisterous welcome and the declaration of a holiday.—*By R. E. Powers, Sunside, New York.*

The only live animal actors in Hollywood that have to be faked are African elephants, for pictures with African scenes. There are only six such animals from that continent in the United States and they cannot be rented. Asiatic elephants have to be used and are made to look like their African cousins by wearing large false ears.

A geographical curiosity is a set of twin lakes atop a mountain on Flores Island in the Flores Sea. While quite similar in size and shape and separated only by a thin wall of rock, their waters have the general appearance and opacity of paint, with one colored a turquoise blue and the other colored a ruby red.—*By Ruth Goodwin, Auburndale, Massachusetts.*

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ON FATHER'S DAY

SALUTE

to America's 2 favored shirts for '42!

KHAKI FOR AMERICA'S LADS... FOR AMERICA'S DADS!

Treat Your Best Pal To TruVal!

Stripes, patterns, lustrous whites, featuring the collar that stays "parade-trim" without starch in a heat wave!

You feel like a champion in easy, colorful TruVal sportswear, tailored *right* in the *right* patterns and *right* fabrics.

Mother hopes the neighbors are looking . . . because TruVal's distinguished styling keeps Dad in "Right Dress!"

IT'S a pleasure! It's a two-way pleasure with TruVal Shirts—*to give them is as pleasant as to receive them!* The moment Father puts them on, TruVals *feel* so good and *look* so good, everyone in the family shares Father's delight. And to add to his pleasure, they've given him TruVal Sportswear! TruVal's Polo Shirts, Slack Suits and Sport Shirts are made with the same *careful regard for style and for comfort as TruVal shirts.* They feature all the popular fabrics such as cottons, poplins, rayons, gabardines, etc.—all in the newest colors and patterns.

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AMERICA'S GREATEST BUY IN SHIRTS AND SPORTS APPAREL!
SPORTS APPAREL—$1.35 AND UP

SHIRTS $1.55
$1.65 & $2.00

WAR SAVINGS BONDS SOLD
AT THIS WINDOW

"I BUY ONE EVERY PAY-DAY!"

- "I figure there are two good ways for a married man with kids to help his Uncle Sam right now.
- "One way is to do his job better than ever before—help to outproduce the Axis, and *'keep 'em flying!'* That's why I enrolled for an I. C. S. Course in my line of work a few months ago. Already, the training I've acquired is helping me to be a better soldier on the industrial front!
- "And with the extra money I'm earning as a result of modern I. C. S. *training*, I'm buying a War Bond every pay-day! The whole family's buying War Stamps. Why don't *you* mail this coupon, and find out how a low-cost I. C. S. Course can increase your job efficiency, and make you worth more to your country in the battle of production? Mark and mail the coupon *right now!*"

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

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★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X: ★

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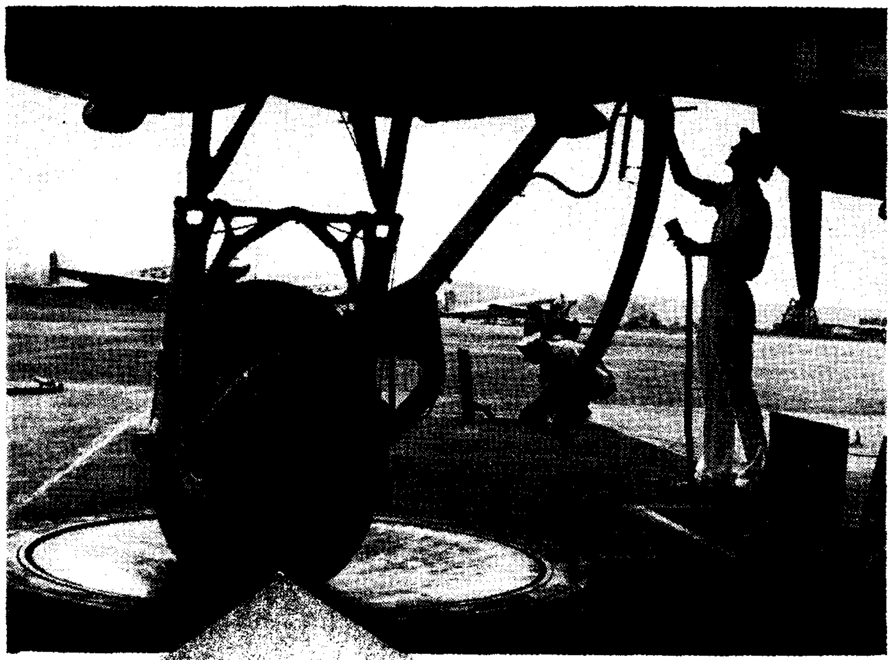


W. EUGENE SMITH

Wear on airplane tires is saved by the pivot mechanism of this cup-shaped turntable in use at Washington Airport

WING TALK

FLYING is still so young, romantic and adventurous that among pilots there has not yet developed a counterpart of the old sailor and his tall stories of the sea. However, that the day will come when ancient and retired airmen will spin yarns of the airways for wide-eyed grandchildren is forecast by a tall tale of the skies credited to Capt. B. C. Dickerson of Delta Air Lines, who flies out of Atlanta up Knoxville way. Here it is:

We got out of Atlanta on schedule one morning before daylight and headed for Knoxville. The weather (which was a military secret) had been bad for several days. We broke out on top at seven thousand, leveled off, and proceeded north. About twenty minutes out, the sun came pushing up out of the mist. We had a cross wind and drifted several miles east of our course which put us over around Clingman's Dome and Newfound Gap. This section of the mountains is quite popular for skiing.

We were busting along just on top of the overcast, when right in front of our nose a V-formation of ski jumpers broke through the overcast! We, too, were surprised, and since we were pulling more manifold pressure than they were, we did an Immelmann and got out of the way. Fortunately, no one was sucked up in the intake.

Several days later we heard that one was fished out of the Hiwassee reservoir, another ran the rapids of the Little Tennessee River, a third spun in, and the other two are still missing.

RECOGNIZING that tires for private and commercial aircraft will also be hard to replace, the engineering department of Aero Insurance Underwriters, one of a small group of aviation insurance firms which do much to keep air safety at a high level, appeals to airmen to exercise the same care with tires on airplanes that they do with their automobiles to avoid accidents.

Pilots can save rubber by easing up on the practice of locking one wheel and turning the ship around on that pivot with a blast of the gun. Brakes still have to be used for maneuverability on the ground but rubber can be saved if they are not used exclusively. Pilots are told to reverse the tires every hundred hours to equalize the wear.

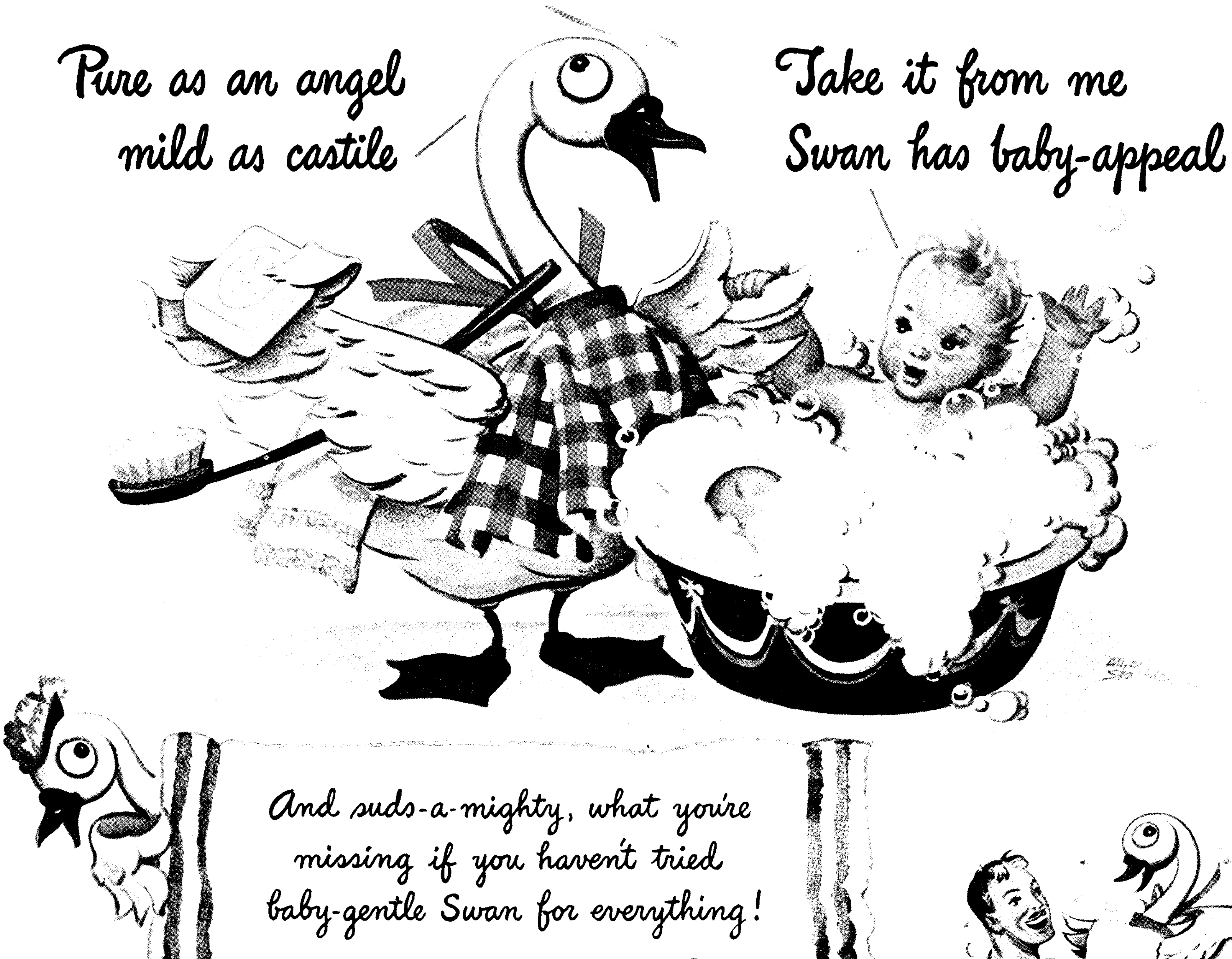
The greatest menace to airplane tires is the junk found on runways, things no one would expect to wander way out there, but they do—nails, sharp stones, glass, bolts, nuts, and in one case, a wrench, which emphasized its destructive value by tearing a chunk from a propeller tip. Could use some runway whitewings.

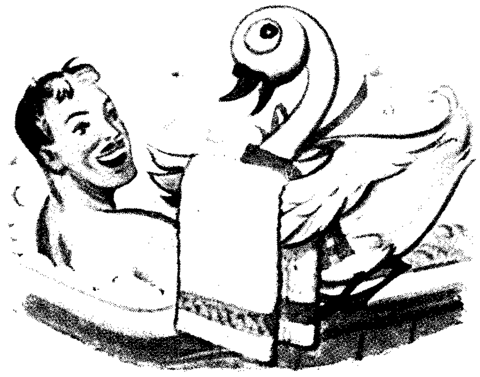
SMALL now, but important in the long run, is another major defeat suffered by the Axis in Latin America. Paraguayan airmen, whose combat air power is composed of Italian equipment, are very dissatisfied with their Caproni light bombers and Fiat fighters and want American airplanes very badly and quickly. American government officials and aircraft firms who tried unsuccessfully to compete with the Italians several years ago for the business of equipping the Paraguayan air force feel vindicated by this expression which has just worked its way up north.

Because of the inferior Italian airplanes, military training in Paraguay has suffered, and is practically at a standstill. And it is pretty generally acknowledged these days that a nation without adequate air defense is a push-over.

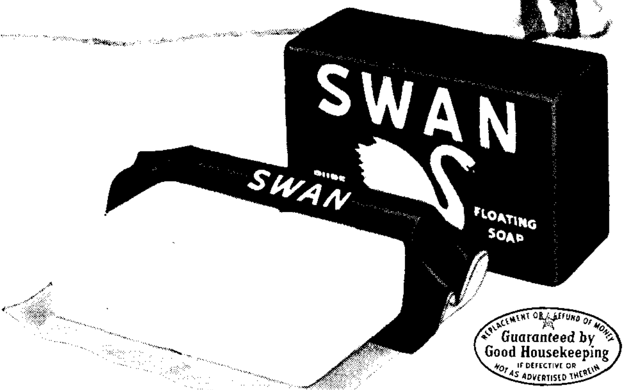
ESTABLISHED air-line executives now are just as glad that fifteen to twenty years ago the railroads anticipated no threats from audacious one-plane operators who talked big about setting up air lines in competition with the Iron Horse. A couple of big rail companies did go in for air transportation. The Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe inaugurated transcontinental rail-air passenger service thirteen years ago come July 7th through Transcontinental Air Transport, now TWA. Boston &

(Continued on page 52)

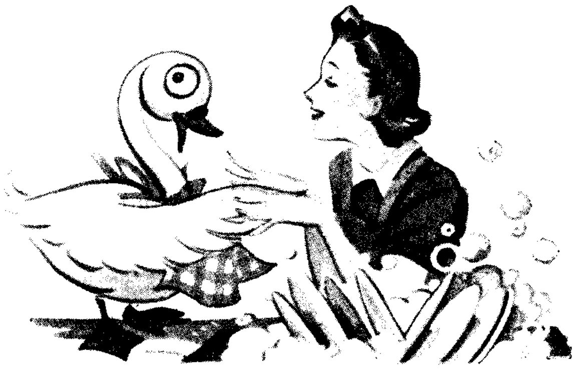

Pure as an angel
mild as castile
Take it from me
Swan has baby-appeal
And suds-a-mighty, what you're
missing if you haven't tried
baby-gentle Swan for everything!



FOR YOU—*slathers o' lather—even in hard water!* And that's not all: Swan is more real soap per penny than ANY leading toilet soap! Somethin' to cheer about these days!


SWAN
SWAN
FLOATING SOAP
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Two convenient sizes —Large and Regular



FOR DISHES—*baby-gentle suds galore!* Good-to-hands suds—scads of 'em—so there's no need for strong, easy-to-waste package soaps any more!

FOR UNDIES—*baby-gentle suds that save silks and woolies!* It's a long life to colors and fabrics—when baby-gentle Swan does the sudsin'! A *pretty* life to hands, too!

AND—LOOK! *Twin cakes from each Swan bar!* Snap! And you have 2 cakes, one for kitchen, one for bath! Swan everything—now—and shout: "Hooray!" For you've met up with the swellest floating soap ever—and its name is SWAN!

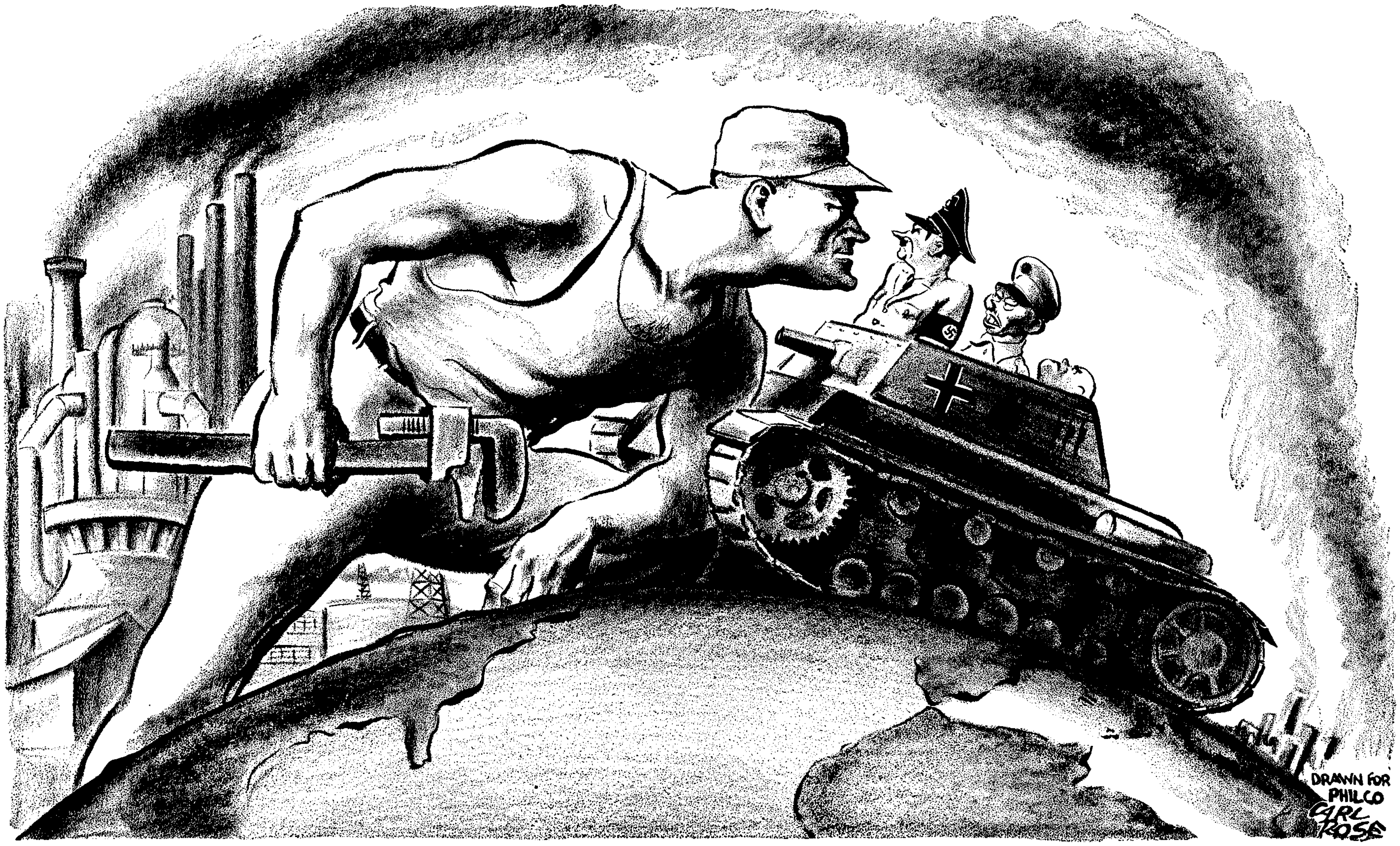
Swan

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TUNE IN: GRACIE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS • PAUL WHITEMAN • See your local paper for time and station

"Who's telling __who__ where to get off?"



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

Carl Rose makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, they interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of industry.

★ ★ ★

STAGGERING figures they were, on that fateful day when we heard them over our radios . . . 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, 8 million tons of shipping. Matching, in twelve short months, the strength that the forces of aggression took years to build. A fantastic goal—for anyone else but America!

Today, the men and women of American industry are proving that the task is not too great for their ingenuity, skill and energy. With grim determination, the weapons of Victory are pouring from the assembly lines. The war production pace is *ahead of schedule.* That's America!

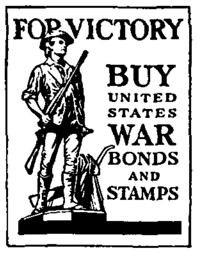
In this united effort, the creed of Philco's soldiers of production is *"More! Better! Sooner!"* In the production of communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, industrial storage batteries, fuzes and shells, we see Victory in the making. And more than that, we see the forming of *a new and more abundant life.* The arts of war that whip men's minds to desperate deeds of destruction leave a legacy to peace. The scientific achievements that men conceive in fury will be converted to a fuller, richer life for all humanity.

We see our part in that legacy now in the Philco laboratories, in the faces of our engineers . . . as we carry on with hope, inspiration and faith in America's future.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Carl Rose will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 5C.

PHILCO
CORPORATION

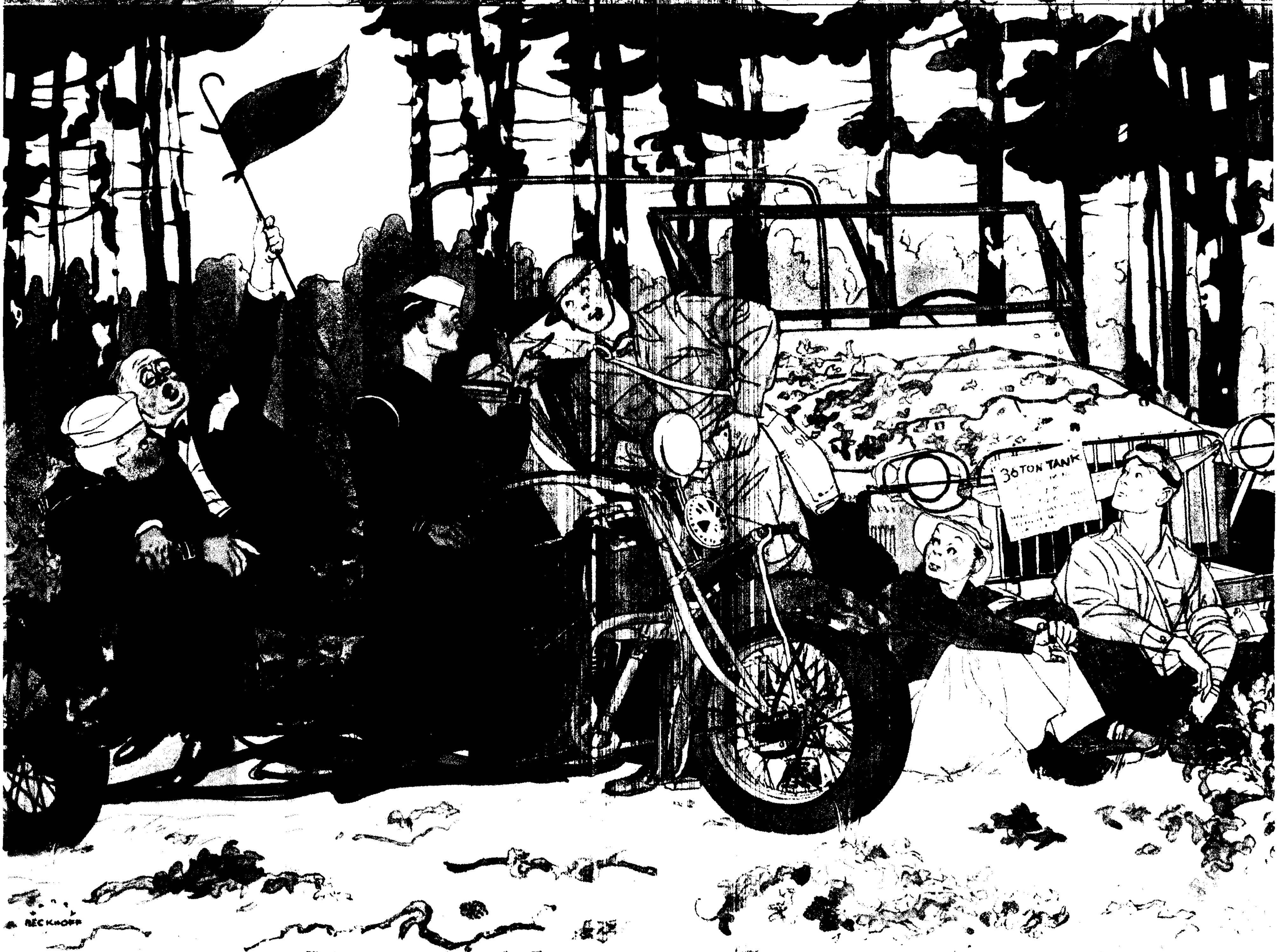
America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline, and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.



RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS
AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS

INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

Collier's The National Weekly for June 20, 1942



Halting the motorcycle, Seaman Linn yelled, "You guys know where we can find Corporal Rex Downes?" "An' dern't say we ain't got a pass!" put in Dunnevan

A Little Something Called Morale

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The U. S. Navy vs. the U. S. Army. The complete history of a very short war which was won hands down by Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan

THE U. S. Destroyer Trimble, having sunk one Japanese submarine and possibly a second in the waters between Hawaii and the West Coast, had slipped into San Diego bay to take aboard some more depth charges.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, their dungarees dirty and their sweat towels salty, were sharing one of the first newspapers to reach the ship.

"Don't talk whilst you read, Tim!" said Seaman Linn, sharply. "An' quit snorting in my ear!"

"Yerse . . . but, Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Why ain't you a hero? Why ain't your name in the paper? Dint the Skipper say you done good to hit that Jap pig-boat?"

This brought a resigned shrug from Seaman Linn, the brain of Force *and* Brains, Inc.

"A unidentified U. S. destroyer is all it ever says, Tim. This man's Navy is too busy fighting a war to brag on itself. A U. S. sailor would hafta swim over an' capture a Jap sub single-handed to get in the papers." Then, remembering to be modest, "Besides, I wasn't the whole gun crew. I was only a pointer."

"Lookit, Benny!"

"Now, what?"

"Right there . . . in the paper . . . see? 'ARMY MEN CITED FOR BRAVERY IN FAR EAST BATTLE' . . . Lookit . . . three of 'em. Gener'l Haizlip . . . ain't that old Fuzzy-Wuzzy?"

Seaman Linn stared at the newspaper story.

"Haizlip, sure. Hully gee, Tim . . . we know *all* of 'em! Sergeant Reginald Downes . . . an' Corporal G. T. Matthews—"

"Downes? Dint he marry Cookie?"

"Sure—an' that Matthews was the guy they called Prof. The guy who wanted to go A.W.O.L.—only we wouldn't let him!"

A flood of reminiscence swept over Fireman Dunnevan and he snorted.

"It ain't fair, Benny!" he growled. "I an' you an' Polly Peters—we made them guys. Right before the war busted loose, we did!"

But Seaman Linn remembered details more accurately.

"We dint exactly do so much for Haizlip, Tim. But we sure put morale into Rex Downes an' Prof. Now, lookit, they're heroes. Fuzzy-Wuzzy is gonna be a lieut. general an' Downes gets a commission an' Prof. gets promoted to top sergeant."

Bitterness clouded Fireman Dunnevan's St. Bernard brown eyes.

"I an' you an' Miss Polly taught 'em all a lesson, Benny," he said. "Even old Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It ain't fair. Them Army guys get medals. I an' you dern't

(Continued on page 35)

Yanks Down Under

By W. B. Courtney

RADIOED FROM AUSTRALIA

In Australia, strange and wondrous land, winter comes in summertime, cars burn wood and run on the wrong side of the street, and yes may turn out to mean no if you're not careful. Our guys are learning fast, Mr. Courtney reports

AUSTRALIA is the farthest point on the earth's surface to which American soldiers ever have been officially sent to fight. Even in these years of swift transportation, it's awfully far, far away from home as the average young man reckons. As you walk about in the States, the soles of your feet are—except for a matter of some eight thousand miles of soil, rock and inner fires—against those of your soldier boys here on the diametrically opposite side of the globe. Hence "antipodes"—with the feet opposite—the fanciful old name for these parts.

Stick a long pin through your parlor table globe at, say Eastport, Maine, on a southerly axis, and it will come out close to Perth in western Australia. Roughly, from the center of our west coast at San Francisco to the center of Australia's east coast at Brisbane, it's about 8,000 miles. From New York to Sydney, it's more than 11,000 miles via Panama and more than 15,000 the other way around. In standard time the Yanks got fifteen hours ahead of the folks at home by coming down here. Today with us is yesterday for you.

Within Australia, there's two hours difference between east and west coast times. In another way, we are six months apart. Below the Equator—Sydney's about as far south of it as San Diego is north—the seasons are reversed. Yanks who left home in winter found themselves cheated of spring; instead, they got autumn, and in June, July and August they face another winter.

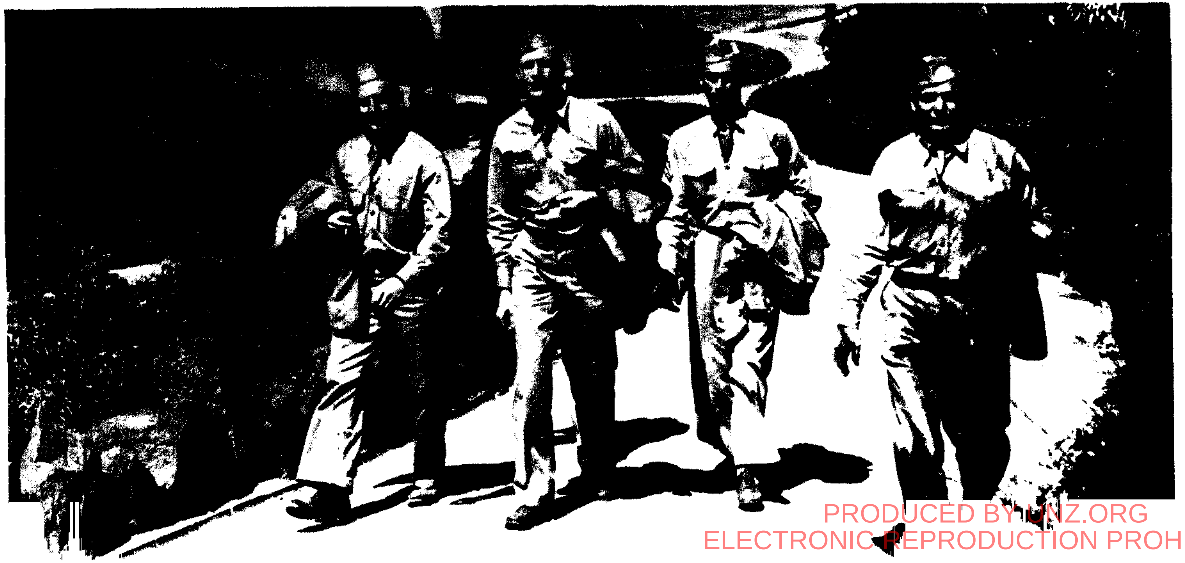
The Yanks find many familiar things topsy-turvied. They walk and drive on the "wrong" side of streets. They are cooled by winds from the south, warmed by northerly breezes. Whereas, Americans go south in winter to Florida, Arizona and southern California, Australians go north—to Cairns, Townsville and Great Barrier Reef resorts.

Look at a flat map of Australia. This island continent, astray from ancient main lines of man's international travel and commerce across the northern temperate zone, is about as large as the whole United States.

Yet its population isn't as large as that of New York City. Turn the map over and upside down, look at it through the back against the light, and you will notice a curious thing. It now even resembles the shape of the United States, with Cape York Peninsula being our Florida, and the great Australian Bight our Great Lake region.

Distances, we suspect, are the feature you least realize about Australia. From the big southeastern cities here, for example, it's as far to the northeast towns as from New York and Boston to *(Continued on page* 44*)*

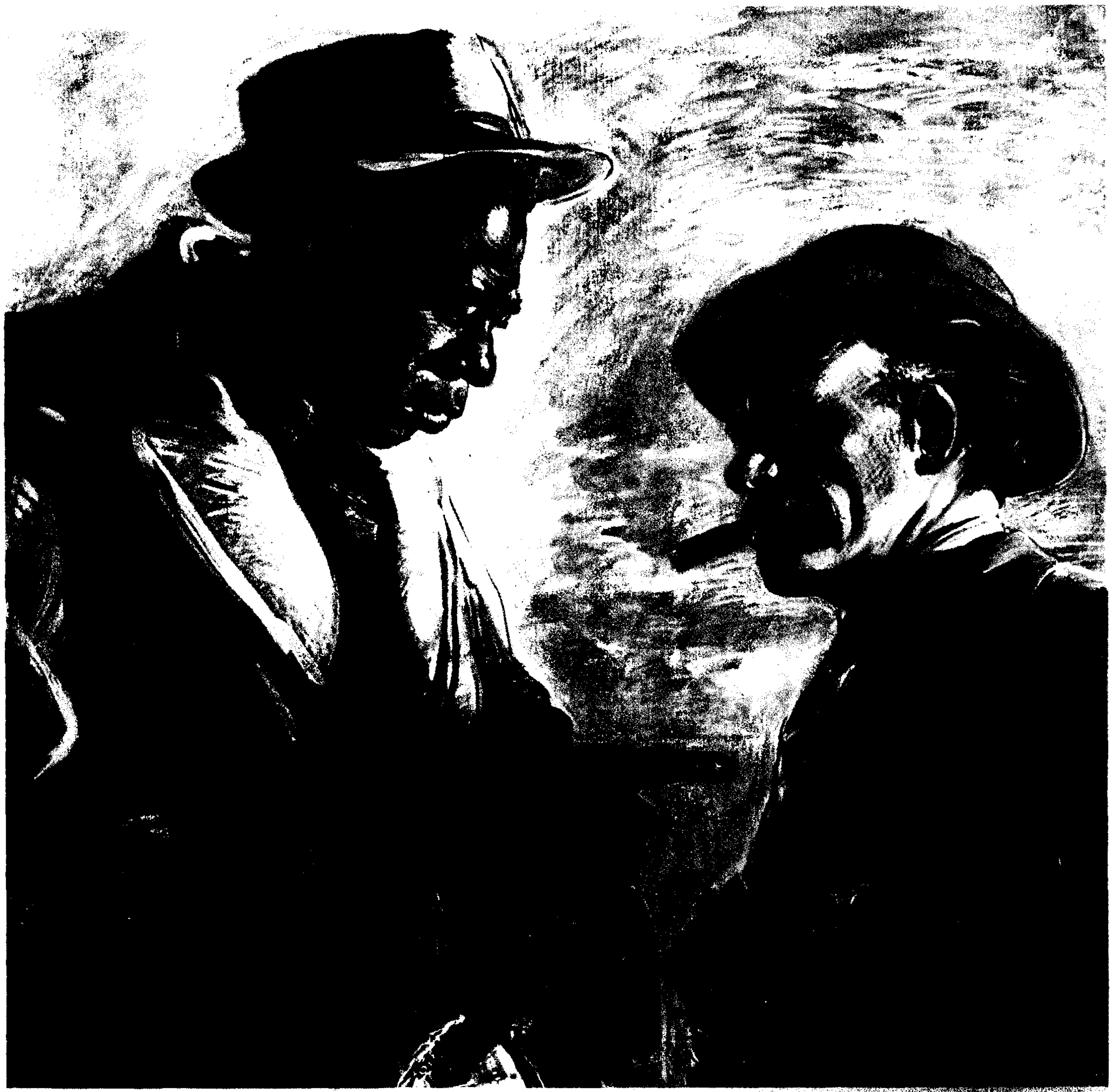
INTERPHOTO



BRITISH COMBINE

American soldiers in Australia quickly make friends wherever they go. Left: Staff Sgt. J. B. Spach accepts a light from Miss J. A. Philip, a member of the Women's Australian Air Force Auxiliary. Lower left: Yanks sight-seeing in one of Melbourne's parks. Below: Corp. R. Damuth, impersonating Lord Haw-Haw, gives a news commentary to Sgt. D. Zdybicki

INTERPHOTO



Refugee looked at Hard Hat McGee, the whites of his eyes hidden. "Give Mr. Willie his paper," he said softly

Love Came Borrowing

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Willie Wurtzel figured friends a dime a dozen. When he needed one he found the price somewhat higher

WILLIE WURTZEL—manager of Refugee Smith, leading contender for the middleweight crown—had a heart as big as a shriveled pea. At least that would be the impression one would gain through consultation with his associates, though there were among these some who would contend this was too generous an estimate by half, and then some.

However, at the moment, this organ of moot dimensions was beating in a fashion to impart a perceptible quiver to the third button on Willie Wurtzel's gay waistcoat, for across the table from Willie sat Annabelle Divine.

In the economically lighted bistro where they were, Annabelle Divine was indeed a vision, although there was also some debate about what kind of vision she would be at 10 A. M. Eastern War Time, out in the pure sunlight.

Long ago love had come to Willie and its consummation was being duly arranged through a reliable broker in those matters when the dowry check his betrothed's old man had put up had proved to be ersatz. This had somewhat shaken Willie's faith in love and marriage. It had left him something of a cynic which, withal, was a handy attitude in the prize fight managing business.

But love had come again to Willie Wurtzel, and when Annabelle smiled sweetly at him and said, "Do you know what today is?" Willie, bemused as he was by this tenderest of all emotions and six brandy-and-sodas, saw no harm in admitting it was Tuesday, the seventeenth.

"And," said Annabelle archly, "do you know what *next* Tuesday is?"

Willie told her that he hoped it would be Tuesday the twenty-fourth.

"I hope so, too," Annabelle said. "Because that's my birthday."

"Birthday?" said Willie.

"Birthday," said Annabelle.

Willie smiled weakly. "In such a case," he said, "I guess I should come up with a slight knickknack."

"No," Annabelle said.

"No?" said Willie in relieved disbelief.

"You don't have to worry your head about it at all," Annabelle said. "I have it all picked out."

Willie Wurtzel squirmed. "What," he said cautiously, "have you all picked out?"

Annabelle stood up. "Come on," she said, "I'll show you. It's not far."

It isn't far from the vicinity of Sixth Avenue and 52d Street to some place around Fifth Avenue and 52d Street, but when 52d gives way to Fifth Avenue a change takes place. Where before there were night clubs, there are now stores which very definitely don't give away to anybody.

In front of one of these stores Annabelle stopped. Willie stopped, too, took one fleeting glance into the window and cringed. In the window, in solitary state, was a coat. It was a fur coat and it was worn by a plaster lady of cold hauteur. Against one of the lady's slim ankles was propped a discreet card.

"Isn't it too, too, grand!" Annabelle said rapturously.

Willie looked at the card again. "Three," he corrected in a hollow voice.

HARD HAT McGEE was a character of some repute, all ill, who would lend you a few bucks did you pledge a pound of flesh and more than legal interest—and no fast ones about blood not being flesh, either. Hard Hat had come by his cognomen through the simple expedient of never having been seen except under an ancient derby in a couple of decades of leaning against the same building, and he was known in his own sphere as a very fast man to a dollar. So fast, indeed, that there was some talk at one time of putting up a monument to Mouser Bergen—Mouser having shrewdly succumbed to pneumonia while owing Hard Hat a small sum and thus becoming the only man on record who ever beat Hard Hat out of that which was owed him.

And it was to Hard Hat that Willie Wurtzel came, Willie having found that Ed Delaney was out of town and that other friends were severely in the shorts. Willie wanted to borrow three thousand dollars.

"Ah, Willie," Hard Hat said. "You're extravagant. You drink and gamble and take show girls around, and though your colored boy makes you lots of money, you come to me."

"That's right," Willie said.

"How much do you want?"

"Three gees for thirty days."

"And what makes me think you'll pay me back the thirty-three hundred in thirty days?" Hard Hat asked.

"My boy, Refugee Smith, has got a fight in Philly thirty days from yesterday. We're gettin' eight grand. I'll have my four the next mornin'."

"What security have you got?"

"Security?" Willie said. "At them interest prices?"

"You might die," Hard Hat pointed out from the green and bitter memory of Mouser Bergen's betrayal.

"Aw," Willie said, "I'm healthy as a horse."

"Okay," Hard Hat said. "You got life insurance?"

"Naw."

Hard Hat McGee tilted his derby back a shade and scratched his brow. "Well," he said finally, "I think I have thought of a way I can help you. I think I have thought of some security you can put up."

"Yeah?"

"You make me out an assignment of your fighter's services, contract, et cetera et al," said Hard Hat, who figured a few ets might dull the edge of his proposition, "in event you die—or don't pay me back in thirty days."

Willie Wurtzel backed up a step. "Aw naw," he said. "Not that."

"It's just formality," Hard Hat said casually. "It will be in plain print you can redeem the assignment do you pay me back inside of thirty days, and you'll have four grand thirty days from now."

Willie pictured Annabelle unwrapping the coat. "Well . . ." he began doubtfully.

A WEEK later Willie Wurtzel was standing in the apartment of Annabelle Divine, unwrapping a box. On Willie's face was a look of rectitude and sacrifice. Annabelle's face was blank, poised for elation or disappointment.

Willie fumbled willfully with the strings. Finally in one grand gesture, he broke the string, threw open the box. He stood back and watched Annabelle.

(Continued on page 50)

ROACH

Bulking against the sky line at left is Mount Bartlett, storehouse of molybdenum. The stream in foreground carries off the mine tailings

Magic Mountain

By Roscoe Fleming

This is the success story of Element 42. Its name is molybdenum, better known as moly. A whole mountain of it in Colorado is contributing handsomely to our war machine

HOWEVER you come upon it, Climax is a thrilling surprise. You drive up toward Colorado's Fremont Pass over the top of the continent, through a high vast land, empty of humanity and lorded over by glittering mountains. You swing around a curve, and there, right beside the road on the pass among fir trees, is a young city of neat modern homes, huge buildings that rumble incessantly—a mountain is being ground up inside them—tooting ore trains, and below and to one side, a Saharalike expanse of flour-white, flour-fine tailings. You have come thus unexpectedly upon one of the great mining enterprises of the world.

Behind the buildings, towers a ruddy mountain with a vast sunken livid scar in its near side. The altitude is 11,400 feet, and the air is thin and keen; there is winter seven months a year. All the activity is behind a high steel fence, and believe me, you must prove both your identity and your business these days before vigilant guards will roll up the big steel gate.

Here is a vital bastion of democracy and of our war offensive. It is in itself a revolution and what it's producing at an unbelievable rate is less dispensable right now than all the gold that is being dug out of the ground in all the gold fields of America. Here is the world's hugest storehouse of molybdenum, Element 42 in the periodic table, belonging to the tungsten-chromium-uranium family; and, up to thirty years ago, little known or used. In metallic form, molybdenum is silvery in appearance but its uses in that form are minor though valuable. The main molybdenum mineral is molybdenite, a soft blue-black substance resembling graphite. A piece of molybdenum ore from Climax looks like gray rock on which someone has drawn heavy lines with a soft black pencil. The mineral rubs off on your fingers.

One magic of molybdenum is this: Add exactly five pounds of it to a ton of molten steel, and the steel cools into a strong, tough alloy. Add a larger amount to an otherwise properly prepared steel, and the product becomes superhard and tough; cutting tools made of it retain their keenness at cherry-red heat, performing perfectly at high speeds to shave into shape the cannon barrels and other heavy steel weapons, and all the auxiliary steel shapes that America now needs. But there are other magics. By endless and—during the early years—profitless research, the specialists of Climax have found many places where moly (pronounced molly) is well nigh indispensable to America's mighty industrial machine.

A further magic is this: Colorado's Bartlett Mountain, at Climax, is the world's greatest storehouse of molybdenum. A few years ago molybdenum was merely a competitor of nickel and chrome and tungsten, but the chief sources of these are far away and, in the case of the two latter, are now cut off by seas menaced for the time being by hostile powers. Research men in work that is now proceeding at redoubled speed have found ways to supplant these scarcer materials or to supplement them with moly, for many purposes.

The demands of war for steel are so great and so unpredictable that no one can say there will be enough of any product, but moly in combination with other alloying materials serves greatly to extend the capacity of steel makers to meet these huge demands.

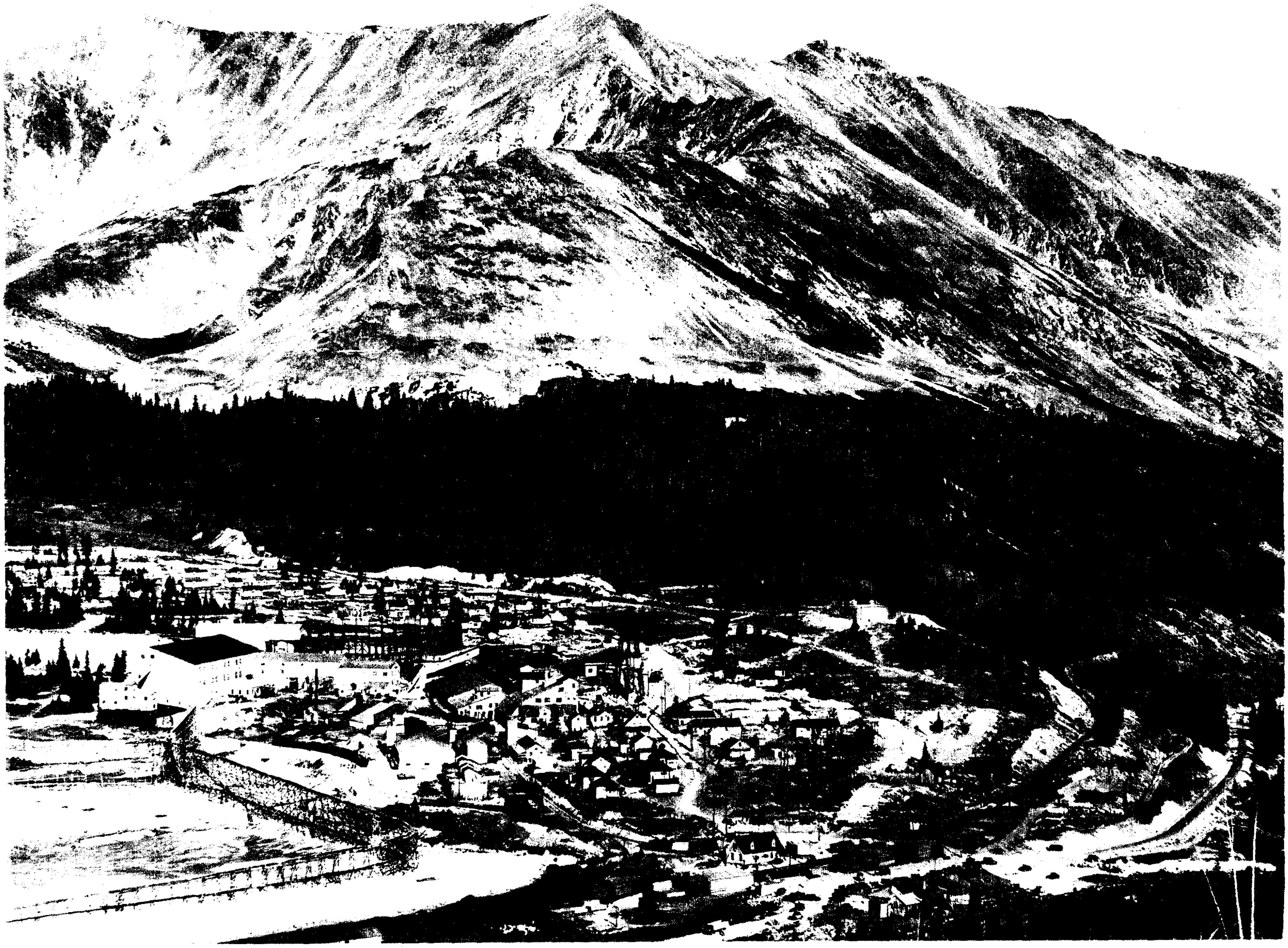
Climax Molybdenum Co. has explored its magic mountain endlessly. Its diamond-drill cores if laid end to end would measure more than 26 miles. These drills have bored down 3,000 feet—and there is still moly; nor, drilling horizontally, have they yet found the limit of the ore body on one side.

The present estimate is that there are 200 million tons of ore in reserve, containing at least a billion pounds of moly. Climax's huge crushers, grumbling away endlessly, can now grind up 18,000 tons of ore daily, and the machinery in the cavernous mills, working 24 hours a day, can extract the ore from 15,500 tons daily. When a new mill unit is completed this spring, this mill capacity will rise to 18,000 tons; so that every two days the mill will treat enough ore to equal in mass one of Uncle Sam's hugest battleships.

Climax is now producing moly at the rate of 32,000,000 pounds a year and with the new unit this will go to 36,000,000. The first figure is equal to the entire world production in the biggest year before 1941; and Climax produced most of this, with 28,000,000 pounds in 1939.

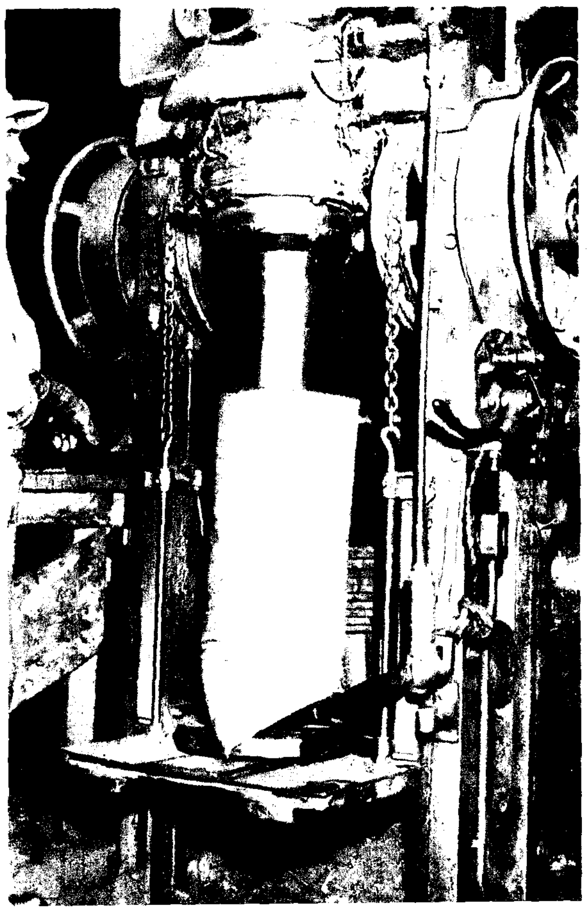
Other American mines now produce at the rate of 13,000,000 pounds yearly, so that total American capacity—of which Climax has 71 per cent—is now on the order of 45,000,000 pounds. This will go higher before 1942 is over.

Moly is widely distributed through the earth's crust, but mostly in such infinitesimal traces that it does not pay to mine *(Continued on page 66)*

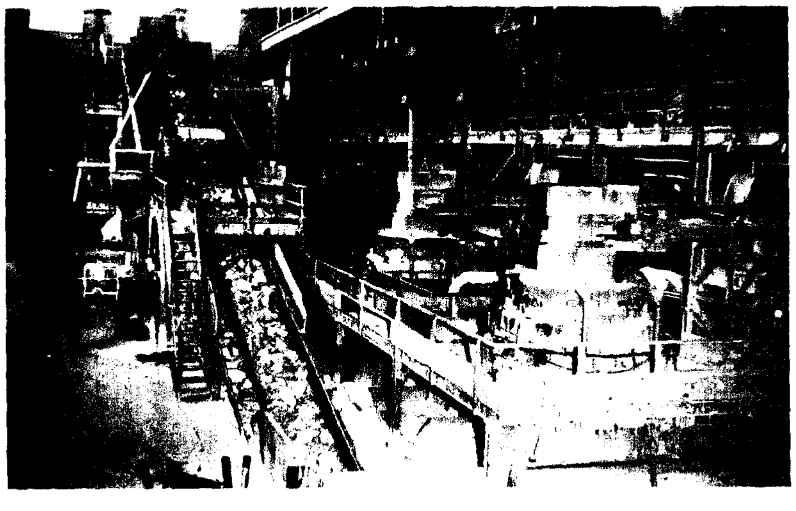


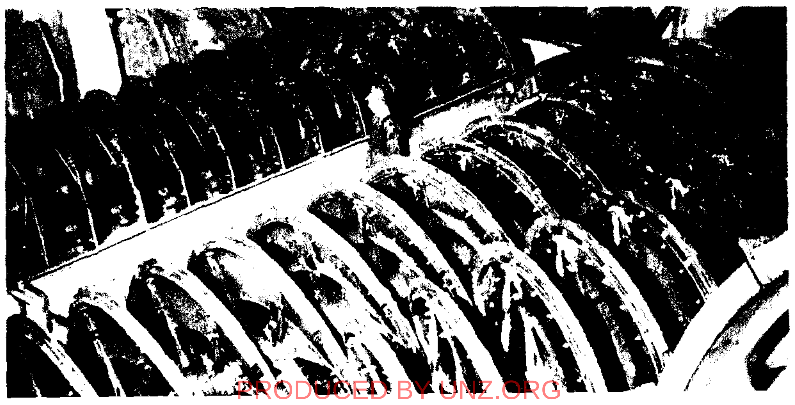
The platform lowers automatically as the sack is filled with the black graphitelike dust of the alloy metal so important to the war effort

ARBRE

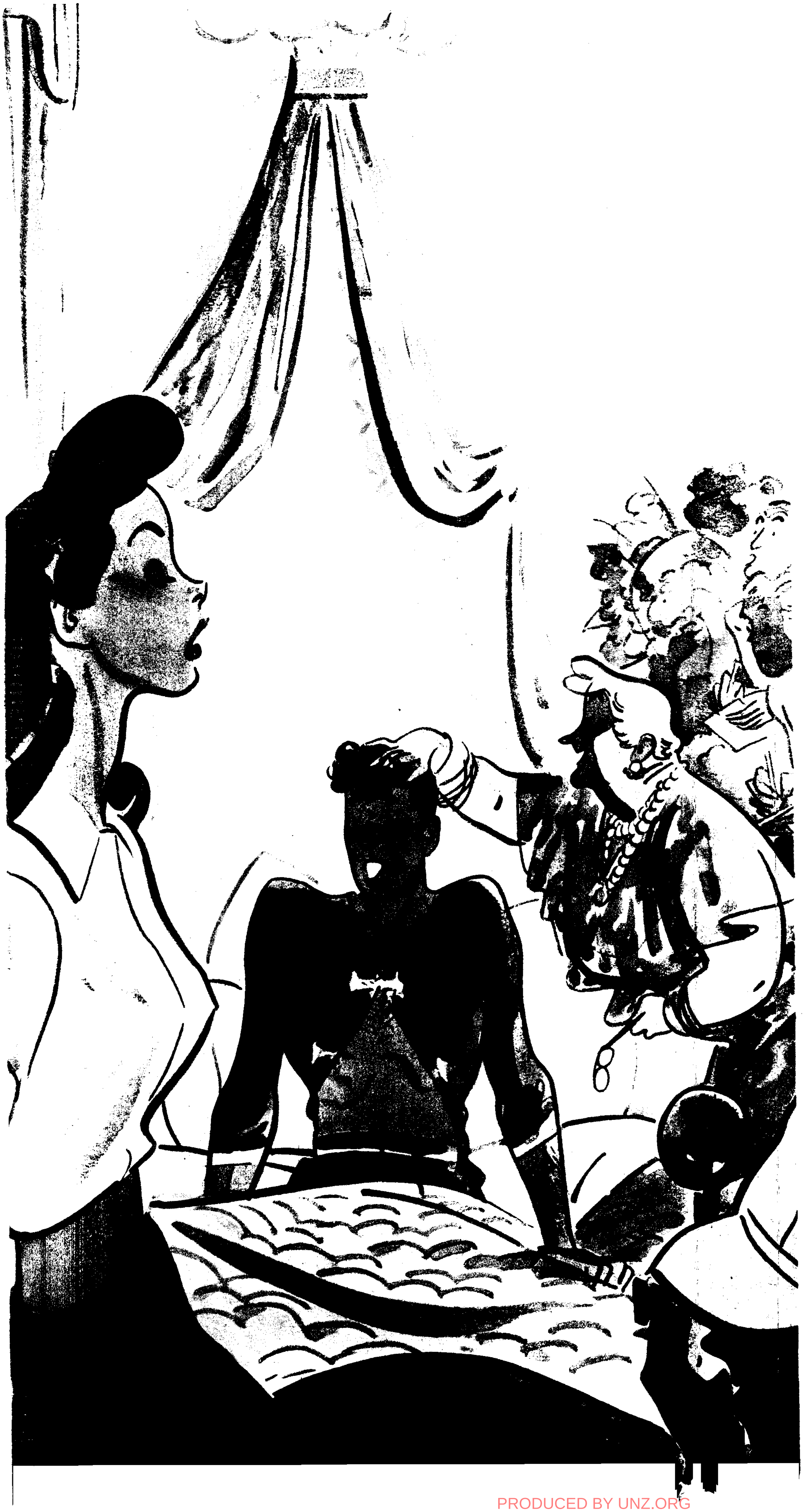


Upper picture shows the crusher plant where the ore is reduced almost to powder. Lower picture: This unit keeps the wet moly solution moving and free of unwanted ores





These big chains—known as "grizzlies"—keep the ore within the chute area. It takes a strong man to lift even one link of a grizzly



He Woke Up Famous

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

With luck, Bill Webster should go far. For such a hapless guy, he does all right

LATER, Mrs. Huntington Beebe insisted she actually heard the explosion when it occurred; but those who knew Mrs. Beebe—and knowing Mrs. Beebe was requisite for admission to Miami's most exclusive circles—were inclined to set this down partly to her enthusiastic imagination, and partly to her determination to be first in any excitement that went on. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Beebe and her secretary had been engaged in a game of gin-rummy at the time, with all the windows closed and the radio going full blast; and the first intimation of any disaster was when the program halted abruptly to bring a special announcement:

"The Navy requests residents along the Florida coast to be on the lookout for survivors from a small tanker, reported torpedoed off Eshey's Point . . ."

"Eshey's Point!" Mrs. Beebe laid down her cards and gasped. "But that's right here!"

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," Lynn Horner said patiently.

"But I heard it," said Mrs. Beebe. "I'm positive now that was what I heard. It sounded like"—she placed a forefinger to her cheek in an effort to recall—"boom! It was right off there," pointing vaguely through the living-room window in the general direction of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," said Lynn. "Your deal, I think."

"But they'll be drifting in almost any moment." Mrs. Beebe pushed back her chair and rose. "Miss Horner, bring some blankets and a flashlight." She swept toward the door, her gold bracelets clanking. "And a bottle of brandy," she added distractedly. "It's a long swim, and they'll be soaking wet."

Lynn followed her resignedly. The possibility that a party of survivors would select Mrs. Huntington Beebe's particular beach seemed remote; but two months as Mrs. Beebe's social secretary had taught Lynn a certain respect for her employer's ability to make the impossible happen. Mrs. Beebe not only dominated people; she assumed full charge of events. The war had been taken easily in stride.

The beach was deserted, as they hurried down the gravel walk to the water's edge. Lynn waited skeptically while Mrs. Beebe played her flashlight up and down the shore. Suddenly Mrs. Beebe halted and pointed toward the water.

"Here's one now," she said, as delighted as though she had just located an Easter egg.

Lynn caught her breath with a gasp. A half-naked figure, clad only in a pair of shorts, was staggering out of the surf. He tottered three or four steps up the beach, fell onto his knees, and then collapsed face-down on the sand. Mrs. Beebe started toward him triumphantly.

"Miss Horner," she called over her shoulder, "the brandy. . . ."

BILL WEBSTER moved his head restlessly on the pillow and opened his eyes. He stared in fascinated horror for a moment, and shut them quickly. Very cautiously he opened them again bit by bit, and peeked between the lids at the large pink-and-gilt bedroom, banked with flowers. He let out his breath in a sigh.

"I guess I drowned," he concluded resignedly.

"Lie still," said a soft feminine voice behind him. "You're all right."

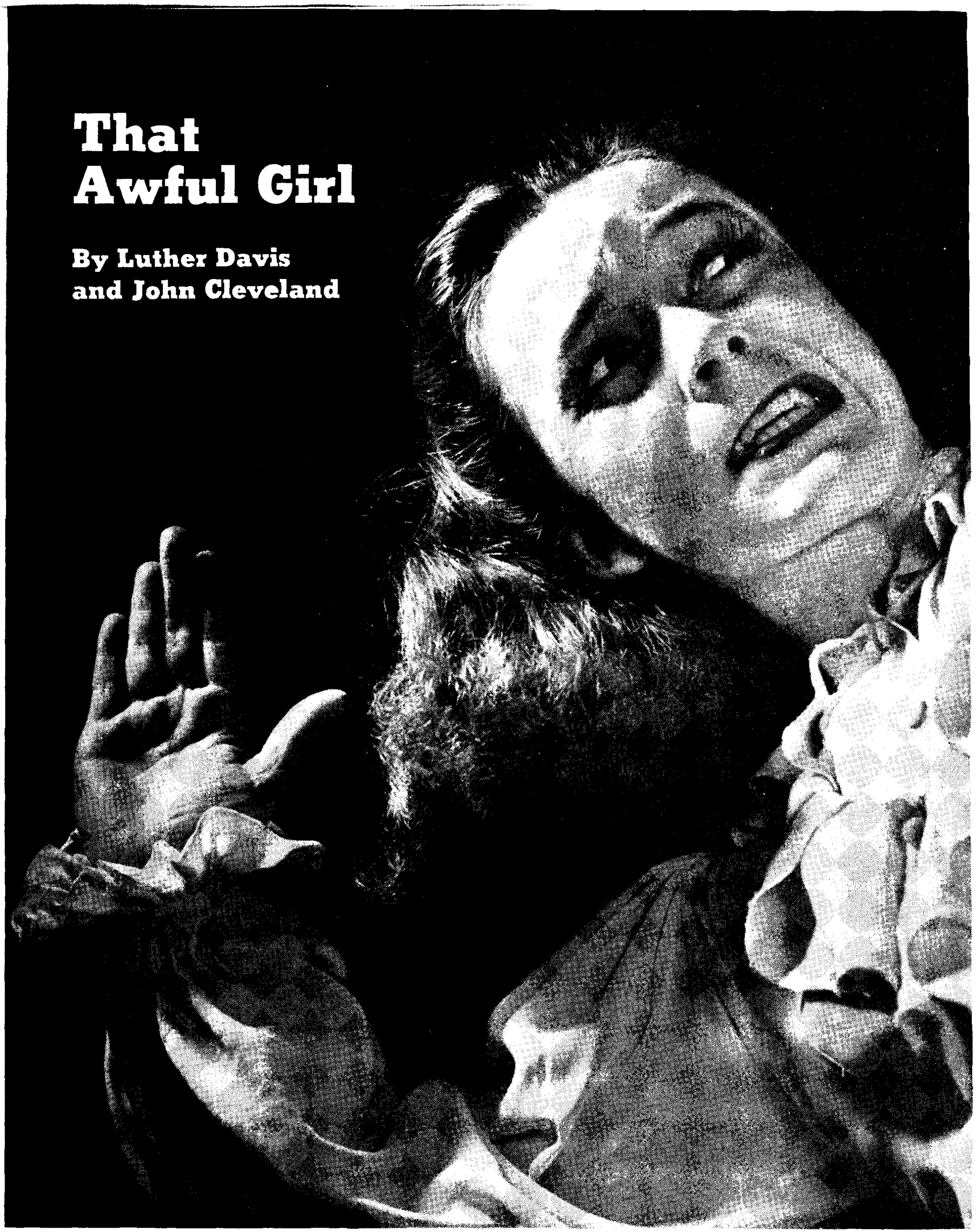
Bill rose on one elbow, and turned his head in surprise. But instantly a sharp pain stabbed him behind the eyeballs, and he collapsed onto the pillow again with a low moan. *(Continued on page 32)*

"Poor boy," Mrs. Beebe sympathized, "I'm afraid there isn't any mistake." She patted his head, sending a shooting pain clear through his scalp

That Awful Girl

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

Mary Anderson's infuriated audiences barely restrain that impulse to come over the footlights and destroy her. And that, she says, is just fine. It proves a girl can act, doesn't it?



W. EUGENE SMITH

In the current Broadway hit, Guest in the House, Mary Anderson makes Evelyn Heath one of the most repellent adolescents on record. That's what the role calls for—and it's the secret of her success

"HEN-N-N-N-RY ALDRICH!"

"Coming, Mother."

"Is that sweet little Mary Anderson with you?"

"Yes, Mother. Say hello to Mother, Mary."

"Say hello to that old witch? I hate your mother, Henry. I'll tear the hairs from her head one by one. I'll boil her in oil. I reckon I'll break her back."

"Why, Mary—"

"And as for you, Henry Aldrich, you're nothing but a crazy kid."

This proposed script for the next Henry Aldrich movie departs from America's boy friend's accustomed style because his movie sweetheart has turned out to be a hellcat, a meanie, a sadist, and—worst of all—a fine dramatic actress.

At twenty-one—or is it twenty-two?—Mary Anderson is a veteran of the movies and has had increasingly important roles in such pictures as Gone With the Wind, All This And Heaven Too, Cheers For Miss Bishop, and Bahama Passage. Her latest efforts find her co-starring in Henry Aldrich for President, and in Henry and Dizzy.

How to Alienate People

Now, demure, friendly, vivacious Mary—Henry's best girl—is starring in her first Broadway play, Guest in the House, a surprise hit, the success of which rests primarily on Mary's talented shoulders.

Stand in the lobby of the Plymouth Theater during any intermission and you'll hear the paying customers vent their spleen: "I hate that girl." "What hellish thing is she going to do next?" "Why doesn't he strangle her?"

Follow the audience into the theater and you'll soon become homicidal yourself. There she is, a pathetic little invalid befriended by charming relatives, and all the time she's purring and fawning—and driving her benefactors out of their minds. She plays Liebestraum over and over until the audience and the cast are near hysteria, she turns husband against wife, friend against friend. "She has," announced one terrified reviewer, "a cleanliness neurosis and a very advanced bird phobia!"

"It's the most exciting thing ever," Mary shrills happily. "The audiences are wonderful. They hiss and hiss while I bow and bow."

And well may she bow. Her first professional stage appearance has aroused the critical furor of the year. "Mary Anderson, a Paramount starlet," said one tabloid's critic, "makes Evelyn Health one of the nastiest, most repellent adolescents on record. And that's what the role calls for." Another wrote: "Mary Anderson plays the role of Evelyn for every emotional shock in it." And the Times intoned: "The Heath hussy is played by Mary Anderson, who will never have any boy friends if she keeps on perfecting her technique. For she gives a brilliant performance of malevolence. She will need bodyguards if she expects to survive the winter."

The winter is well on into summer and Mary survives, adequately equipped with boy friends. For, angel or devil, honeyed or acidic, little Mary is Sex from the South, and the Broadway wolves are baying. Five feet two, a petite hundred pounds, brown eyes—big brown eyes, with curling lashes for lowering seductively—a voice sifted through a honeycomb. If she needs bodyguards it's to fight off the males.

Not that the gay life occupies much of her thoughts or time. Mary is capital "A" Actress, deeply enamored of capital "T" Theater, flying toward fame as the stratoliner flies—straight, high, and without stops. When she reads, she reads plays. When there's a mirror she postures before it. While others of the cast eat their pre-performance dinners, Mary strides around the deserted stage and emotes to the empty auditorium.

"You have no idea what this part does for me," she says, shining. "All that screaming and anger—I haven't an inhibition left, I reckon."

And it doesn't stop there. She is her own best adviser, and her advice is to keep pushing, kicking, snapping, crying, pleading for success. First, she tells herself firmly, become the greatest actress there is. But at the same time remember that acting is only one part of this theater business.

"She's a lovely girl," the show's press agent says, "and I wish she'd take a dry dive from a high building. Up here all the time, clutching my lapels, ogling me with those eyes, begging for interviews and pictures and articles and more interviews, more articles. What a job!"

As a result of these tactics and great ability, Mary's job now nets her over three hundred dollars a week. Sweet and tough is Mary. Sweet with people, tough about her career.

That career has been Mary's dominant interest ever since she ran pigtailed and barefooted over her family's farm in Trussville, just outside Birmingham, Alabama. Her brother, Buddy, slightly her elder, was her first audience in an improvised amphitheater under a chinaberry tree.

Mimicking a revivalist who had taken the pulpit at the local church one week, Mary whooped it up. She led her one-man choir from the piano-stool pulpit

(Continued on page 40)

The Navy Needs Your Skill

The United States Navy is the greatest body of specialists, its ships the most complex mechanisms, in existence—and has been since the days of wooden ships. Every job in it is specialized, requiring the ultimate in precision teamwork and—above all—training.

To push its men constantly toward the peak in handling their intricate equipment, the Navy offers training and increased pay in many fields. Civilians whose experience fits well will find advancement that much more rapid. They will bring what the Navy urgently needs, and they will receive the prestige of a rating in their skills by the top authority—like a college degree in a practical trade. Some will be given the chance to work for commissions; those particularly well qualified may receive them immediately.

Today there is practically no such thing as an ordinary "gob." The Navy or Coast Guard man, from two-striper to apprentice seaman, is specializing and advancing himself in rank and pay. He serves himself and his family the better for his more intensive service to the Navy.

AUTO REPAIRMAN ENGINE MECHANIC POWER PLANT ENGINEER MARINE ENGINEER MACHINIST	**Machinist's Mate ratings require knowledge of machine-tool operation and of the care, adjustment and repair of all engines on board ship. Includes machine-shop practice and marine engineering (turbine, reciprocating and Diesel engines). Immediate ratings as Machinist's Mate and Motor Machinist's Mate, Second Class (First Class in some cases), are open. Present outlook indicates prospects for rapid advancement to First Class and Chief Petty Officer in this rating branch for men who are experts in some of the particular qualifications required and who by shipboard experience after enlistment acquire proficiency.**	**MACHINIST'S MATE MOTOR MACHINIST'S MATE ★**
BOILER OPERATOR BOILER-ROOM MAN RAILROAD OR POWER PLANT FIREMAN	**They assume charge of a fire room when under way and make adjustments necessary to efficient boiler operation, including all repair and overhaul work on the system. No immediate ratings are open.**	**WATER TENDER**
METALSMITH SHEET-METAL WORKER TINSMITH BLACKSMITH COPPERSMITH WELDER	**They plan and perform general coppersmith, blacksmith and sheet-metal work, estimating time and cost, and are familiar with various uses of metals, their composition and alloys. Rating immediately as Metalsmith, Second Class, is open. Expert welders will be considered for Metalsmith, First Class.**	**METALSMITH ★**
PLUMBER PIPEFITTER SHIPWRIGHT METAL WORKER WELDER	**They are employed in maintenance and upkeep of ships' hulls and metal fittings including piping and drainage systems. Immediate rating as Shipfitter, Third Class, is open to those qualified. Expert welders will be considered for higher ratings.**	**SHIPFITTER •★**
GUNSMITH MECHANIC	**Their work is in connection with the operation, care and upkeep of guns of large and small caliber. They handle Naval mines, depth charges, torpedoes; adjust mechanisms, take charge of a gun and a gun's crew. Immediate rating as Gunner's Mate, Third Class, is open to those with ordnance experience. In general, however, Gunner's Mate, Torpedoman and Turret Captain ratings require experience that can be acquired only in the service. Opportunities for advancement to these ratings from seaman are good.**	**GUNNER'S MATE ★ TORPEDOMAN TURRET CAPTAIN**
CONSTRUCTION MAN RIGGER FOREMAN SAILOR HOIST OPERATOR	**They know canvas work and all kinds of hoisting with block and tackle; understand anchor chain and the methods of mooring; handle boats, fashion knots and splices with rope or wire, and read a compass. If you have appropriate nautical experience, the Navy will give you an immediate rating as coxswain, with pay of a Petty Officer, Third Class.**	**BOATSWAIN'S MATE ★**
PHARMACIST HOSPITAL ATTENDANT FIRST-AID INSTRUCTOR MALE NURSE	**Pharmacist's Mates under the Medical Officer's supervision have charge of the sick on board ship, do first-aid work, prepare and administer simple standard medicines, administer anesthesia, and supervise hygiene. Immediate ratings as Pharmacist's Mate, Second or Third Class, and as Hospital Apprentice, First or Second Class, are open.**	**PHARMACIST'S MATE ★ HOSPITAL APPRENTICE**
PAINTER	**They supervise and perform all painting on board ship. They are qualified to prepare and mix surface coatings of various kinds, and understand the proper choice of materials for specific tasks. Immediate ratings as Painter, Third Class, are open.**	**PAINTER ★**
CARPENTER PATTERNMAKER CABINET MAKER SHIPWRIGHT	**Using hand and power tools, they repair ships' boats and repair and replace all woodwork on board ship. They know joining and finishing, read blueprints and understand principles of wood preservation. They know a ship's piping and drainage system and the maintenance of watertight integrity. Ratings are open as Carpenter's Mate, Third Class, and Patternmaker, Second Class.**	**CARPENTER'S MATE PATTERNMAKER ★**

★IMMEDIATE ADVANCE RATINGS ARE OFFERE THOSE WHO QUALIFY

Our Fighting Men

4TH ARMY

SEATTLE PORT OF EMBARKATION. For years the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has been plugging its bailiwick as the closest major American city to Alaska and the Orient. Since December 7th the C. of C. has been off somewhere, trying to think about something else, and the press relations office for the Seattle Port of Embarkation has spent its time trying to keep stories *out* of the papers. The enforced modesty has been tough on the promotion boys, who have been developing split personalities about Seattle's role; but this is to report that they're feeling better now, thanks to Frank Knox. The Secretary of the Navy dropped in recently, took a gander and announced that "The Seattle waterfront is one of the principal shipping points to the principal theater of war . . . I have seen nowhere on this coast such evidence of wartime shipping activity." Just like that. The boys are glad the secret's out, so they can get back to work.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. The edict requiring everybody to turn in old phonograph records to get new ones will spoil a lot of laughs at this post. For months the juke boxes in the day rooms have blared the contributions of Seattle citizens; but apparently the records-for-soldiers drive has been confused with a salvage effort, because when the boys dive into the latest batch of platters from civilians they find such items as (1) Cohen On the Telephone, (2) a wavery soprano struggling with Indian Love Call or Poor Butterfly, (3) Paul Whiteman's Whispering, and (4) assorted bird calls. Edison and Gennett records are lasting much longer than Mr. Edison or Mr. Gennett would ever have dared guarantee; but the boys play them all anyhow, if only to get belly laughs out of the corn contained in the old platters.

FORT WORDEN, Wash. In the days of Sugar Unlimited an M.P. at this Harbor Defense Command post won popularity by the quality of the cakes and stuff he got from home. The adulation was not particularly welcome; he'd rather have had the eatables. "The boys," he wrote his relatives, "said the cake was delicious. The candy must have been good, too. Five of the fellows got in a fight over it." The following week his home-baked assortment arrived under some socks in a box labeled Laundry. The M.P. carried the deception to a satisfactory conclusion by hustling the package from the post office to his bunk in a gas mask sack.

Incidentally, the lads at the post have found out their tricks aren't so new. An officer who had served in the last war, and who knew what to expect, ordered a gas mask inspection. Four of the guys didn't like the idea. Inside their masks the officer found, collectively, a vacuum container full of coffee, some cookies, two apples, three oranges, candy bars, two magazines, a supply of beef and some ham sandwiches. "Nice picnic here, eh, boys?" said the brass hat. "Yes—er—no, sir," said the boys.

3D ARMY

CAMP WOLTERS, Texas. Gimlet Grogan, whose G.I. Gazette is featured bi-weekly in the camp paper, is pondering offers from three publishing houses who want him to do a book. The Gimlet (Corp. David McLean to the guy who calls the roll) has built himself a reputation with his column, written with considerable butchering of the President's English and dealing with the doings of his friend Pvt. Stinky Smith and Invisible Yardbird Pvt. Phineas McFiddle. Says the Gimlet:

"I been hearing a lot of guys making dirty cracks about G.I. soap. I was thinking of this yesterday when I looked at a magazine ad and then it struck me that we got to do a little advertising to put glamor in G.I. soap.

"Just like in the magazine ads, the G.I. Gazette is now starting a contest. All you got to do is complete the sentence, 'I like G.I. soap because . . .' in 25 words or less. The less the better.

"Just scribble your entry on the back of a dollar bill and mail to old Gimlet Grogan at the guard house. The judge will be my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith, who will be real impartial because he don't use soap of any kind.

"First prize is the telephone number of a geisha girl in Tokyo who speaks pidgin English. Second prize is the phone number of a geisha girl who just says 'Ugh!' "

The Axis will have a tough time beating down guys like that.

(Continued on page 72)

ELECTRICIAN NSTRUMENT MAKER OPTICAL MAKER	They use, adjust and care for instruments that direct the firing of the ship's guns. They have a thorough knowledge of electricity, can interpret mechanical drawings and wiring diagrams. Those experienced in the manufacture, assembly and testing of fire control instruments should submit data which will be passed on by the Bureau of Naval Personnel.	FIRE CONTROLMAN
PHOTOGRAPHER MOTION-PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHER OR PROJECTION OPERATOR AERIAL MAP MAKER	They are responsible for the care, operation, adjustment and installation of photographic equipment. They understand the principles of aerial photography and map making. The Bureau of Naval Personnel will consider a few applications from particularly well-qualified applicants for photographer ratings.	PHOTOGRAPHER (AN AVIATION RATING)
ELECTRICIAN	They use electrical tools and perform soldering and brazing necessary to electrical repairs, repair open circuits, locate grounds, and run wiring for electrical systems. They are charged with the care, upkeep and operation of all electrical equipment aboard ship. This consists of motors, generators, motor-generators, switchboards, searchlights, batteries, telephones, etc. Immediate ratings as Electrician's Mate, First, Second and Third Class, are open.	ELECTRICIAN'S MATE *
RADIO REPAIRMAN LICENSED RADIO OPERATOR	They operate, adjust and repair Navy transmitting and receiving equipment, as well as radio direction finders. Radiomen are capable of standing watch as operators and maintaining the equipment in operation. Radiomen, First, Second and Third Class, are wanted immediately. Men with certain basic educational requirements are accepted for training as Radio Technicians, Second and Third Class.	RADIOMAN RADIO TECHNICIAN *
QUARTERMASTER THIRD MATE IN U. S. MERCHANT MARINE	They send and receive international code by blinker, searchlight or semaphore; take and receive all flag hoist signals required; identify storm warnings, flags and other signals. Rating as Signalman, Third Class, is open.	SIGNALMAN *
COOK BAKER PASTRY COOK CHEF	They are responsible for Navy food, its attractive and hygienic preparation and (under direction of the Commissary Stewards) use of kitchen supplies and equipment. Ratings are open for Baker, Third Class, and Ship's Cook, Third Class.	SHIP'S COOK BAKER *
METEOROLOGIST	They are able to direct the installation of a complete Naval Meteorological Observatory afloat or ashore, to make upper air soundings both with surface and aircraft instruments, to compute pilot balloon soundings mathematically, to make weather observations and read meteorological instruments, to draw accurate synoptic weather charts, and to read weather codes. Ratings are open for Aerographer, Third Class (or higher).	AEROGRAPHER *
METALSMITH TINSMITH AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE MAN	They work all types of metal used in aircraft; they forge, braze, weld, electroplate, and bend pipe; and use oxyacetylene welding and cutting outfits. Know how to dress and repair tools and to apply heat treatment and methods of testing aircraft metals. Aviation Metalsmith, Second and Third Class, are the ratings open.	AVIATION METALSMITH *
MECHANIC AVIATION MECHANIC ENGINE MAINTENANCE MAN	They align and assemble aircraft and aircraft engines, make adjustments and repairs to engines, engine parts, rigging and fabric. Overhaul and adjust airplane engine accessories, and operate, adjust, and overhaul internal combustion engines of the various types used in aircraft. Immediate ratings are available as Aviation Machinist's Mate, Second and Third Class, with higher grades possible.	AVIATION MACHINIST'S MATE *

*IMMEDIATE ADVANCED RATINGS ARE OFFERED THOSE WHO QUALIFY

New Rates of Navy Pay

Men with dependents	Pay Grade	Base Pay	If serving at sea or abroad	If serving abroad on flying duty	Rental and Subsistence Allowances
LIEUTENANT		$200.	$220.	$330.	$132.
LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE		166.67	183.33	275.	117.
ENSIGN		150.	165.	247.50	102.
COMMISSIONED WARRANT OFFICER		175.	192.50	288.75	117.
WARRANT OFFICER		150.	180.	270.	102.
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER PERMANENT	1	138.	165.60	248.40	34.50
OFFICERS' CHIEF STEWARD AND COOK	1	138.	165.60	248.40	34.50
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ACTING	1-A	126.	151.20	226.80	34.50
OFFICERS' CHIEF STEWARD AND COOK	1-A	126.	151.20	226.80	34.50
PETTY OFFICER FIRST CLASS	2	114.	136.80	205.20	34.50
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK FIRST CLASS	2	114.	136.80	205.20	34.50
PETTY OFFICER SECOND CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
MUSICIAN FIRST CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK SECOND CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
PETTY OFFICER THIRD CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
FIREMAN FIRST CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK THIRD CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
SEAMAN FIRST CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
FIREMAN SECOND CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
MESS ATTENDANT FIRST CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
MUSICIAN SECOND CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
SEAMAN SECOND CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
FIREMAN THIRD CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
MESS ATTENDANT SECOND CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
APPRENTICE SEAMAN	7	42.	50.40	75.60	*
MESS ATTENDANT THIRD CLASS	7	42.	50.40	75.60	*

*All food and lodging supplied.

These or higher pay rates are just about to go into effect. In addition, a bill now going through Congress provides payments to dependents of enlisted men in this way: the sailor allots $20 monthly out of his salary; the government adds another $20 if he has a wife but no children; $30 to a wife and one child; $40 to a wife and two children; $10 a month extra for each additional child.

The Odds On Your Navy Career

Of each 1,000 enlisted men in the peacetime Navy there are 250 Apprentice Seamen and Seamen, Second Class; 220 Seamen, First Class; 157 Petty Officers, Third Class, 153 Second Class and 140 First Class; 10 Acting and 70 Permanent Chief Petty Officers—or grades with equivalent pay.

Submit qualifications, get reference from the nearest Navy Recruiting Station. They are within reach of every community.

The Marines Want—

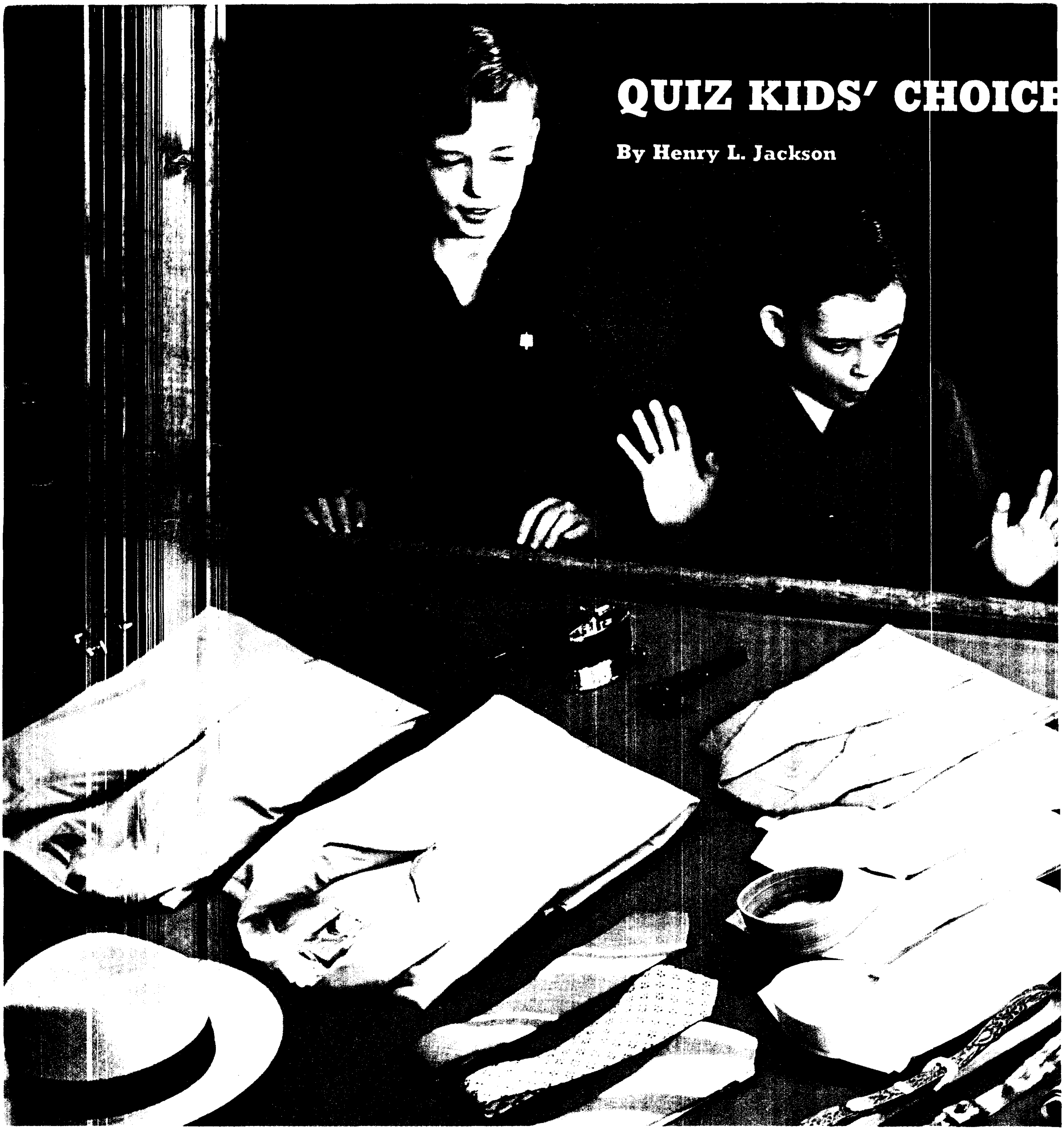
Graduates in electrical, communication or radio engineering, for assignment to special aircraft warning duties. Men with dependents or minor physical defects are accepted. Men are commissioned as officers, with same pay as that of the top three grades in the above table.

Experienced radio operators, technicians and repairmen for aircraft warning duties. High-school graduates between 17 and 35 may enlist as staff sergeants with pay equal to Petty Officers, 2d Class, in the table.

American citizens who know the Japanese language. Commissions are offered.

Automobile or truck repair and maintenance specialists, with experience as shop foremen or maintenance superiors. Men between 25 and 40 (preferably with some military experience) may apply as Marine gunners (with pay in Petty Officer range) or first and second lieutenants (equal to Lieut. J. G. and Ensign).

Civil, chemical, electrical and mechanical engineers—to train in water distillation and purification, camouflage, refrigeration, photography, demolition, surveying, road and landing field construction, basic drafting, well drilling and bridge building. Accepted as commissioned and noncommissioned officers.



QUIZ KIDS' CHOICE

By Henry L. Jackson

THE photogenic moppets you see above, behind the plate-glass window, are those knowledgeable infallibles known as the Quiz Kids.

We submit that the photograph is news. It is news that the erudite juveniles, who haven't been amazed, awed or even mildly surprised by anything since they began talking, managed to simulate these emotions for the photographer whose chore it was to dig up a new way to ring in the Father's Day idea.

The most expressive of the group, in short the scene-stealer, is Mademoiselle Ruth Sandra Duskin, aged seven, who was reading King Lear to her mamma at an age when your moppet and mine were learning to say glug for milk and glug-glug for more milk.

This blond little beauty is expressing her delight over the new blue silk bathrobe and the socks and stuff she's going to buy her daddy for Father's Day. She, like the other quizzers, is one of the few children in the world able to indulge in such dutiful largess. As one of radio's—and Paramount Pictures'—better paid workers, she is in a unique position for a seven-year-old.

The idea we are struggling to put across is, however, that other children—with the political and economic collaboration of Mother—can do for Pop what La Ruth will do for hers.

Before we leave Ruth we would like to indulge in a small maliciousness. Here is a poem she composed for Father's Day:

May Father's Day be a happy day,
And may you enjoy yourself at work and play,
And may the birds sing
And the wedding bells ring!

Ruth, who embarrassed our editor no end with her questions concerning the location of the Irrawaddy River and the Caspian Sea, just dashed that little poem off in a few minutes. We reprint it here to prove that she's not an intellectual giant. We submit that it is a very poor poem indeed.

The handsome lad with the quiet smile, who contemplates the cigarette lighter he might give his father, is Richard Llewellyn Williams, aged twelve, who's a wiz at mathematics. He's taking Father to the movies and to dinner, too, as part of his Father's Day celebration. There are scores of things he

DIXON-WAGNER

might give Dad—cigars, a pipe, a pen-and-pencil set or a shaving kit. He hasn't altogether made up his mind, as you can see from his speculative smile. He's sure, though, about dinner and the show—which he can share.

The enthused little guy next to him is the nine-year-old zoologist-botanist-mineralogist, Master Gerard Brendon Darrow. He told us that if anybody's thinking of giving him anything this Father's Day, it must be a soft-shell turtle, of a rare variety obtainable in a certain five-and-ten-cent store in his own Chicago. We explained, of course that that wasn't the Father's Day idea at all. He should give Pop something—the brat! So then he decided he's going to give the elder Mr. Darrow a bathing suit—a tight, light blue satin one, because the one now owned by Mr. Darrow looks, we were told emphatically, simply terrible.

Harvé Bennett Fischman, whose age is eleven, volunteered that he was giving Father a "leisure jacket"—one of those comfortable, sporty lounge jackets, good to wear around the house evenings and Sundays, for bowling, or after swimming. Harvé is a historian, but practical enough to understand that his father's leisure jacket should have enormous pockets to put all sorts of things in.

Joel Juden Fleck is the big boy at the right. He's thirteen and the pride of Dallas, Texas, where he was born. He is an all-round expert but specializes in astronomy. He was going to drive a truck and then he toyed with the idea of being a garbage man, but recently he's decided to become a scientist. He's considering socks, suspenders, handkerchiefs, maybe a pair of sunglasses for Pop. But if we know Joel, he'll give Father a sextant, which Father can't use but which Joel will probably want very much—if Uncle Sam will let him have one. Sextants are used in the navigation of planes and ships to determine position.

These Quiz Kids certainly came in handy as a way of suggesting to mothers and children that it would be a nice thing to do to give Father a tie, a piece of jewelry, some shaving lotion, a jar or bowl of shaving cream, new razor blades, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, bowling shoes, a pair of skates, or a new tire for his car . . . Whoops, sorry! ★★★

Flight to the Sun

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IN ATHENS, not far from where the Greek-Italian war is raging, Flight Lieutenant John Quayle, of the Royal Air Force, meets and falls in love with a beautiful Greek girl, Helen Stangou. Both are ordered to the town of Ioannina, she to work in the hospital and he to join his squadron.

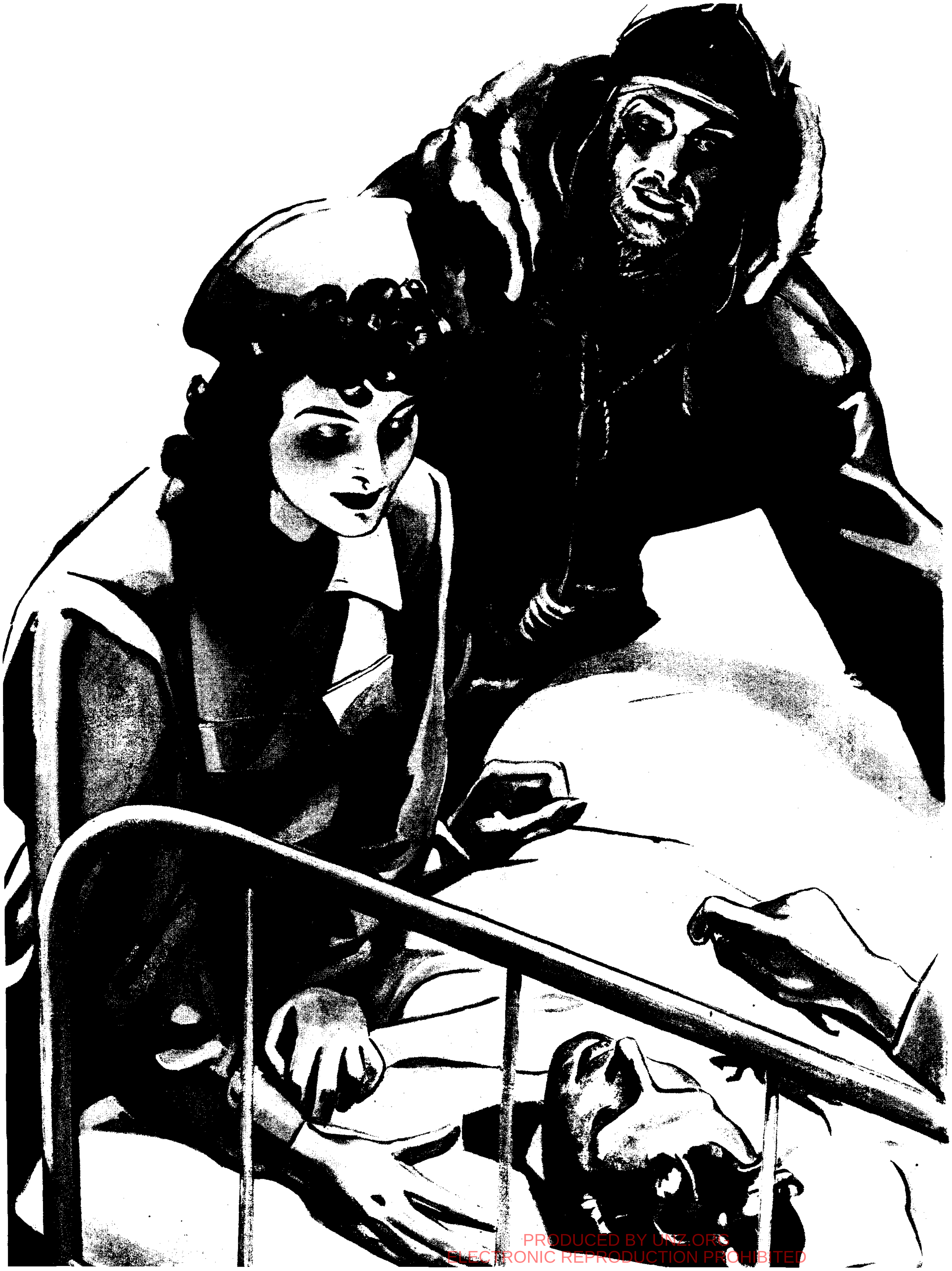
Quayle's outfit is a gallant and experienced fighter unit under the command of Squadron Leader Hickey. Every day their valiant little group goes up to do battle with the enemy, and they bring down many enemy planes. But they are hopelessly outnumbered by the Italians who pick the British fliers off one by one until the squadron is down to only six.

Quayle asks Helen to marry him and when she says "yes," he arranges for her to go back to Athens in a few days in the Bombay, the supply transport plane. Hickey informs Quayle that the squadron is to go to Athens the next day, but that at six in the morning there will be one more patrol to do. They are to accompany Nitralexis, a laughing Greek flier, on a reconnaissance flight toward Valona.

The squadron runs into a cloud of Italian planes and in the ensuing battle, Quayle's plane is damaged and he plunges earthward and crashes. When he returns to consciousness, Quayle, sore and bleeding, climbs out of the wreck.

He encounters Nitralexis, whose plane has been shot down, and Deus, a young Greek boy, who agrees to guide them through the Italian lines to where the Greeks are fighting.

Finally they start on their perilous trek. For two days they make their slow, painful way past the Italians. They are shot at by both Italians and Greeks as they crouch and run toward their own lines. Quayle sees Nitralexis shot down. He sees Deus stagger and fall. Then Quayle, putting his hands wide, runs toward the Greeks crying: "*Inglisi! Inglisi!* I'm *Inglisi!*"



"Tap," Quayle said. He walked to the bed and Helen shook Tap's shoulder. He awoke. He looked wide and puzzled with heavy eyes for a moment. Then he saw Quayle and he smiled

THERE was silence. . . . John Quayle had never heard such silence. There was no sound . . . not a sound. Silence always had some sound. But this was wrong. There was completely none, thoroughly and utterly no sound.

He opened his eyes. He could see himself running to the Greek and he could hear the artillery—no it was machine guns, no artillery, he had forgotten when he was running about the artillery. He could only hear the machine guns but there was artillery there. . . . Ah . . . my word, yes. . . . You can't kid me. . . . I know there was. . . . And he saw the bread. . . . There was a pile of bread. . . . It was brown with the bursting edges like a split sausage and he didn't believe it. He sat up.

"Where . . ." he said, and he was surprised at his voice.

Someone came in. Quayle heard the artillery. "What is it?" he asked.

"*Inglisi,*" he heard the voice. He expected Nitralexis. It was a little Greek with the dung-colored uniform, which was a contrast to Nitralexis who always wore blue. Yes, it was a copy of our own blue.

Another man came in. He had a big overcoat and a peaked cap. "Huh. You are awake," he said in clipped English.

"Yes," Quayle said. "What is it?"

"You're all right," he heard the Greek say. It was the one with the peaked cap.

"Yes . . . I know . . . I'm sorry . . . I know that. I'm very sorry."

"That's all right. Here . . . here's some cognac."

He gave Quayle the enamel mug. Quayle drank the cognac, and felt the pain of its taste. He shook his head and felt its warmth. He looked up and saw the Greek in the peaked cap.

"Thanks," he said, with the first coherence.

"You're all right," the Greek said.

"Yes. Where is this?"

"This is our hut. You're all right . . . you were lucky."

"I know. Did you see him running up the hill?"

"The other one?" the Greek asked. "No, but they told me about it."

"He got us back. You didn't see the other one? There was a Greek with us."

"I didn't see him. Maybe the others did."

"No; he didn't get here." Quayle got off the bunk and stood up. He felt the circular motion of the earth move to his head but he was all right. He could hear the artillery.

"I want to get to Ioannina," he said.

"That's a long way."

"There's a road now. There is a road, isn't there? It won't take me long."

"There's a road." The Greek nodded.

"What about the Germans?" Quayle asked.

"They are bombing us every day. Where did you come from?"

"I was shot down . . . maybe it was a week ago. It was long ago."

"You fight. . . . You are *Inglisi* all right."

"Yes, I was shot down—I was shot down behind the Italian lines. I've just got here. We all walked. We certainly did. Look at my face."

"You walked?"

"Yes. Are the Germans in Ioannina?"

"No."

"I've got to get going. How can I get there? Where's the road?"

The Greek smiled. "It's all right. The Germans aren't there yet."

"How near are they?"

(Continued on page 24)

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

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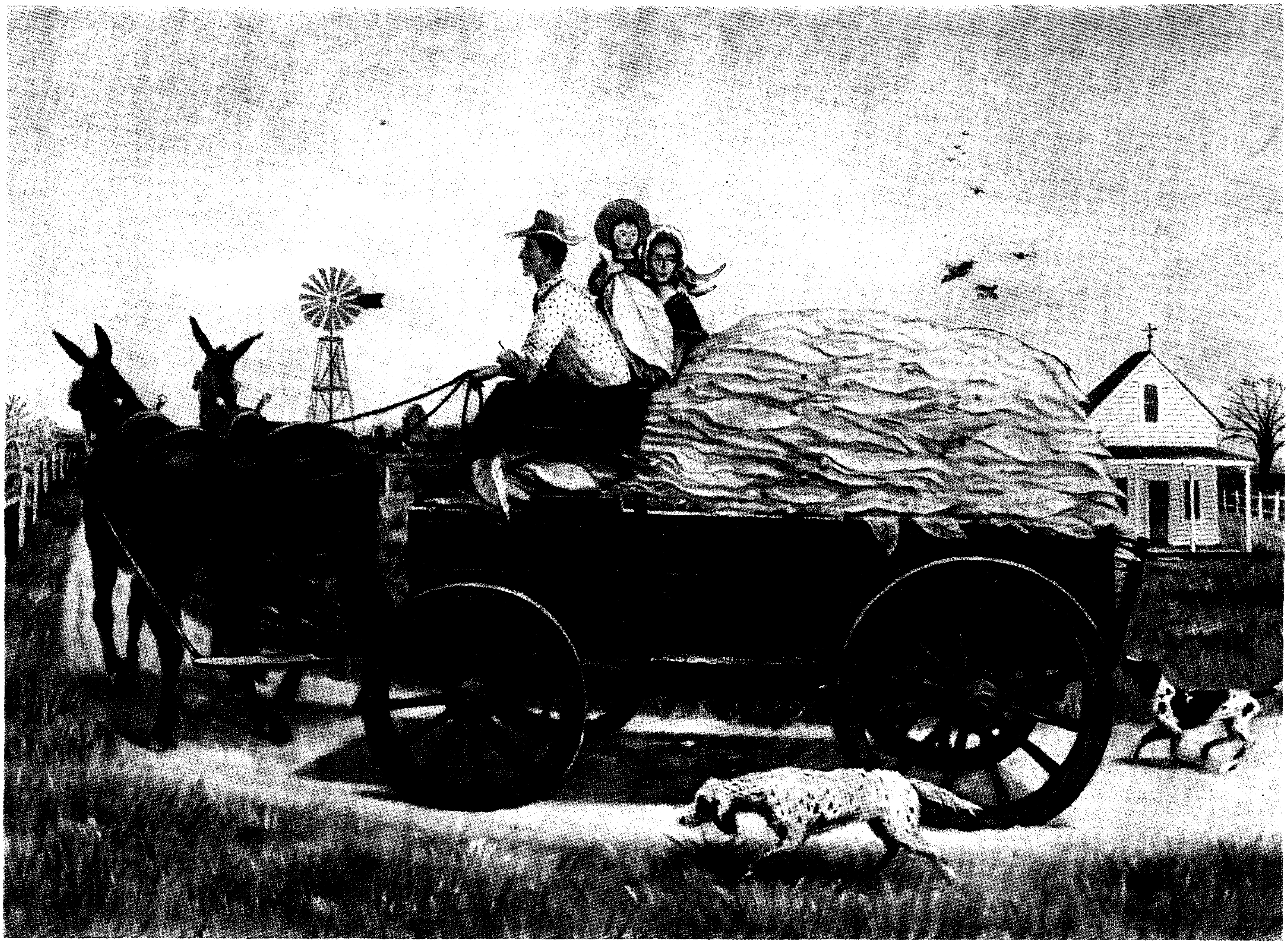

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With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 22

"I don't know. We don't know anything up here. Everything is gone wrong. They've bombed Ioannina a lot. We lost contact with the general there for yesterday. He says it is bad there. We are retreating everywhere."

"What about the Australians, the British?" Quayle asked. He was looking at the bread and he felt hungry. "Can I have some of that?" He pointed to the bread.

"Sure," the Greek said. "The *Inglisis* are on the other side of the Pindus. We do not know about them. There are Germans coming down from Koritza."

"Can I get back to Ioannina before them?"

"Yes . . . you will be all right. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying. But I've got to get back to Ioannina. Will you show me how to get to the road?"

"That's all right."

Quayle was breaking the bread and putting it in his tunic pocket. The Greek watched him. The little Greek gave him another mug of cognac. Quayle drank it in a gulp, filling his mouth, then swallowing it.

"Will you show me?" he said, and walked to the door.

"Can you travel?" the taller Greek asked.

"Yes . . . if I can get to the road." Quayle opened the door, and the white sunlight astonished him. He shaded his eyes. He could hear the artillery very distinctly now.

"If you wait for a minute he will go with you." The Greek in the peaked cap nodded toward the small Greek. He said something to the small Greek, who went away.

"He's gone to get his things."

"I don't want to put you to any bother. Can you spare him?" Quayle asked.

"What difference does it make? One man won't make any difference now."

"Thank you," Quayle said.

THE little Greek came back with a rolled blanket over his shoulder. He had another one. He smiled and showed yellow teeth. He gave the extra rolled blanket to Quayle. The Greek in the peaked cap told him what to do.

"Get him to Ioannina," he told the small one. "Put him on the trucks going back and get him to Ioannina. Then come back here. It's all clear."

"I understand," the small one said. He took the order the Greek had written out for him. He nodded to Quayle.

Quayle stepped out of the stone hut. He walked a few steps in the mud. As if by an afterthought, he turned and said, "Goodby. And thank you. Thank you for everything."

"That's all right," the Greek with the peaked cap said. "I wish I were going with you."

Quayle looked at his quiet face and saw that he meant it.

"S'long," the Greek said, along with the artillery.

"S'long," Quayle answered and followed the small Greek through the mud.

He walked with the little man along the mud-deep path. It was fine to walk not expecting Italians to spring from nowhere. He could see the road and the trucks passing by, beneath them. Just as long as the Germans were not in Ioannina, he would find Helen there and he could get back to Athens.

"*Airoplanos*," the little Greek said.

Quayle listened. He could hear the multiple engines. The little Greek was crouching in the timber at the side of the track.

"Come out of it," Quayle said, "they're miles away."

He walked on down the path. The little Greek followed him, looking up all the time. They saw the flock of bombers pass over and they were heading west. Quayle couldn't figure out where they were going unless it was to the coast ports.

When they got to the road, the trucks that had just pulled out of a parking space were stopped, jammed up close together. The drivers were standing around up the slope away from the road. They were all peering at the disappearing bombers.

"What is wrong? Do you think they can hit you from there?" the little Greek said to them, as he caught up with Quayle. The other Greeks looked at the two of them.

"Jiggly old rattletraps, aren't they?"

GEORGE SMITH

"Who is that? Who is it, you with the stomach in his mouth?"

"*Inglisi* . . . It's an *Inglisi* . . . An aviator who was shot down. He walked from Valona. He was up bombing there."

"You talk too much," a big Greek said.

"Maybe . . . but he's got to get to Ioannina. We will ride in your truck."

"I only go to Argyrokastro."

"Well, we go that far."

The little Greek picked out the big Greek's truck because it was an eight-wheel Diesel captured from the Italians and did not go off the high mountain roads very easily.

"The *Inglisi* will ride with you," the little Greek said.

QUAYLE didn't know what was going on but he realized that the little Greek was being aggressive because he was there and was an *Inglisi*, which was an excuse to be aggressive. He led Quayle to the cabin of the big Diesel and helped him up. He sat down next to Quayle and then the big Greek got in. There was the whine of the starter. The big Greek pulled at the large gear shift and they moved off.

There was only memory of sleep and wakening as the others ran into the ditch at the side of the road because there was the sound of airplanes. John Quayle slept with his head on his arms across the broad engine cover in the cabin of the Diesel. . . .

AT ARGYROKASTRO, where it was night, the little Greek shook him and woke him up. Quayle could see the white buildings and smell the acrid bomb odor as he got down. He followed the little Greek, still half asleep. He could feel the wetness on his face as a light rain came down. There were Greeks everywhere around as they walked through the bombed ruins of the town clutching the side of the large white mountain.

"Where are we going?" Quayle said to the little Greek.

The little Greek shook his head and pointed in front of him.

Quayle looked at the Greek soldiers who passed them. They were walking without effort and direction and were tired in their movements. He could see they were retreating in slow disorder. He looked at them disinterestedly because he felt nothing about them or for them. He followed the little Greek through the smoking destruction and was glad when they were out of its odor. The little Greek seemed to have set his mind on walking some distance. There was no transport on the road.

"Hey . . . where are we going? What about truck . . . auto?" Quayle asked.

"Oihi . . . Oihi." The little Greek shook his head and pointed forward.

Quayle reasoned there would be some sort of car ahead.

They had been walking for more than an hour, and Quayle was beginning to feel his head filling with blood again. He sat down on the wet earth of the road and didn't feel its dampness. He wanted to sleep. The little Greek pulled him up and kept his wide hard hand under Quayle's right arm. Finally they came to the bridge where there were trucks coming back onto the road.

"Detour," the little Greek said and Quayle couldn't see him smiling in the dark.

As a truck loaded with soldiers came up the steep bank from the bridge the little Greek shouted to the driver: "I have an *Inglisi* . . . I have orders to stop you and get him to Ioannina."

"We're not going to Ioannina."

"Who is in this convoy?"

"Ask some of the others. Get off the road," the driver said.

Quayle could barely hear them talking, he was so tired. He heard the little Greek shouting again. Then he felt the pressure under his armpit and walked and stumbled into the back of the truck and felt the hard jerk on his head as he dropped to the floor. He went to sleep immediately.

The truck stopped when it got to the crossroads near Doliana. There were large groups of Greek soldiers standing around, and a mile of vehicles. It was confusion. There were no officers in sight and nobody seemed to be doing anything about straightening out the mess. The little Greek went up to see what was causing the blockade. He was gone for a long time. When he came back, Quayle was awake.

"*Inglisi* . . . *Inglisi* . . . *Allemands* . . . Ioannina . . . *Allemands* . . . Ioannina!" the little Greek screamed excitedly.

Quayle tried to remember the map. He wondered how the Germans could have got into Ioannina. The little Greek went away and Quayle looked around at the confusion, wondering what to do. Then the little Greek came back. With him was a tall bearded Greek who had yellow corporal stripes on his arm. He said something in German.

"Yes . . . you speak German?" Quayle asked in German.

"Yes. . . . This one here says you wish to go to Ioannina."

"That's right," Quayle said. "What's this about the Germans being there?"

"It is true, they say here. No one will move because they say the Germans are in Ioannina."

"How could the Germans get there?"

"I do not know. I only know what they say."

"How far is it?" Quayle asked.

"Some hours."

"Thank you. I'll walk. Ask the midget here if he's coming."

The corporal asked the little Greek if he would walk to Ioannina with the *Inglisi*. The little Greek asked about the Germans. The corporal said he didn't believe it. He would walk to Ioannina with the *Inglisi*.

"All right," the little Greek said. "I go."

THEY walked past the long jammed column of trucks, guns, motorcycles, mule carts, limbers, soldiers who were not alive though they breathed, and went ahead on the empty road toward Ioannina.

Quayle expected some transport to be on the road even if the Germans were in Ioannina; but as they walked along between the valleys they did not see a truck. They saw no soldiers and no mules. Quayle was beginning to think the Germans must have taken Ioannina.

"How far away is this place?" he kept asking the corporal.

"Not far . . . it's kilometer 7."

They passed kilometer 22, marked on a rough post. The little Greek was dragging behind and he kept talking to the corporal.

"We will walk into the German arms," he said. His small unshaven face was a mockery to Quayle every time he looked at him.

"Too bad," the other Greek said. "What difference anyway?"

"Why go on?" the little Greek argued.

"I want to get as near home as is pos-

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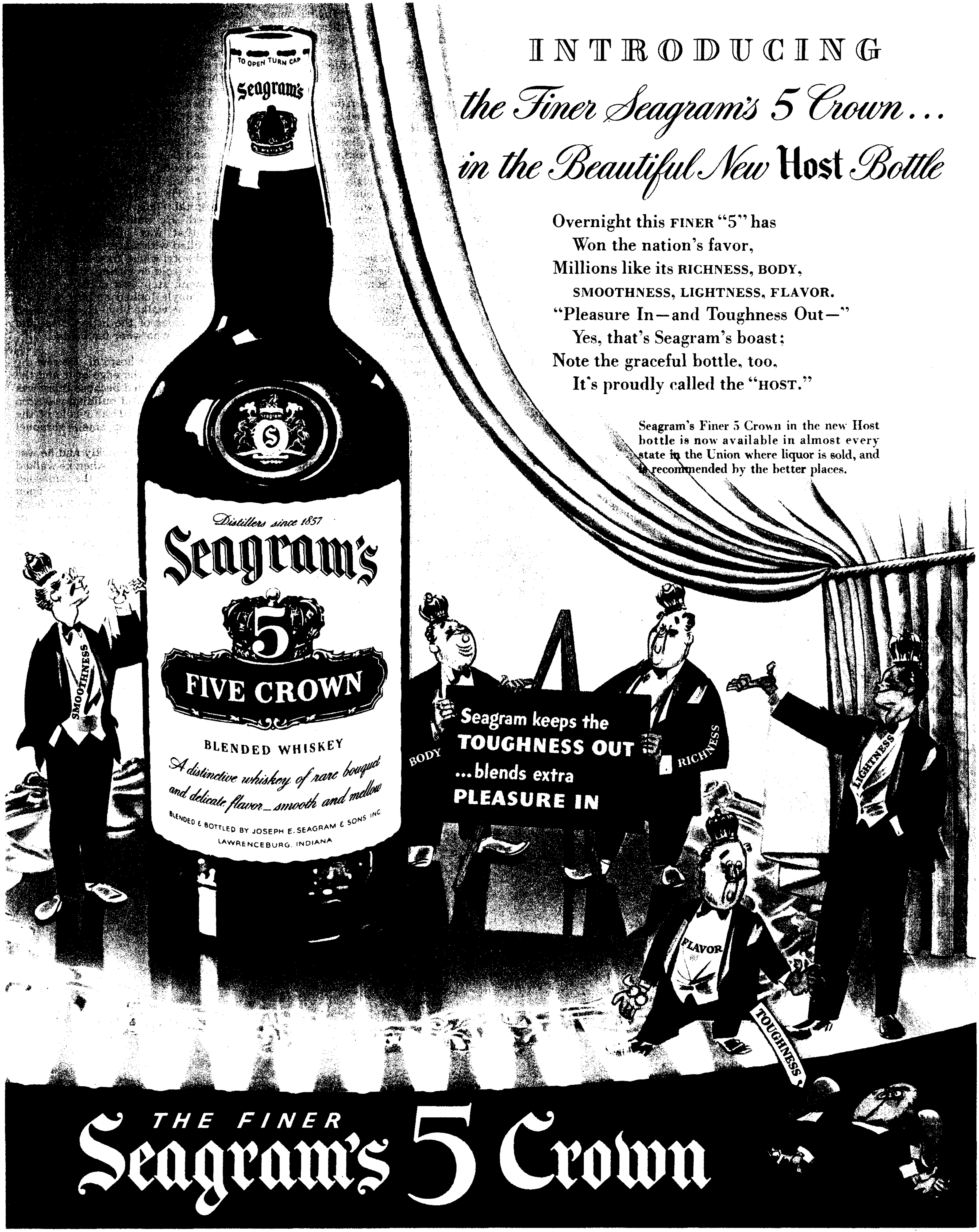
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sible. What about your *Inglisi* here?"

"He's crazy. He walked from Valona. Fancy that! It would be simpler to be killed."

"Why don't you get killed, then?"

"I go with the *Inglisi*," the little Greek said.

Quayle did not understand what they were saying, but he liked the little Greek for his arguing. They walked on, along the silent road that climbed slowly up the mountain slopes and wandered easily into the valley. When the road climbed higher and got into the cold wind that came around the mountain edge, Quayle, who was walking ahead, saw the lake of Ioannina.

"That's the lake," he said in German to the corporal.

"Yes . . . we are near."

"What about the Germans? Can you see any signs of them?" the little Greek asked the other.

"Not from here. There's the lake, though. Yes. There's the lake!"

It was slower walking now because they were so near. The afternoon was almost at its end, and Quayle was going as fast as he could because he wanted to get there before dark. The little Greek was still anxious about the Germans. When they came down off the last slope and crossed the wide bridge, which had no guard on it, and everything seemed deserted, he was certain the Germans were there. He asked the corporal why they couldn't wait until the morning, but he could see Quayle walking steadily across the bridge, so he resigned himself to certain capture.

Quayle was not thinking so much about the Germans as about Helen Stangou now. It was so near that he was not able to think too much about the possibilities of what Helen had done. When the thought threatened that she might have gone back in the Bombay transport plane on the day he was shot down, he blocked it out and looked at the red road ahead of him.

And then he saw the first Greeks.

"Well . . . the Germans haven't got it. There's some Greeks." The little Greek beamed and pointed to a mule cart coming toward them from the town.

Quayle did not look closely at the Greeks in the mule cart when he passed. They could have been Germans in disguise, but he would not notice that now. He was walking with steady ploddingness as if he were tramping in snow. He passed the road junction, then the trees at the outskirts, then the small houses, then the big tree that overhung the road where the vehicles had been checked going out, but there was nobody there now.

When he came around through the village outskirts he saw the bomb damage. There was no real shape to any of the indefinite crude houses that had made the village.

He got into the ruins of the main street and then he saw the few soldiers walking around, and the completely deserted feeling of the place was not satisfactory. He wondered quickly about the hospital. This town was dead . . . destroyed. He walked across the mud square that was nothing but bomb craters filled with water and he saw the smashed hotel where they had lived and the Greek soldier sitting strangely on the cement step just looking at the earth. Quayle looked at him disinterestedly as he walked by. He had ceased to be conscious of the little Greek and the corporal who were far behind.

THEN he saw the hospital. He saw the Greeks around the edge of it and the busses and he smiled because there was life. But the hospital building was torn down at one end and the whole of the side was holed with small shrapnel marks.

He was breathing quickly and he was uncertain about himself when he walked through the Greeks to the smashed doors. He pulled one of them open and walked into the thick smell of death and things that kept life. He looked for the girl at the desk. She wasn't there.

He walked through a ward and into a small room next to the matron's room. There were girls rolling bandages and doing something with bottles.

Helen Stangou was leaning over a sink washing her hands. He called her name.

She turned around.

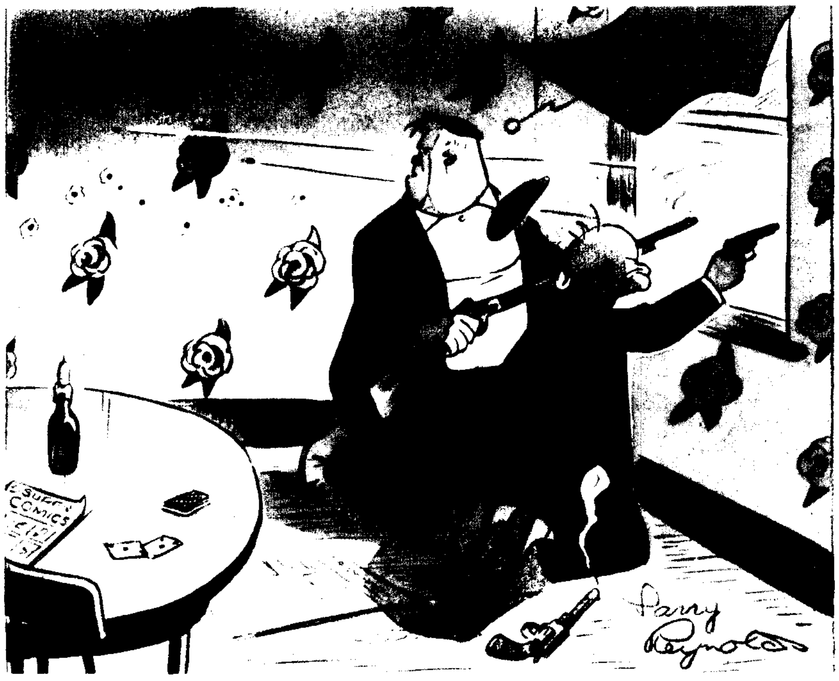
"It's me," he said. "It's me."

He could see Helen become yellow. She moved quickly to him, talking incoherently. He gripped her two arms and he felt her crying, then felt himself crying because he couldn't believe that he was here with her.

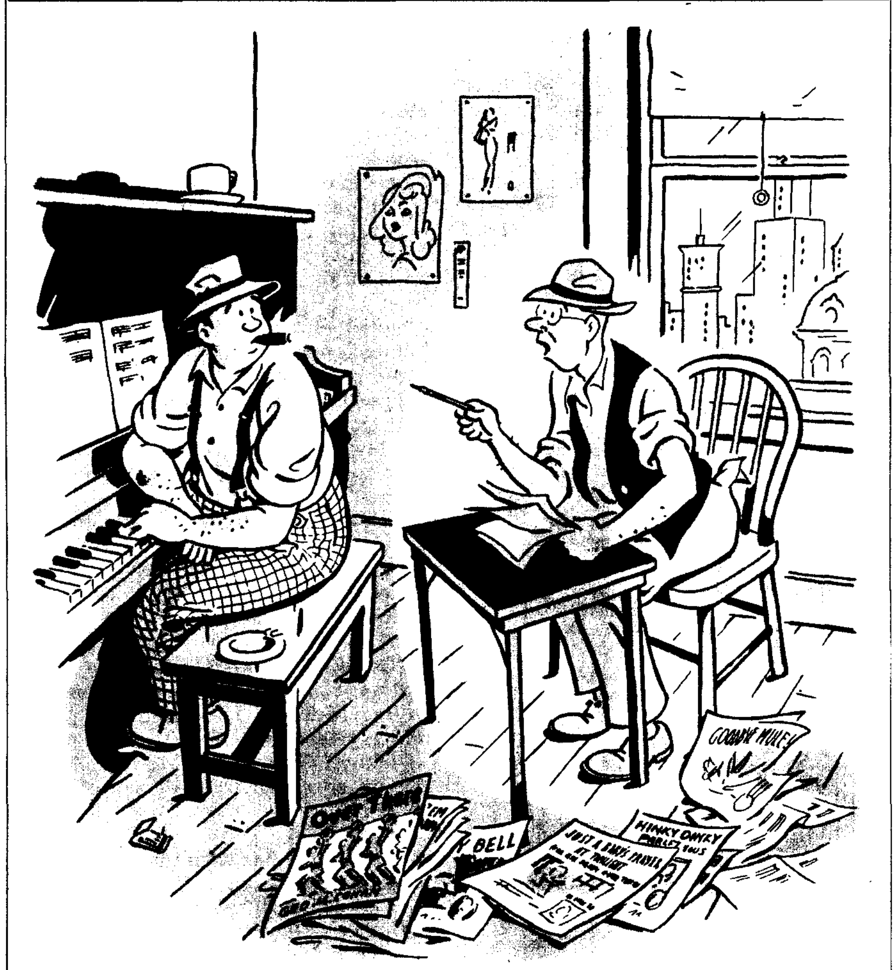
"Oh! It is you!" she exclaimed. "Are you hurt? Your face . . ."

Then he could feel her, because his arms were around her back and she was crying. Everything was loose inside him and he was part of her crying.

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"When I think of the time I spent choosin' this wallpaper . . . !"



"It's tougher this time. For instance: Goodby, Broadway, Hello What?"

WILLIAM SPAAR

This was everything . . . the plane crashing, falling into the hands of the Greeks . . . *Inglisi* and Nitralexis and Deus and crashes and warmth and cold and everything . . .

Then she looked up. He saw her normally and felt it all and only needed her to tell him.

"Your face . . ." she said. She put her hand up and touched the bandages.

"I'm sorry," he said uncertainly. "I'm very dirty."

"Come quickly . . . your face. Oh, John!" And she cried again—without him.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right, Helen. It is."

"They said they saw you be smashed. That's what they told me."

"I know. But I got out. I'm all right," Quayle said.

SHE was looking at him without blinking and she led him along the passage back to the surgery. She was crying as she walked and looking at the dirty bandages on his face.

"I'm all right . . . it's all right," he said as they went in.

When Quayle's face had been dressed, he bathed. Then he rejoined Helen.

"Come with me," she said.

"Where?"

"Come . . . I will show you something."

"I've got to get up to headquarters," he said.

"This will take one minute," she said. He followed her up a flight of stairs to a small ward room with four beds in it. He could see the bulk of men's shapes in the beds.

"Look," Helen said. She was pointing to a sleeping figure in the far bed. It was Tap Finchley.

"Tap," Quayle said. He walked to the bed and Helen shook Tap's shoulder. He awoke. He looked wide and puzzled with heavy eyes for a moment; then he saw the outline of Quayle and he smiled broadly and his handsome face was without shape.

"Johnny," Tap said. "You son of a gun. . . . You old bum. . . . We thought you were dead."

"What are you doing here?" Quayle asked.

"I got plugged in the shoulder. I got back, though."

Quayle looked up and saw Helen smiling widely at Tap. He was suddenly conscious of something within himself that didn't like this.

"How are you feeling now?" Quayle asked slowly without thinking. He was looking at Helen.

"Fine," Tap said. "Just fine. I'm waiting for them to send a Blenheim or something up to get me."

"You'll wait forever, then," Quayle said.

"They said they would. You can come down with me."

"They can't waste a Blenheim for us."

"Have you told Headquarters you're here?" Tap asked.

"No . . . not yet. I'm just going up there."

"What do you say about this?" Tap said to Helen. He smiled broadly at her.

Helen put her arm through Quayle's.

"She thought you'd got it, John," Tap said.

"What have you two been up to while I was away?" Quayle asked with half humor that he knew was a serious demand.

"You'd be surprised," Tap said and laughed. Helen said nothing. Quayle looked at both of them and again he was conscious of something that he didn't like.

"She was hit pretty hard," Tap said.

"Just as well you were here, then," Quayle told Tap, but he smiled when he said it.

"Yes. Don't you think so, Helen?"

"Yes," she said without any implications. "Tap was very bad when he came in too."

Quayle did not like to hear her use Tap's first name. "Were all the others okay?" he asked Tap.

"Yes. You should have seen the drunk Hickey went on the night you got it. I didn't see it, but the others told

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Director: No, no, no, Miss Joyce! Get some life in it! Some zip and zing! You know—some of the old *pep appeal!*

Girl: Oh, dear! It sure looks like I've lost our chance for a spot in the show. I guess I just haven't got it!

Boy: It's not *that* bad, honey! You know you can step with the best of them. It's just like he says—what you need is a little more pep. I'll bet you haven't been eating right lately—not getting all your vitamins. And right now's when you start getting them. Put on your hat and let's go.

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Boy: No getting around it, sugar. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins. And right in KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. Yes, sir! Right in this swell, crunchy cereal, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Girl: Mister, mister! Why didn't you tell me how marvelous it tastes? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, we may be seeing our names in lights before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

me he was just pouring the stuff down."

"They didn't leave a Gladiator behind by any chance, did they?"

"No. I would have flown it out ages ago if they had," Tap said.

"Well, I might as well go and see about getting out of here."

"Where are you going?" Helen asked.

"I'm going up to headquarters. But I'll be back, don't worry."

He turned away. Helen stayed with Tap. Quayle walked down the steps and went outside. There was the confusion outside the hospital.

He walked through it. There was the mud and the wreckage all the way through the town and the uneven bomb craters that made the whole place a deserted garden.

He walked through it.

WHERE the road swung around the cliff to the headquarters cave, there were high wooden coffins stacked against the wall and some of them had been smashed in by a bomb that had left its shallow crater in the rock road.

The trees along the road outside the cave were stripped and broken by the bombs that had staggered along the road. The fuel dump that had rested just beyond had exploded and spread a great black stain up the side of the solid rock. Quayle walked up the steps into the headquarters, showed his papers to the guard who saluted. It was the same as usual but with more confusion. He walked to the small ante-cave where the English speaker was. He looked around but couldn't find him. Then another Greek came up and said, "You wish what?"

"I wish to see somebody about calling Athens," Quayle said, looking around at the tired Greeks working in the confusion.

"You are what?"

"I'm a flier. I was shot down behind the Italian lines a couple of weeks ago and I want to call my C.O. in Athens. Where can I do that?"

"Excuse. I will get the captain."

He went away and came back with a tall man with a clipped mustache showing through unshaven features. He had a wide-collared coat that was almost down to his ankles and a rakish cap.

"Alex Mellass," Quayle said. He was remembering the first time Mellass had met the squadron when it arrived at Ioannina.

"Ha . . . *Inglisi* . . . the one with the straight nose. . . . You are in a fine mess. Where have you been? What are you doing here?"

Quayle explained to Mellass about the crash and getting to Ioannina.

"I want to get in touch with my C.O. at Athens. Can you help me out?" Quayle said.

"You come too late. We have no touch with Athens."

"What's wrong now?"

"Perhaps the Germans have reached Trikkala. Perhaps parachute men have cut the wires. We do not know. We know nothing here."

"I'll have to get back to Athens. Can you get me a car?"

"Ha! Listen to the *Inglisi!* Can I get an airplane? It is the same."

"Is it that bad?"

"You are gloriously ignorant. It *is* 'that bad!' "

"Well, I've got to get back to Athens," Quayle said after a silence. "Isn't there any way of getting a car?"

"No. There is the broken one that nobody can fix. But you could not take it."

"Where is it? I can fix it."

"They would not let you take it."

"Look," Quayle said. "You show it to me. Let me worry about taking it."

"They will shoot you if they catch you. There are strict orders—"

"Just let me try it," Quayle broke in. "Where is it?"

"It is foolish. But if it is that way, I show you."

Mellass took him out of the headquarters cave. They walked into a narrow opening in the cliff. It led up some steps to a porch that opened onto a courtyard. Quayle could see the outline of cars parked there. Mellass walked to one corner. In the darkness Quayle could see the car.

"Are they all smashed?" Quayle said, looking at the others.

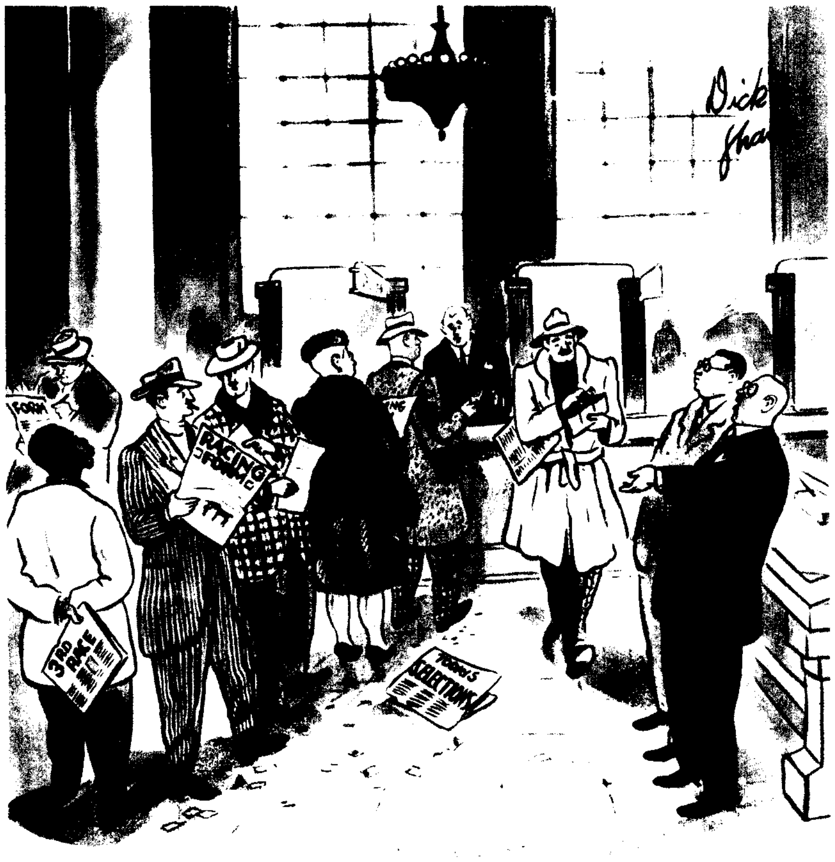
"They have been used to supply spare parts for others. Only this one is whole."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I do not know. It is the gear. The clutch does not work, I think," Mellass said.

Quayle got into the car and started the engine. He pushed the clutch and pulled the gear into first. When he let the clutch out nothing happened.

"Transmission," he said. "This is going to be tough."



"I don't know how Halverson does it, but he certainly made a lot of money for the bank last year!"

DICK SHAW

Somebody called out in Greek. Mellass paused a moment, then answered.

"It is the guard," he whispered to Quayle. "Be quiet and stay under the car."

Quayle got under the car. He heard Mellass talking quickly with the guard. Then the guard went away.

"I told him you fix it for the general," Mellass explained. "He has gone to get a light."

WHEN the guard came back he had a storm lantern that had been painted blue. Quayle took it with a grunt. He could see better when he scraped some of the blue paint off the globe. He could see the dent in the gear box. When he worked the clutch he could tell that it did not go in and completely engage the gears. It had obviously hit something, and the clutch arm was bent. If he straightened the clutch arm it would go right in. He crawled out and told Mellass about the clutch.

"Can you do it?" Mellass said.

"It'll take me a while. What about some petrol?"

"I do not know. There would be some where you landed your planes."

"That's a long way off."

"You will only get away if you finish before morning. They would see you here in the day. You must finish before morning."

"Can you keep the guard away?" Quayle asked.

"I must go," Mellass said. "But I will tell the guard not to interrupt you. You will be all right, you think?"

"Sure."

"I will come back," Mellass said as he walked away.

QUAYLE got the few tools from under the front seat and a giant tire lever. He got under the car just as the planes came over. . . . The first he knew about it was the bombing. He could hear the string dropping down the lake road. He lay flat because the noise was big. Then another string dropped across the town and he could see the parachute flare from the bombers driving close. He was still under the car and he decided to stay there. He lay on his back and started unscrewing the pin that held the foot clutch onto the lever.

He swore viciously as the bombs shook their way across the town. He was afraid one might fall in the courtyard and, because it was solid rock, burst flat and blow him to pieces. He got the clutch arm off and started to lever it straight but he had nothing to grip it with. He was not conscious of the quiet until he crawled out to find something to bend the lever with. Then he saw the flames and the red in the black sky as some part of the smashed village burned.

"Why does this always happen?" he said aloud.

He was vacantly looking for something to bend the lever with. By the red light of the burning village ruins he could see the heavy flat piece of iron. He laid the lever on it and belted it with the large wrench. Slowly he could see the lever flattening out. He smashed his hand once and he sucked the blood, cursing into the red air. He dropped flat when the bombers came back and he could see the bombs dropping over near the hospital. He thought about Helen. She was probably wondering what had happened to him; and he was wondering about Tap. But he didn't have time to think that out now . . . just so long as she stayed there until he got this thing fixed.

He got up and belted the lever harder and felt his smashed hand shivering. He finally straightened the lever and crawled on his belly, listening to the bombs, and got back under the car. He could not get the lever arm in place. It slipped because his smashed hand was not strong enough to hold it. By pulling the lever back with one hand he managed to slip it into position. Quickly he pushed in the pin and screwed it tight. He blew out the lantern and noticed the quiet again because the bombers had gone away. He started the engine and pulled it in gear. Slowly he let out the clutch and it took. The car moved forward easily.

"Good!" he said. He took the lantern and went back to the headquarters cave to find Mellass. He found him yelling into a telephone.

"Okay," Quayle told Mellass. "I fixed it. I'm going up to the hospital to tell Helen."

"What?"

"I'm taking her with me. I was going to marry her."

"The girl with the hair? What about the other *Inglisi?*"

"Yes. . . . Will it be all right if I drive the car straight out?"

"You will have to chance it. Did you get the fuel?"

"No. I'll get that later. I'll come back."

QUAYLE walked through the burning wreckage of the village. He could smell all the world burning and he was glad when it was taken away in the wind. When he got to the hospital steps he saw the confusion and the large busses that had just come in. There were new wounded who cried as they were carried in. There was great noise and arguing and smells, and there was pain mixed with the whole. Then he saw the little Greek and the corporal. He had forgotten all about them.

"*Inglisi!*" the little Greek exclaimed. He looked frantic.

"We have waited for you," the corporal said solemnly.

"Shh . . . don't speak German here," Quayle warned. "Wait! I'll be back!"

He walked into the hospital. There was more chaos than before. He found Helen stacking bandages that were twisted and dirty with blood and mud into a refuse basket.

"John, what did you do?" She looked at his dirty face. "Are you hurt again?"

"No. Shh! I've been fixing a car. We're getting out of here."

"I've been frantic for you."

"Look," he said. "I want to see Tap again. Can I go up there?"

"What for?"

"We're leaving tonight. You too," he said.

"I can't. Can't you see this place? I would not be allowed."

"For heaven's sake don't argue. If we don't get out of here by morning we'll never get out of here. Take me up to Tap's room."

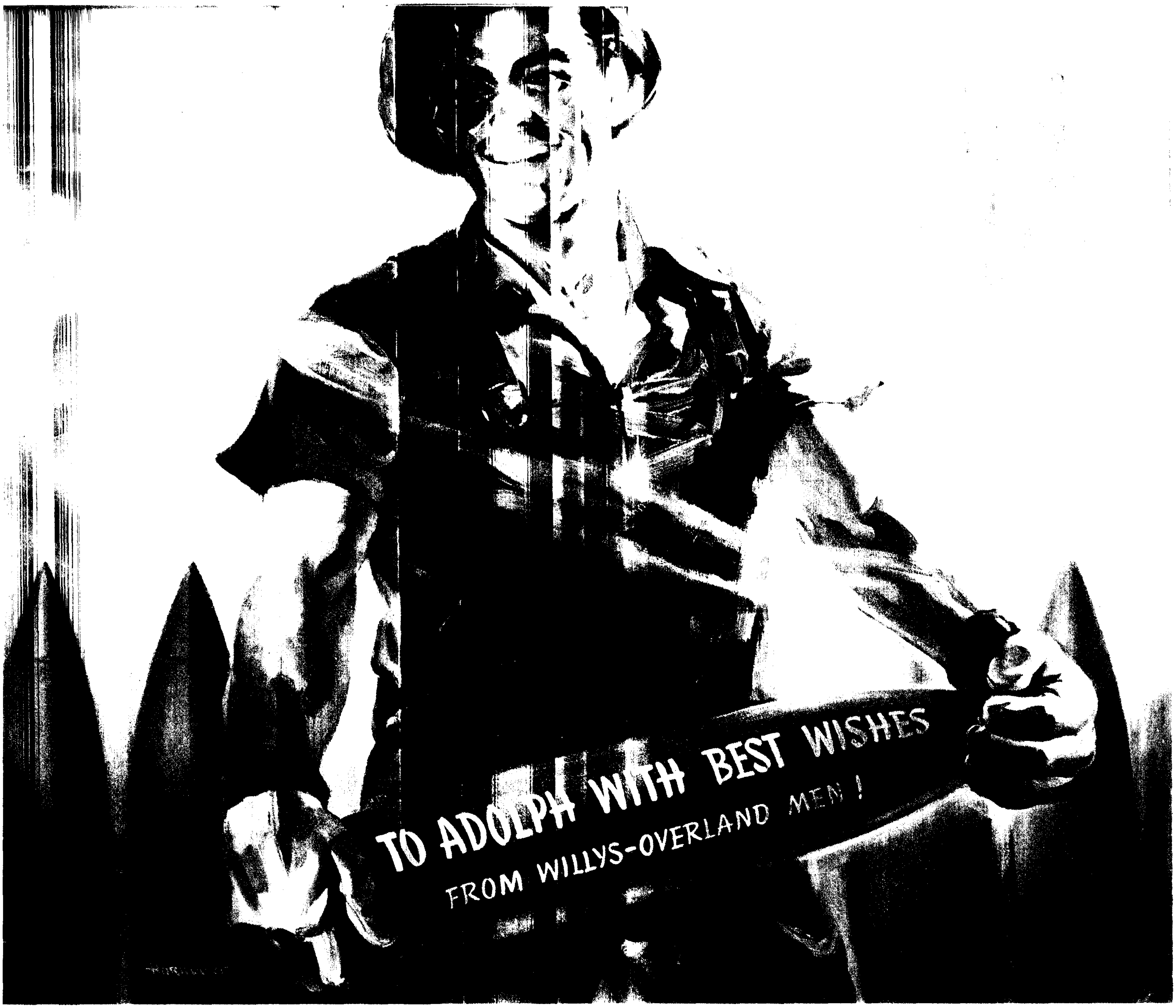
She walked out and Quayle followed her through the confusion of the hospital again. He walked up the stairs. Tap's room was in darkness. Helen found her way to the bed.

"It's me. Listen," Quayle said to him. "We're getting out of here tonight. Do you feel strong enough?"

"Is Helen coming?"

"Of course."

"All right," Tap said. "Swell! I'll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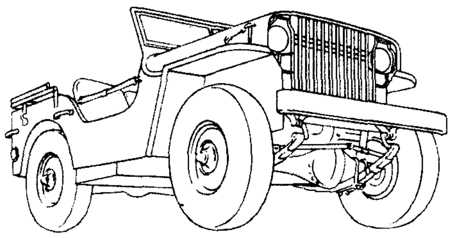

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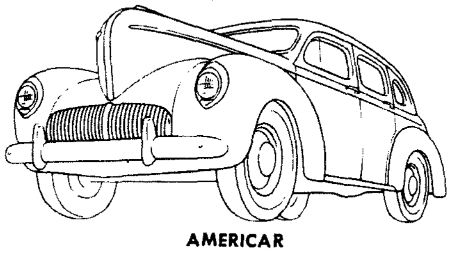

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be ready for you. Won't we, Helen?"

Quayle turned angrily and went out.

The little Greek and the corporal were waiting for him at the hospital steps. When Quayle came out they followed him through the confusion of the ambulances and the blood-strewn stretchers that were stacked against the long column.

"Listen," he said to the corporal when they were away from it, "do you want to get to Athens?"

The corporal was silent for a moment. Quayle could see he was working it out. He wondered about this definite-looking Greek who was younger than he appeared.

"Yes," the corporal finally said. "It will be all right."

"You might get caught. Wouldn't you be shot for deserting?" Quayle asked, to try him.

"I'm not deserting. We were disbanded by our officers. We wanted to go on fighting. I've still got my rifle. I would not give that in. I'm not deserting." Quayle could feel that the corporal was definite about it.

"What about the midget here?"

"He wants to go anywhere you go. He just wants to get to Athens," the corporal said.

"Okay," Quayle said. "I've got to get some petrol. It's at an airfield about five miles out of town."

"What do you want us for?"

"To carry it."

"All right. But how can you get to Athens?"

"Do either of you know the route over the Metsavo Pass?"

Quayle's two companions talked in Greek again.

"Yes. We know it," the corporal told Quayle. "But the Germans are in Trikkala."

"The Germans were in Ioannina. Do you want to come?" Quayle asked.

"Yes. But how will you get there?"

"Never mind that now. We've got to get some fuel from the airfield. Come on. We've got to hurry."

There was another bombing raid as they passed through the town.

IT WAS an hour before they got to the turn off into the airdrome. Quayle could see the large bomb craters in the quiet darkness. He walked straight to the small timber clump where the Greeks kept the fuel. There was a square mounting of four-gallon tins. He said, "Good!" aloud. He knew they could not carry the tins by hand. He pulled at the limb of one of the small plane trees. It bent, but it would be strong enough to hold four tins. He bent it backward and forward until it broke at the roots. He pulled out four tins. The bearded corporal saw what he was doing and pushed the limb through the handle at the top of the tins, bending them until the limb could fit through. Quayle lifted one end, and the corporal the other. The limb bent, but held.

"I'll take another one in case this breaks," Quayle said, and pulled at the tree again. He gave the limb to the little Greek and told him to carry it. The little Greek didn't understand what he said but could see for himself. They slung the weight on their shoulders and got back onto the road.

It took them an hour and a half to get to the edge of the town, which was being bombed again. Quayle did not want to take the petrol into the courtyard. He would have to chance leaving it near the hospital with the two Greeks. The car had enough petrol in it to get him to the hospital and perhaps out of town. So he skirted across the fields behind the village, and they fell and stumbled carrying the weight over the uneven ground. When he got behind the hospital he told the corporal to wait there for him.

"I've got to get the car. Don't move from here," he said.

"Where is the car?"

"At headquarters. There'll be a nurse, too, and another *Inglisi*."

Quayle ran back to the headquarters cave. By now his shoulders were completely numb from carrying the petrol. He walked quickly past the guard at the steps and found Mellass. He was talking to somebody who looked like a general. Quayle waited for him to finish. Mellass saluted the general and walked past Quayle.

"Come with me," he said as he passed Quayle.

When they were outside, Quayle said to Mellass, "It's okay. I got the petrol. I'm going now."

"I'll go with you to the car. Where's the girl and the other *Inglisi?*"

"They're waiting for me at the hospital."

"Once you start, don't stop. I'll get you to the hospital."

They got to the car without the guard seeing them. Quayle started the engine, and Mellass got in on the other side.

"What you've spent on my daughter already doesn't count. How much money have you now?" IRVING ROIR

"How do you get out?" Quayle asked.

"Down there," Mellass said, pointing straight ahead.

Quayle could see the dim outline against the burning red of a great arched gateway. There was a guard there, too.

"Drive fast through it," Mellass said. "Don't stop if the guard says anything. Don't stop at all."

Quayle let out the clutch and revved the engine. It was some time since he had driven a car. It lurched and then he put his foot down solidly. He felt the closeness of the gate as they swiftly went through it.

AT THE hospital the confusion was increasing. Helen Stangou walked through the wounded, the nurses and the doctors. She went to Tap's room . . . entered.

"All set?" Tap asked.

"Yes," Helen said. "I will wait for you outside. You must go down yourself."

"How do I get there?"

"Walk straight down the passage. Be careful of the men on the floor."

"All right. Don't be long," he said.

She stepped out and went to the small room where she slept with two of the other first-aid girls. She put on a heavy coat with the letters over the pocket and filled the pockets with handkerchiefs and a woolen jumper and gloves and some letters from her parents. She turned out the dim blue light and went out.

THROUGH the tangle of bodies and movement and noise and pain along the floor, nobody took any notice of her. She pulled open the large doors and, in the air, she suddenly realized that it was nearly morning.

"Is that you?" she heard Tap say.

"Yes. Are you all right?"

"I fell over a couple of dead men, but I got here."

She could see him sitting at the foot of the steps.

"We can't wait here," she said. "Come to the road farther."

She helped him along as he walked uncertainly. They stopped at the split-off trunk of a tree that had a large bomb crater beside it. She helped him sit down on the broken tree. She expected Quayle any minute.

They had been waiting for nearly an hour. They did not see John Quayle and the two Greeks leave the gasoline just below them. They only saw the car later when it came bumping toward them without lights. She could see the two figures coming up from below them.

"Look," she said to Tap.

"I hope they're not guards or something," he said.

They saw the car stop and the figure get out of the driver's seat and one from the other side. They went to the car.

"John," she said quietly.

"Yes," he said. "Get Tap in the back seat. We've got to get some gas."

"Where is it?" Tap said.

"Just sit there," Quayle told him. "It's down here. I got a couple of Greeks."

Quayle went with the two figures, and the third man, who was Mellass, followed them, though neither Tap nor Helen knew who it was yet. They saw the four of them coming back carrying the cans of petrol.

"We've got no time to put it in now," she heard Quayle say. "Get in."

The two Greeks understood, though he spoke in English. They opened the back door and got in. Tap made a sound as they sat down.

"Be careful," Helen said to them in Greek. "He's hurt."

"Who are these people?" Tap asked.

"They're Greeks. They're coming with us," Quayle said.

"For heaven's sake, what for? We don't want them. Leave them, John."

"Shut up, Tap. They're coming." Quayle pulled the gear and the car jerked and speeded in a great turn, and Helen thought they were going into the bomb craters. She could see the urgency and the haste of things with them. She suddenly recognized Mellass as he got onto the running board of the car.

"Down there," Mellass said, pointing to the left.

They speeded around the mud path and through the smashed village. Quayle kept looking behind.

"There's nobody following you," Mellass said.

"Where's this road guard?" Quayle asked him.

"Just ahead. Let me off here," Mellass said.

Helen wondered what Mellass was doing. He would get into trouble for this. They would shoot him if they found out about it. It must have been he who got the car for Quayle, she was thinking. Quayle stopped the car.

"Well, thanks for everything, Captain," he said to Mellass. "Sure you won't come?"

"No, *Inglisi*. I will stay here."

"Is that you, Alex?" Tap asked.

"Sh . . ."

"What's wrong?"

"Shut up!" Quayle said.

"Say nothing about this," Mellass said to Helen in Greek, but quietly, so the others could not hear. "Tell the others not to say anything about me. When you get to Athens tell my wife. We're going into the mountains. Tell her not to worry. We'll be in the mountains. Tell her that. Look for the *Inglisi* He must hurry to get through Trikkala before the Germans. He must hurry. Tell my wife."

Helen could hear the finish of all things in what he said.

"Yes," she promised him. "I'll tell her. I will. Adieu! My life with you!"

"My life with you!" Mellass said to her.

"S'long, Captain," Quayle said.

"S'long," Tap said. "Come on, John. Let's get moving."

"I hope I can do as much for you some day," Quayle said to Mellass.

"You win the war for us, *Inglisi*. That will be enough."

"Okay. Goodby."

"Adieu," the captain said, as the car speeded forward.

THE good road lasted from the lake to the beginning of the steep climb. Quayle stopped when they were well up the slope. He got out and opened the back door.

"How're you feeling, Tap?" he said.

"Fine," Tap said. He had wrapped two blankets around his legs resting on the cans of petrol.

"Helen, tell these two to get the petrol out, will you?"

Helen told the two Greeks what Quayle wanted. He was looking in the boot of the car for something with which to punch a hole in the tins

"I hope the squadron's still at Athens," Tap said.

"They will be, I think," Quayle said.

"Hickey was talking about going back to Egypt. That would do me . . . it would be better than Athens. I'm sick of this bloody country."

"That's very unfortunate," Helen said with quiet anger.

"I'm sorry, Helen. I don't really mean it," Tap said.

(To be continued next week)

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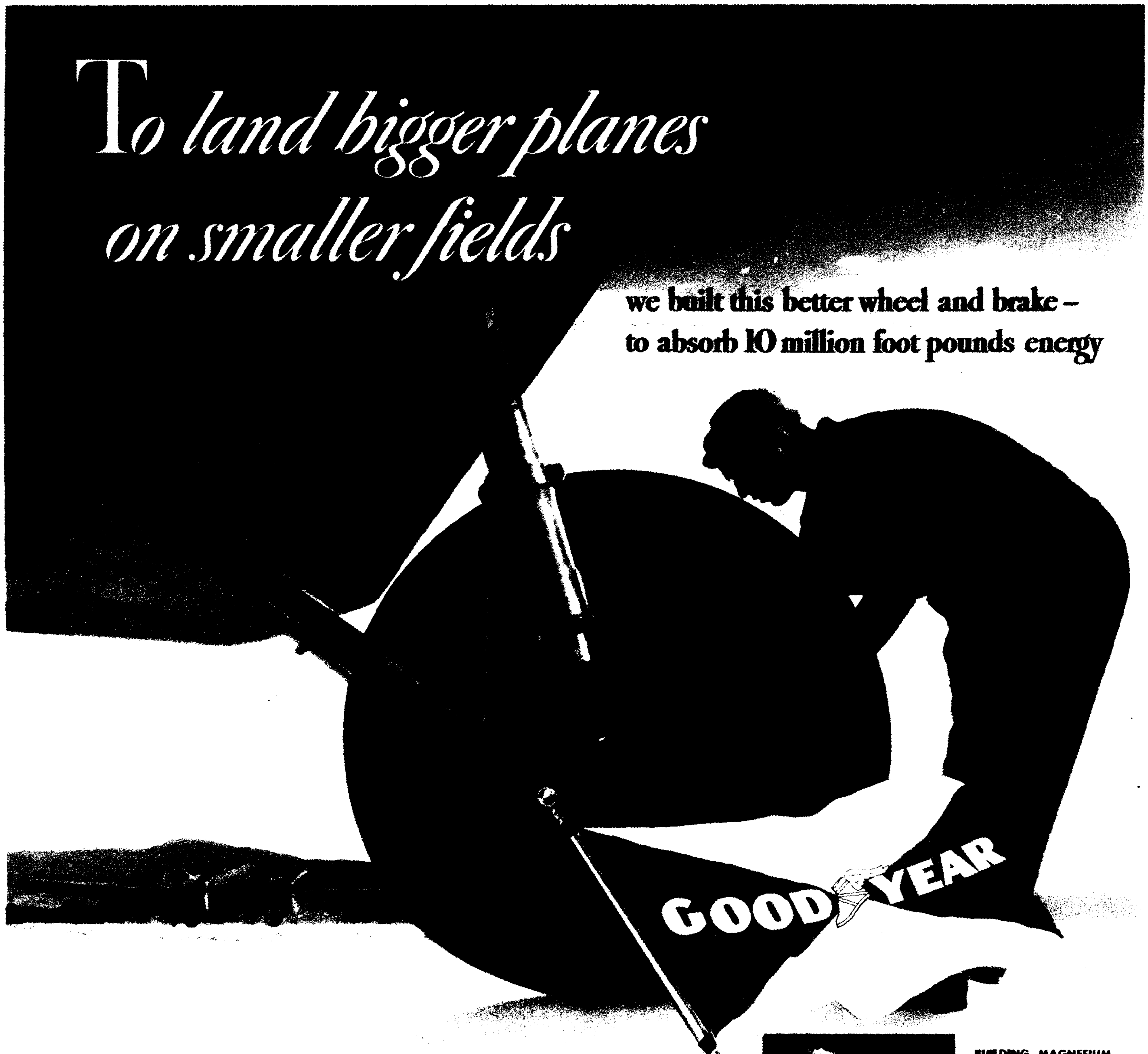

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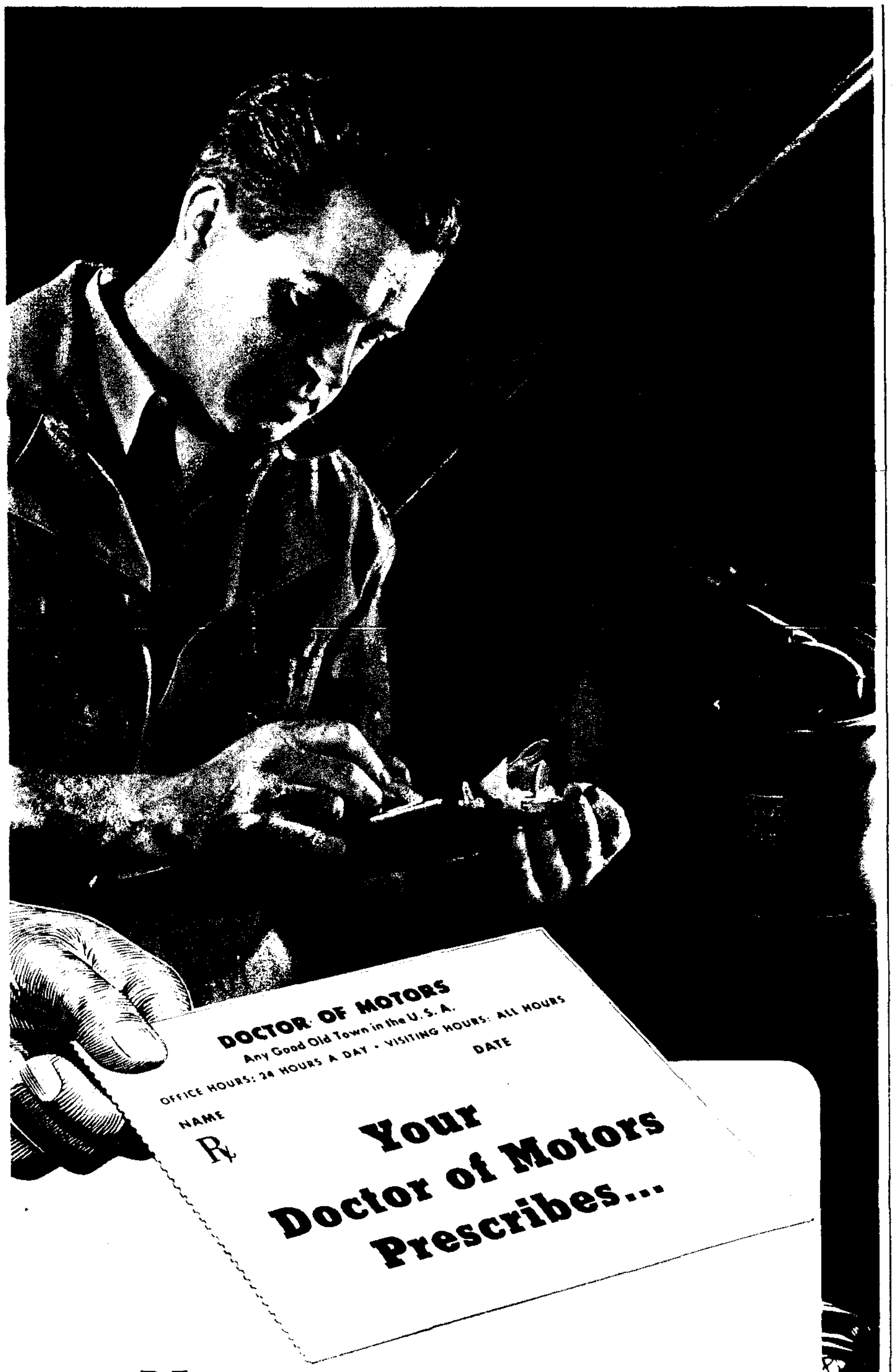
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He Woke Up Famous

Continued from page 16

Then he felt a cool hand on his forehead.

"Is it your head?" she asked solicitously.

"I don't think so," he groaned. "I think it's somebody else's. I never had a head like this in my life." He ran a fuzzy tongue around inside his mouth, and made a wry face. "It feels like the world's worst hangover."

"It is."

He blinked. "Where did I pick it up?"

"You swallowed practically a quart of brandy last night. Mrs. Beebe thought you needed it." She moved around in front of him, carrying a tray. "How about a little black coffee?"

He took the cup gratefully and tried to focus his eyes. He was sure the girl standing before him would be very beautiful if he could see her. She was quite beautiful now, despite the fact that she was eight feet wide and had two heads. He looked away; it was easier to imagine how beautiful she was just by listening to her voice. "If I'm not too curious," he asked, sipping his coffee, "who are you?"

"Lynn Horner. I work for Mrs. Beebe."

He tried again: "Who is Mrs. Beebe?"

"Mrs. Huntington Beebe. You're wearing her late husband's pajamas."

He felt himself slipping, but he made a final attempt: "Who am I?"

"Maybe you'd prefer to read it for yourself." She handed him some newspapers. "I promised to let Mrs. Beebe know as soon as you were awake."

THE door closed. He stared after her, puzzled for a moment, and wriggled uncomfortably to a sitting position. Evidently the late Mr. Beebe had been somewhat on the small side: the silk pajama coat barely met across his muscular brown chest, and his big forearms protruded from the sleeves. He frowned at the headlines: TANKER TORPEDOED OFF COAST . . . but they were meaningless. The type swam before his eyes, and he tossed the papers aside. Nothing made sense: Mr. Beebe's pajamas, the floral wreaths, the brandy.

His head was splitting, but he made an effort to recall the events of the night before. He had been heading back in his little sloop; he remembered that much. He had just wound up a week's fishing down around the Keys—his last vacation before he joined the Army—and he had been chugging back all alone toward Eshey's Point, doing maybe eight or ten knots an hour. There hadn't been enough wind for sails, and he was using the auxiliary motor. Probably he'd been half dozing; anyway, he never saw the reef or buoy or whatever it was he hit. There was a splintering crash and he landed in the water, and the little sloop began to go down.

He'd hated to see her go; he'd had a lot of good times on her. . . . It was a long haul to shore; he'd been a pretty good swimmer in college, but a couple of times he thought he'd never make it. Those last hundred yards were just nip and tuck. He remembered feeling his feet touch bottom, and then everything had gone black. . . .

He winced as the door banged open enthusiastically.

"You're all right! Oh, I'm so happy!" A vague blob of lavender was advancing toward him, and he heard the clank of bracelets. "So unutterably happy. I'm Mrs. Beebe. Mrs. Huntington Beebe."

"Well, Mrs. Beebe," he floundered, "I want to thank you—"

"Thank me?" she protested in a soprano shriek that made his whole head echo. "But I'm the one who should be thanking you. After all," she said archly, "it isn't everyone who gets a chance to entertain a hero."

"But I don't see anything very heroic about—"

"Now, then, you mustn't be modest," she chided. "We've been waiting hours and hours to hear the whole thing from your own lips." He began to be unpleasantly aware of other faces crowding behind her, like shapes in a bad dream. "First these gentlemen would like to ask you a few questions."

"What's your name?" a brisk voice inquired.

"Bill Webster." He heard the pencils scratching. "Really, though," he began, puzzled, "it wasn't anything—"

"Did you have any warning?" a chorus of voices inquired. "How fast did she sink? Was it a direct hit?"

"I guess it must have been," he said. "The first thing I knew—"

"How about the other members of your crew?"

"My crew?" he echoed blankly, trying to figure how anyone else could have been aboard his sloop.

"Did anybody else get off the tanker before she went down?"

"Tanker? . . ." He stared at them in sudden comprehension. "Hey, wait a minute!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright. "Wa-a-ait a minute! There must be some mistake—"

"Hold it!" a matter-of-fact voice interrupted. A blinding flash exploded in his face, and his aching head expanded and contracted again violently. He clapped his hand to his eyes and groaned.

"Oh, I know how you feel, poor boy," Mrs. Beebe sympathized, "but I'm afraid there isn't any mistake." She patted his head, sending a shooting pain clear through his scalp. "You're the only one of the whole crew who was saved."

He stared at the room wildly. "But I'm not . . . that is, I'm trying to tell you . . ."

His voice trailed. His vision was beginning to function at last; and for the first time it focused on a figure standing in the doorway. Slowly her features seemed to swim together, her luminous eyes stopped flicking past him and slowed to a halt. He gazed at her in awe. She was beautiful—even more beautiful than he had imagined. He hadn't imagined her eyes would be so gray, for example, or her hair would be quite that shade of chestnut brown. He repeated absently, "I'm trying to say . . ."

"You mustn't try to say anything more right now," Mrs. Beebe insisted gently. "You're too upset. There's plenty of time later."

HE OPENED his mouth and shut it again. After all, it occurred to him suddenly, Mrs. Beebe was right. There was plenty of time later. If he said anything now, he would have to leave right away; and he was in no particular hurry to leave.

"I'm sure these gentlemen will excuse you," Mrs. Beebe said firmly, "while you get a little rest. I'll be glad to give them any further details that I can. Miss Horner," she added, "you might stay here in case Mr. Webster wants anything. . . ."

The door closed. The room was quiet. He peered at Lynn for a moment and uttered a tentative moan.

"Head," he sighed, pointing. "Hurts."

She placed her hand on his forehead again. He settled back contentedly. She stood looking down at him in silence, her eyes thoughtful, only the slightest sign of a quiver at the very corners of her lips.

That look of hers troubled him. It seemed to be an appraising look; several times when they were alone together he had caught her gray eyes on him, cool and impersonal, and there was a little edge to her voice, he thought, as she handed him the afternoon papers. "I thought you'd like to see how your story looks in print."

He glanced at the elaborate front-page spread of Mrs. Beebe's house. (SOCIALITE'S HOME HAVEN FOR TANKER SURVIVOR), Mrs. Beebe's private beach (ARROW INDICATES SPOT WHERE PROMINENT MATRON FOUND TORPEDO VICTIM), Mrs. Beebe in a crisp auxiliary nurse's uniform (WEALTHY SAMARITAN APPLIES FIRST AID IN SEA RESCUE), and, in the center of the page; a somewhat bleary-eyed photograph of himself propped up in bed in the late Mr. Beebe's pajamas (HERO TELLS OWN STORY OF THRILLING ESCAPE). He inquired, "Does it read all right?"

"It's very exciting," she shrugged. "It's like the wildest fiction."

IT SEEMED to him that the corners of her lips drew down a little as she spoke; and he peered at her uneasily. "Sometimes I can hardly believe it myself," he said. "When I think of what a narrow escape I had—"

"Have you worked on a tanker very long?" Lynn asked idly.

"H'mm? Oh, yes—years and years," he began. "I shipped away to sea when I was but a tot. Borneo, China, Spain . . ." He paused. "Why?"

"I always thought that people who worked on oil tankers had dirty fingernails."

"We were carrying refined oil," he assured her quickly. "It was a very refined tanker." He changed the subject: "How about a cigarette?"

She took two cigarettes from a pack, and put them between her lips and lit them, and handed him one in silence. He let the smoke curl between his teeth for a moment, and studied her. He expelled the smoke in an abrupt cloud: "What's the matter, Lynn?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"The way you act. Don't you like me?" he asked bluntly.

Her gray eyes retreated. "I'm very fond of you."

"Is it as bad as that?" he groaned. "What's the matter with me?"

"There's nothing the matter with you," she said. "If anything's the matter, it's with me, I guess." She flicked the ash from her cigarette, and looked at him directly. "I'm pretty narrow-minded about some things. If I ever find out, for instance, that a person is a fake—"

"Are you busy, Mr. Webster?" Mrs. Beebe's golden soprano preceded her through the door. "Because the newsreelmen are here, and I promised to let them have just a few minutes of your time . . ."

He nodded resignedly. The bed of a hero, he was beginning to discover, was not all roses. Hour after hour today he had faced a dizzying succession of cameramen with floodlights, radiomen with microphones, lady interviewers with purple nail polish. It was not until the end of the day that he had another chance to talk to Lynn alone.

She entered his room quickly and shut the door behind her. He saw at a glance that something had happened; her smile was gone, and there was a look of dull disappointment in her eyes. "Bill . . ."

He waited.

"The tanker just landed at Miami," she said quietly. "They announced it on the radio."

He stared at her, stunned. "But I thought—I mean, it was torpedoed . . ."

"They managed to patch up the hole, and they limped into port an hour ago. The whole crew is safe. Nobody missing, the radio said." Her eyes were level. "So I was right, wasn't I? The hunch I had?"

"You were right," he said slowly. "I never saw that tanker in my life. I was sailing all alone in my little sloop, and it upset, and I had to swim ashore. The whole story was a fake."

She nodded. "I hate a fake, Bill. I hate a fake worse than anything else in the world—"

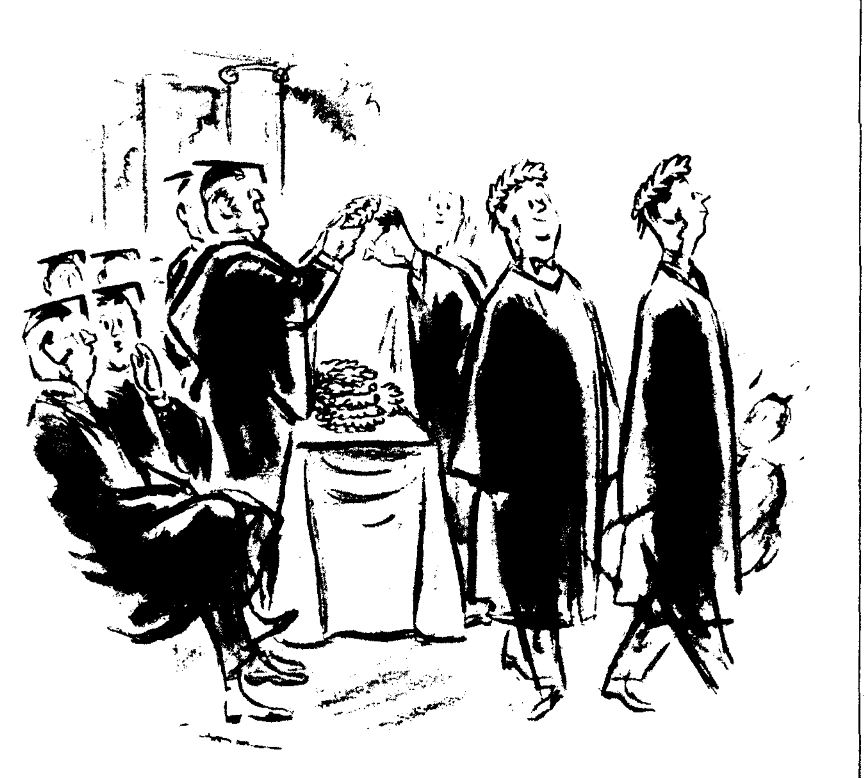
The door was flung open. "Oh, I've got the most wonderful surprise for you," Mrs. Beebe shrilled, sweeping into the room like a lavender tornado. "You'll never guess."

Bill braced himself.

"I've just been talking to the captain—"

"What captain?"

"The captain of your tanker, silly,"



"Seems there's a shortage of parchment" LEONARD DOVE

"Shhh! Mom's on the Warpath!"

Why ruin the evening, Mother?

Housework on hot days is bound to leave you tired and cross. To make evenings with your family the Best Part of the Day, try this pleasant treatment for "nerves." Every afternoon, get into the tub with a cake of New Ivory Soap.

Soak your grouch away in an IVORY BATH

Let Ivory's lovely lather, smoothed on all over, waft away that hot, sticky feeling. Ivory's baby-care mildness is like a cooling caress to your skin. Just . . . relax while that big white floating cake lathers *faster* for you than any other leading bath soap. You'll step out feeling lovelier . . . like a new woman!

A Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours!

You're ready for fun and you *have* fun after your refreshing Ivory Bath. Just knowing you're delightfully dainty again . . . thanks to that fresh clean "Ivory" smell . . . is a great lift to your spirits. Ivory's milder, more luxurious lather makes a bath a Special Pleasure. So enjoy an *Ivory* Bath *every* afternoon!

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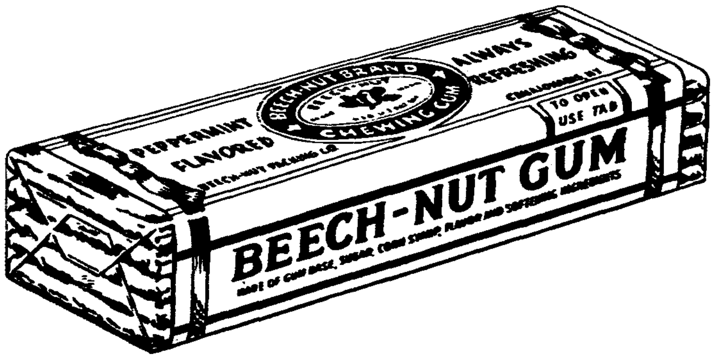
For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

More pleasure
in a game of golf . . .

THEN–
even in 1911, when lady golfers dressed like this, the delicious refreshing flavor of Beech-Nut Gum made golfing more pleasant

. . . AND NOW–
that same distinctive long-lasting flavor adds enjoyment to anything you do. Try a package today.



Beech-Nut Gum
The yellow package . . . with the red oval

Mrs. Beebe laughed. "He called me on the telephone just now, he read about you in the papers, and he was so excited he could hardly talk. He couldn't believe it," she beamed, "so I invited him to come out and see for himself."

"When is he coming?" he asked hollowly.

"He's on his way right now. He just had to stop and pick up some Navy authorities he said would like to meet you, too. Isn't it exciting?" She paused, her hand on the knob. "He says he can't wait to see you."

Lynn waited until Mrs. Beebe had left the room. She slammed the door and braced herself against it. Her face was white. "You've got to get out of here."

He was looking at her curiously.

"They'll be here any minute," she urged breathlessly. "You've got to hurry."

He did not move. "Why do you want me to go?"

"Don't you understand? They'll make all sorts of trouble for you if they catch you."

He grinned. "I thought you said you hated a fake."

"I do . . . that is . . . of course I do . . ."

"Then why are you so afraid something will happen to me?"

"There isn't any time to talk now," she said, grabbing a dressing gown from the closet and flinging it at him. "Put this on. It's Mr. Beebe's, too."

"It's because you love me, isn't it?"

"There's a trellis outside the window; *you can climb down.*" She shoved him across the room. "You can get through the garden without anybody seeing you—"

He paused, one leg over the sill. "Isn't it because you love me?"

"Oh, please. Please hurry!" There was a distant crunch of tires on gravel. "They're here now!"

"Not till you tell me," he insisted, standing on the trellis.

"Please, Bill," she pleaded, "there isn't time—"

He started to put his arms around her; and as he did so there was a slow splintering sound beneath him. His expression froze. His arms began to slide away from her again, his face retreated, and with majestic slowness he moved backward and outward into space. Lynn had a momentary glimpse of the late Mr. Beebe's pajamas, upended before her. There was a moment of horrid silence, then a distant thud and the faint tinkle of glass. She pressed her hand to her mouth to stifle a scream. People were shouting, and she heard running *footsteps below.* With a choked cry, she whirled and bolted down the stairway and out into the garden.

They were gathered about him in an excited group when she arrived. At least, she saw at a glance, he was not *hurt: he lay on his back in a freshly* spaded bed of petunias, his hand still grasping a broken section of trellis, one foot thrust through the remains of a hotframe. There was a vacant smile on his face. Mrs. Beebe knelt beside him, pillowing his head on her lap. She was holding a bottle of brandy.

Lynn turned to a man in uniform, evidently the captain, who was jabbering volubly in Greek. She appealed to him: "You've got *to understand.* He wasn't trying to take any credit for anything. He just happened to be sailing his little boat—"

"That's him!" the captain shouted. "As soon as I see the papers, I say, 'That's him! That's the man who is sailing the little boat. That is our hero!' "

"Hero?" Lynn faltered.

"The hero who rescue our life," said the captain, gesturing eagerly. "We are lying there helpless, we are hit, we cannot move, the sub is going to let us have it again. I see the periscope sticking out of the water. It is goodby!" He blew a kiss. "And then I see the little boat, he is heading right for it. He has no thought of danger. He risk his life for us. I hold my breath." He held his breath for a moment, and let it out again to continue: "He smack the periscope" —he drove his fist into his palm—"like that! We are save'!" He burst into tears.

Lynn felt herself swaying. Mrs. Beebe peered at her sharply.

"Miss *Horner," she* suggested, "perhaps you'd better try a little of this brandy. . . ."

BILL WEBSTER moved his head restlessly on the pillow, and opened his eyes. He stared in utter disbelief at the pink-and-gilt bedroom, and rose on one elbow. Instantly a familiar pain stabbed him behind the eyeballs, and he collapsed onto the pillow with a groan. "Mrs. Beebe?" he asked resignedly.

"She thought you needed it," Lynn murmured. "Lie still. You'll be all right."

He felt a cool hand on his forehead, and he tried to look up at her; but her blurred face moved cometlike across his vision, trailing a succession of luminous eyes that blinked at him painfully. He reached up and pressed her hand firmly to his throbbing temples. She tried to pull it away.

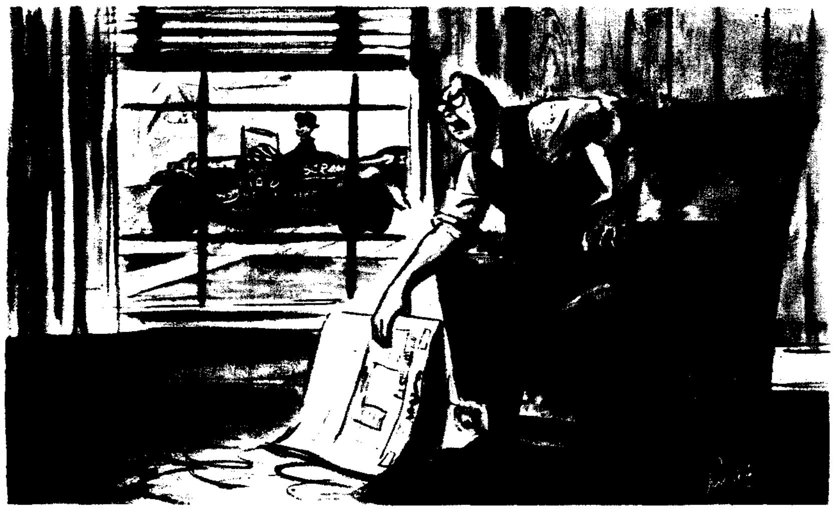
"I've got to go, Bill," she pleaded. "I promised to let Mrs. Beebe know as soon as you were awake. . . ."

"Not yet," he said, holding her hand.

"But the *reporters are* waiting downstairs to see you."

"Not yet," he repeated, drawing her toward him. "Not till you tell me."

THE END



"Joan, that argument for national gasoline rationing is here"

JOHN A. RUGE

A Little Something Called Morale

Continued from page 11

even get our names in the paper. Ner!"

Looking at a blacked-out port in the Trimble's fo'c'sle, Seaman Linn sighed.

"We had our fun, Tim," he said. "Judas Priest, do you remember—"

THE making of Maj. General Haizlip, Sergeant Downes and Corporal Matthews into heroes had begun with a telegram. It read as follows:

MESSRS. LINN & DUNNEVAN
U. S. DESTROYER TRIMBLE
SAN DIEGO

DEAR TIM AND BENNY I MUST SEE YOU AT CORONADO HOTEL NOT LATER THAN 2 P. M. TODAY STOP A MATTER OF EXCRUCIATING IMPORTANCE INVOLVING COOKIE'S WHOLE LIFE HAS COME UP STOP YOU MUST HELP US THWART *FUZZY-WUZZY* A LOATHSOME DRIP AND FIND REX STOP FEEL THAT MORALE OF U. S. ARMY IS AT STAKE STOP YOU BE THERE STOP IMPLORINGLY AND ADORINGLY POLLY PETERS

Fireman Dunnevan read the telegram for the fifth time, as Seaman Linn steered their motorcycle and sidecar off the Coronado ferry. His lips and forefinger moving to follow the words, Fireman Dunnevan winced and cried aloud:

"That Polly Peters is a screwball, Benny! She landed us in the brig last time. We shoon't have no more to do with the gal. Ner!"

Seaman Linn, the brain of Force *and* Brains, Inc., jerked his right thumb downward. "Noblessay oblige, Tim!" he said.

"Whut's that mean?"

"Jest common, ordinary gratitude—to you. We did get throwed in the brig, but Miss Polly got us out, didn't she? We made eighty-fi' bucks profit on the deal, didn't we? Pipe down!"

"But, *Benny*—"

"Quit tryin' to think. You'll fracture your skull!"

So saying, Seaman Linn made a 45-degree turn and gunned the motorcycle down a side street to the sea-terrace entrance of the Coronado Hotel. Despite the fact that Miss Polly Peters was unquestionably a screwball and that Mr. Linn's last effort to assist Miss Peters had resulted in a riot at Miss Widdicomb's College for Women, near La Jolla, all had ended for the best. God loves U. S. sailors *if* their hearts are pure. . . .

"Yoo-hoo, Benny! Yoo-hoo, Tim!"

"Agh, agh—that's her, orl right!"

It was, indeed, Miss Peters. She stood on the hotel lawn waving frantically as Seaman Linn brought the motorcycle to a halt at the curb. Slender, ethereal and starry-eyed, Miss Peters might be described as a girl with a lively but erratic bounce.

"Oh, Benny and Tim—am I glad to see you!" she announced. "Cookie didn't think you'd come. She's so abysmally low, she's practically crawling in the primordial slime!"

"Is it a turtle, Miss Polly?"

Polly Peters giggled. "Say Brooklyn, Tim!"

"Brooklern—why?"

"I love it, I *love* it! But we've no time for comedy. Cookie is Margaret Cooke, my nearest and dearest friend. She's in the most foully putrid jam. Fuzzy-Wuzzy has taken the one great, pure passion of her life and lost him in a stupid war game. His name is Rex Downes. Cookie always describes him as short, fair and ugly. Isn't that *darling*? Now, you boys come with me and I'll introduce you—and we can get down to business."

Seaman Linn spat politely through his teeth. "Holt on, Miss Polly," he said, "I an' Tim had better form an estimate of this situation, so on an' so forth, before we can tell will we be able to help. Who's this guy Fuzzy-Wuzzy?"

Miss Peters waved a hand, vaguely. "That's our nickname for General Haizlip. All his men call him that. A positively loathsome slug, I assure you. Why, he had the gall to tell Cookie that she couldn't send a message to Rex until the war game is over! Cookie has to sail at midnight for Hawaii. If she doesn't see Rex before then she will never survive the voyage. You see, they had an utterly mad lovers' quarrel—"

"Benny!"

"Yeah?"

"I dern't get mixed up with no gener'ls. Them guys ain't in our league, Benny. I sure am sorry, Miss Polly, but—ouch—quit—"

"Pipe down, I said!"

"Oh, you mustn't kick Tim, Benny! Shame on you!" Miss Peters took a firm grip on the sleeve of Fireman Dunnevan's blouse. "The moment you lay eyes on Cookie, your doubts will fade away. She is in the process of dying from a broken heart—literally before your eyes!"

"Get going, Tim!"

MISS MARGARET (COOKIE) COOKE was sitting on a bench near the hotel tennis courts and staring at a sad and solemn sea. It may not be true that a young woman can die of a broken heart, but Miss Cooke showed alarming symptoms. Normally a cookie that most any man might reach for, Miss Cooke had been seized with a snuffling pallor, a hollow-eyed lethargy that *was* impressive. Has any deep-thinking novelist pointed out the startling resemblance between love's melancholy in the female and the ravages of a bad head cold, coupled with pernicious anemia and hookworm disease?

"Cookie, darling—you're saved! Here they are! The miracle men: Tim Dunnevan and Benny Linn!"

"Pleased to meetcha, Miss Cooke."

"Yerse. B-but you look sick, Miss."

Cookie turned her face to the back of the bench and began to sob.

A MIST of sympathy fogged Fireman Dunnevan's St. Bernard brown eyes.

"Agh—dern't take on thataway, Miss," he said. "You jest tell I an' Tim who done you dirty. We'll fix um—please, Miss, you shoon't cry—"

"Leave her be, Tim."

Polly Peters looked triumphantly at Tim and Benny.

"Now, I ask you?" she demanded. "Aren't you filled with unutterable loathing of Fuzzy-Wuzzy? Isn't it symbolic when a general in our own Army can separate Rex from Cookie and simply rack her with grief and prob'ly drive Rex to desertion?"

"Yerse!"

"Don't, Polly . . . oh, don't say that! Rex hasn't deserted—" sobbed Cookie.

"He threatened to!"

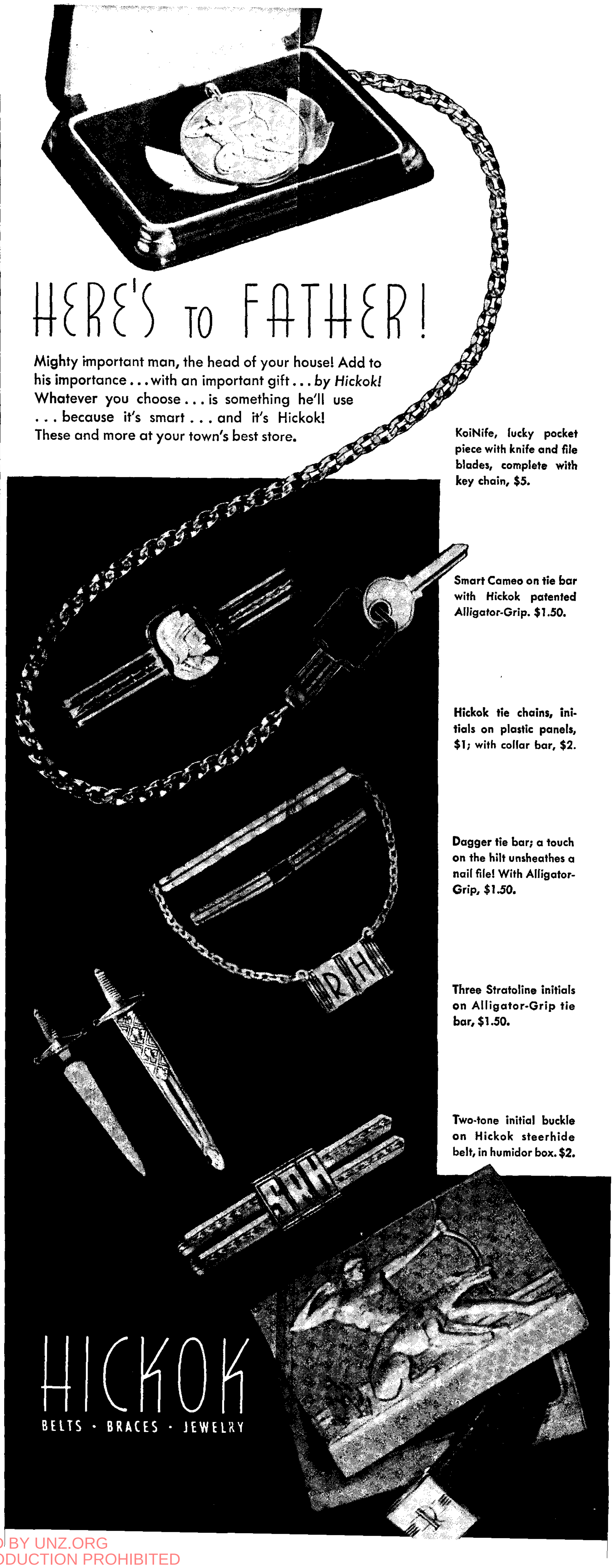
"Don't *say*—that—it'd ruin both our —hhhh—lives. I can marry him—if he's just a corporal. But Uncle Dan would never let me m-marry a deserter—"

Seaman Linn cleared his throat. "All this ain't neither here or there, Miss Polly," he said. "Less get down to brass tacks. The idea is you want I an' Tim to find this Rex guy. Right?"

Miss Peters beamed. "We emphatically do!" she said.

"What's his outfit an' where's he supposed to be at?"

Complications rapidly developed, as



HERE'S TO FATHER!

Mighty important man, the head of your house! Add to his importance . . . with an important gift . . . by *Hickok!* Whatever you choose . . . is something he'll use . . . because it's smart . . . and it's Hickok! These and more at your town's best store.

KoiNife, lucky pocket piece with knife and file blades, complete with key chain, $5.

Smart Cameo on tie bar with Hickok patented Alligator-Grip. $1.50.

Hickok tie chains, initials on plastic panels, $1; with collar bar, $2.

Dagger tie bar; a touch on the hilt unsheathes a nail file! With Alligator-Grip, $1.50.

Three Stratoline initials on Alligator-Grip tie bar, $1.50.

Two-tone initial buckle on Hickok steerhide belt, in humidor box. $2.

HICKOK
BELTS · BRACES · JEWELRY

they had a habit of doing with Polly Peters. It appeared that Corporal Rex Downes belonged to C Company, Second Tank Battalion, Fifth Armored Division. Corporal Downes had vanished in the heat and dust of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's war game somewhere between San Diego and the Mexican border. Army headquarters had brutally and stubbornly refused to forward any love messages for Corporal Downes. When Miss Peters, whose father owned a chain of seventeen newspapers, demanded to know Rex's exact whereabouts on pain of publicity for refusal, an atrociously rude aide on Fuzzy-Wuzzy's staff had told her to go back to Miss Widdicomb's College for Women and attend to her knitting.

"For that, my dear Benny," said Polly Peters, "we're not only going to find poor Rex—we're going to wreak vengeance on Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It isn't the insult to me and Dad, at all. It's plainly and simply that Mr. General Haizlip is not a fit person to command an army. His men hate and despise him, and so do I. He's destroying morale. Dad's papers are full of complaints. His head must roll in the sand!"

Chewing a match, Seaman Linn rendered his opinion:

"If this was a U. S. Navy matter, I an' Tim would have a good chanst. But we couldn't even get to first base lookin' for the guy, with MPs guardin' every road—"

Polly Peters giggled.

"Oh, how stinkily stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to tell you about Mr. McCullan! He's the war expert for Daddy's papers. He's got a pass to go with the Armored Striking Force. He can take you right straight to Rex's part of the Army!"

"Yeah? But will he?"

Miss Peters giggled again. "Come and see!"

This remark aroused Miss Cooke from a soggy reverie. She stood up and confronted Miss Peters almost sturdily.

"No, Polly—I won't stand for getting that awful man mixed up in this—why, the very sight of him would so disgust Rex—not *that* creature, Polly—"

Fireman Dunnevan snorted protectively. "If he's immural, it's out!" he said.

But Seaman Linn said, "What's the angle, Miss Polly?"

"Devastatingly simple," said Miss Polly, her angelic eyes demure. "Daddy sent Mr. McCullan to cover the war games. He's spent the last four days in the Coronado Hotel bar. I caught him at it. He's in my power. I'd have sent him by himself to find Rex, but he's too drunk. But Benny, you and Tim can load him into your motorcycle and use his press flag and pass, can't you?"

Seaman Linn grinned. "You got a brain, Miss Polly," he said. "C'mon Tim, we shove off!"

"Wait . . . the message to Garcia!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. "Oh, is they a Mexican lost too?" he asked.

Polly Peters laughed, but Miss Margaret (Cookie) Cooke drew a sealed letter from her sweater pocket. She handed it to Seaman Linn.

"I feel that you're my only chance, Mr. Linn," she said, simply. "If Rex gets this letter in time, he'll come here . . . and marry me. If he doesn't, I'll just have to—hhhh—start for Hawaii—"

"We'll find him, Miss!"

"Yerse!"

CORPORAL REX DOWNES of the "Armored Striking Force" had an extremely bad case of low morale. He and his two-man crew—a first-class private nicknamed Prof. and a plain private nicknamed Sarge—with their blitz buggy machine-gun carrier, nicknamed Liver Complaint, had been officially "destroyed." Three heavy bombers of the "Blue Army" had caught them on the edge of a tiny grove of pine trees, about eight miles down the beach from the Coronado peninsula.

A parachuted message from one of the bombers had informed Corporal Downes: "Tank destroyed and all occupants casualties. You can have no further communication with your commanding officers. Signed: Lieut. H. J. Phillips. Verified by Colonel C. M. Donohue, referee."

In official words, Corporal Downes was "dead."

HE FELT much worse than dead. For nine days he had been bumping over rocks and slogging through sand in obedience to orders. His back ached and his head ached, but his heart ached worst of all. *Where was Cookie?* Had she actually gone back to Honolulu? Why, oh, why had he ever quarreled with Cookie? Why hadn't he promised to go to officers' school? He should have been willing to see her side of it. Cookie's Uncle Dan was a general, and it was natural that the poor kid would want him to have a commission. A silly and rather snobbish attitude, true enough, but he could at least have compromised with Cookie.

"He says it hurts, but he gets more speed" ED HUNTER

Corporal Downes moaned, lighted a cigarette and slumped deeper into his bed of pine mast in the shade of the blitz buggy. He was short and fair, but, while he could not be called handsome, he was not ugly. With his "maneuvers whiskers" removed, some sand and crankcase oil wiped off, and an abnormally bitter scowl taken away, Corporal Downes would do all right.

But not now—not this afternoon. Corporal Downes lay wallowing in gloom, too dispirited to join his companions in their argument.

"OHIO . . . That's me!" Prof. was saying. "And I won't even wait till October. I'll go over the hill any minute now."

"Blaaaahhh," Sarge said. "You guys talk jest like we talked at Funston in '17. The hill we went over was Number 243 at Exermont—*in France*."

"I suppose you defend this childish make-believe that Fuzzy-Wuzzy calls a war game?"

"Nope. I don't defend no brass hat, never."

"You admit Fuzzy-Wuzzy shouldn't have started maneuvers until we had all our equipment?"

"Sure, sure."

"Then why shouldn't we rebel against the whole silly farce, Sarge?"

"You rebel, kid. Not me." Sarge closed his eyes. "I'm catchin' me a nap."

Prof. jumped to his feet. He had a wide crack of a mouth and indignant gray eyes and a crew haircut.

"Hey, Rex!"

Corporal Downes stirred slightly. "I agree one hundred per cent, Prof.," he mumbled. "We'll give Fuzzy-Wuzzy the old *ling chi*, then fricassee the pieces in crankcase oil—the blankety-blank, so-and-so—"

Prof. walked over and kicked Corporal Downes gently. "How's about going over the hill right now, pal?" he demanded.

Rex sat up. He looked somberly at Prof. Then, he glanced toward a thick brown dust cloud four or five miles inland. A swarm of reconnaissance planes and fighters buzzed over the cloud. Corporal Downes thought of the thousands of sweating, toiling soldiery in that dust and heat. Then, he looked at the blitz buggy.

CORPORAL DOWNES slowly and deliberately stood up. "I'll settle for going A.W.O.L., Prof.," he said.

"No! Right over the hill!"

"Aw, Prof., you don't want to do that."

"Oh, have some intellectual honesty!"

"A.W.O.L.—that's all. And just for a couple of hours. How about it, Sarge? You with us?"

Sarge, a wizened little man so brown that he looked as if he had been covered with gingerbread dough and baked hard, opened one eye.

"Naw, Rex," he said. "I been A.W.O.L."

"C'mon, then, Prof.!"

But Prof., who had been an instructor in philosophy at a California college, was not satisfied with merely going A.W.O.L.

"War games with imitation tanks and guns are, per se, destructive of morale," he stated. "But when three divisions are tortured for days because a sadistic old poop like Fuzzy-Wuzzy wants to show Washington he's fit to command a field army, we have reached the *reductio ad absurdum.* Furthermore it's our duty as intelligent men—"

"Prof.! Look!"

"What *is* it?"

"You see what I see, Sarge?"

"Yeah. Two sailors an' a civilian on a motorcycle. Headin' this way."

SEAMAN LINN gunned the motorcycle along a sandy beach road, made a series of masterly turns and bore down on Corporal Downes, Prof. and Sarge. Fireman Dunnevan sat in the sidecar holding a small, plump bald-headed man on his lap. The s.p.b.m waved a press pennant attached to a stick and shouted an unintelligible monologue.

"I guess I seen everything now," Sarge said.

Halting the motorcycle, Seaman Linn yelled, "You guys know where we can find Corporal Rex Downes at?"

"An' dern't say we ain't got a pass!" put in Fireman Dunnevan, belligerently.

Mr. McCullan of the Peters Press, Inc., kept waving his press pennant.

Corporal Rex Downes stepped forward. "I'm Downes," he said, "but the Navy can't capture me. I'm already dead. We're all dead. We've been dead since this morning."

"Maybe it's a burial detail," said Prof.

Seaman Linn turned to Fireman Dunnevan. "Okay, Tim. This is our guy. Let Mr. McCullan loose."

While the three soldiers stared, Fireman Dunnevan lifted Mr. McCullan off his lap, as if he were a wet baby, and sat him down on the sand.

"Egypt!" said Mr. McCullan, in a fog. "Back in Egypt with Wavell!"

Seaman Linn, spitting sand, wearily climbed off the motorcycle and pulled a perspiration-wrinkled envelope from his blouse. "I got a letter for you, from Miss Cookie—"

"Cookie! Give! W-why—it *is* from Cookie—"

Fireman Dunnevan shuffled forward. "Yerse, Downes," he growled, "an' you better not try breakin' her heart no more. I an' Benny promersed Miss Polly to make you come back dead or alive. It's up to you whuch way you want it!"

While Corporal Downes feverishly read the letter, Sarge and Prof. exchanged stunned glances. Mr. McCullan tottered over to them.

"Anything to drink, men?" he asked, thickly. "I'll take even water. McCullan's my name—of the Peters Press. I say—you aren't, by any chance, the soldiers who wrote my boss about morale? Ho . . . so you're bellyaching, eh? Can't take it, hunh? Whash that got to do with morale? Soldiers *always* bellyache—whash 'at got to do with morale? I'm on a wild-goosh shase!"

Mr. McCullan sat down abruptly.

Corporal Downes let out a yelp of joy: "Prof.! Sarge! Cookie'll marry me—just as I am! I don't have to get a commission! She's waiting for me. I've got to hurry . . . not a moment to loose!"

Tim gave him a grim look. "You gorna *marry* Miss Cookie?"

"Am I! Once, twice, three times . . . over and over—"

"I guess he's okay, Benny."

Seaman Linn took command.

"Snap outa it, Mr. Downes," he said, sternly. "I an' Tim has spent more'n three hours findin' you. Only on account Mr. McCullan is a war correspondent with a press pass was we able to get through them lines a-tall. We had one devil of a time gettin' through *with* Mr. McCullan."

He pointed to Mr. McCullan, who was gingerly feeling the trunk of a pine tree.

"Tim! Break out that last bottle of

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

If you're a man, it's a shine on your shoes . . . the sweet feel of a fly rod in your hand.

It's your favorite pipe . . . your roses . . . that old hat your wife tried to throw away last fall.

If you're a woman, it's a tricky new hair-do maybe . . . or a change of lipstick.

Morale is a lot of little things like that. People can take the big bad things . . . the bitter news, the bombings even . . . if only a few of the little, familiar, comforting *good* things are left.

☆ ☆ ☆

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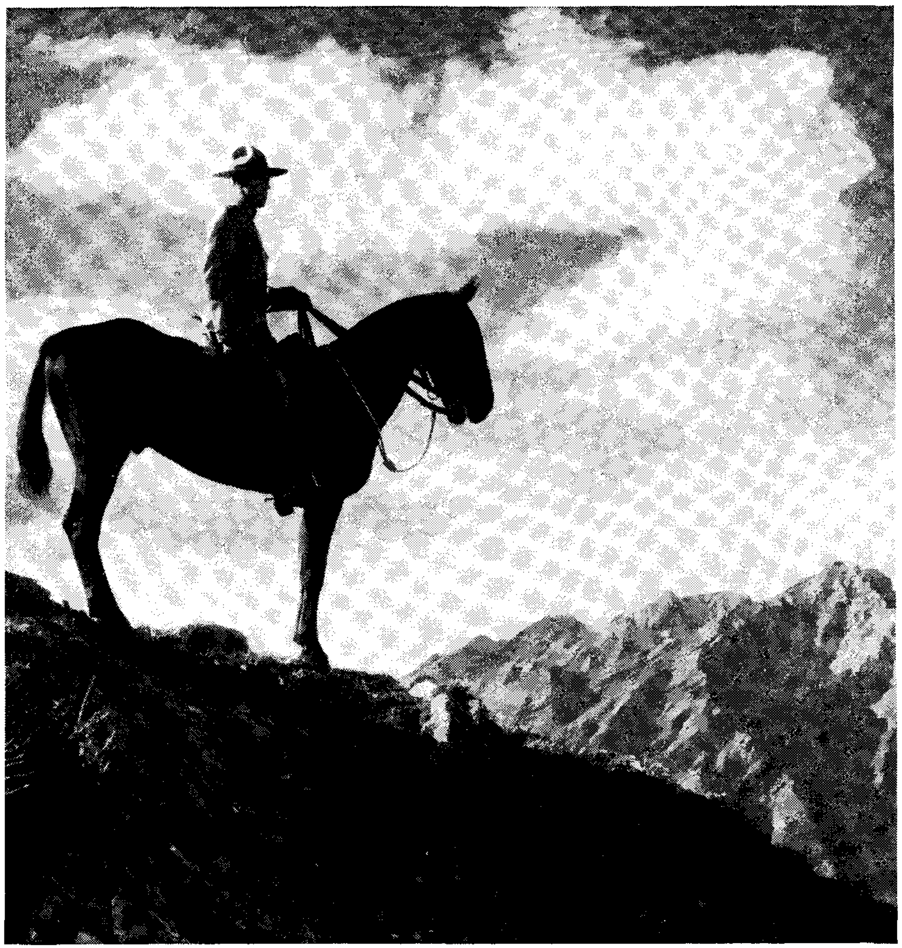
A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION



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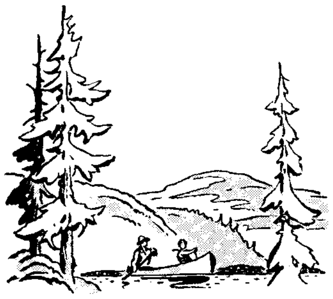

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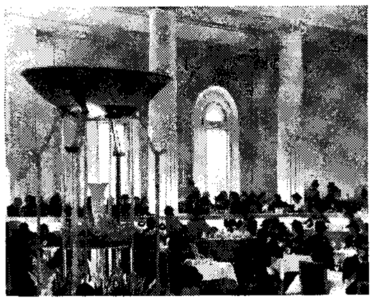

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beer an' give the poor guy a swig—but not too much!"

Fireman Dunnevan groaned. "But *Benny*—whut if'n he bites my fingers again?"

"Give him 'at beer, Tim!"

Benny turned back to Corporal Downes, Prof. and Sarge.

"Tim'll stay here with your buddies, Mr. Downes. I an' you an' Mr. McCullan will ride the motorsickle back to Coronado." Then, with heavy sarcasm, "Maybe you guys' morale will hold up until we bring Mr. Downes back here. I'll have Tim tell you how we handle low morale in the U. S. Navy."

Sarge spat tobacco juice dangerously near Mr. Linn's left foot. "Yeah, sailor? How—f'rinstance?"

"Well, soldier—just as a sample—wunst a couple of boots complained to Chief Mulcahy that the coffee had flies in it. The chief hung 'em by their thumbs outside two fo'c'sle ports in a rough sea!"

Sarge grunted. Corporal Downes and Prof., who had been in whispered conference, faced Seaman Linn.

"Look, sailor," said Corporal Downes, "Prof. wants to go A.W.O.L. with me. How's about you renting us the machine for a couple of hours?"

Seaman Linn chewed a match reflectively. "'At would come pretty high."

Prof. grinned, and with bitterness. "He knows you're stinking rich, pal!" he said.

"Name your price, sailor. I'm in a hurry."

Without a blush of shame, Seaman Linn said calmly, "It'll be fifty bucks rent an' another fifty deposit on the motorsickle. Then, I'd hafta charge you a hunnert bucks deposit on Mr. McCullan."

"A—a deposit on *him?*"

"Right! If you don't bring him back, how'm I an' Tim gonna get outa this war game an' home to our ship? As an extry concession, you can take your other buddy along. He don't weigh much. But that motorsickle an' Mr. McCullan has gotta be back here inside of two hours or the whole two hunnert is forfeit."

"For that much Rex ought to get title to Mr. McCullan, at least—"

"Shut up, Prof.! It's a deal!"

THERE was a climactic outcry of pain from Fireman Dunnevan: "Benny! The litterl sod bit my thumb an' guzzled the hull botterl!"

Mr. McCullan lurched forward, empty bottle in hand. "A wild-goosh shase!" he announced. "An' itsh all Fuzzshy-Wuzzshy's fault! Am I correct?"

Sarge grinned, nodding. "You can't go wrong blamin' it on a brass-hat, brother," he said.

Mr. McCullan embraced him. "We know, don't we, old boy, old boy? They never take war gamesh sherious till the bullets start to fly. Am I correct?"

"Yeah. Won't even keep their heads down. But when them things start comin' over, they remember everything they griped at on maneuvers."

"A geniush!"

This meeting of the minds caused a temporary hitch in proceedings. Sarge did not particularly want to go A.W.O.L., but Mr. McCullan refused to board the motorcycle without him. However, when Seaman Linn pointed out that Corporal Downes' romantic future hung in the balance, Sarge agreed to make the trip to Coronado.

"Charge!" yelled Mr. McCullan, waving his press flag. "'Charge for the gunsh,' he said, 'not though the sodshers knew Fuzzshy-Wuzzshy had blundered!' Take him alive, men, take him alive!"

Tim and Benny watched the brave expedition chug off through the sand. The sun was low in the western sky.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"We fixed Mr. Downes an' Miss Cookie up orl right, but we sure ain't helped the murral of the U. S. Army none. Them soldiers shoon't've gone A.W.O.L. In the U. S. Navy we woon't desert our ship, even was the admiral nuts like Fuzzy-Wuzzy Ner!"

SEAMAN LINN'S bland blue eyes narrowed, and his large Adam's apple bobbed with the excitement of an idea. He looked at the blitz buggy.

"Tim!"

"Yerse?"

"Morale ain't nothin' but force *and* brains. Was some guys to show Fuzzy-Wuzzy up, it might give the U. S. Army a kick in the pants an' make 'em get next to theirself. Right?"

"Yerse, but—"

"Climb aboard that tin crate, Tim. I an' you is shovin' off for some maneuvers!"

"B-but, *Benny*—"

TWO SAILORS IN STOLEN TANK CAPTURE "BLUE ARMY" GENERAL AND STAFF! WAR GAME IN UPROAR!

Maj. Gen. E. T. Haizlip Surprised at Mess By Navy "Blitzkrieg"

Army Defending San Diego Awaits Referees' Decision On Surprise "Invasion"

by Joel McCullan

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: The commanding general and staff of the Blue Army were "captured" while eating dinner in their field headquarters, last evening, by two enlisted men of the U. S. Navy. Their act was the culmination of a wild charge in a stolen tank, during which they penetrated nine miles of the Army's defense lines by telling commanders of various units encountered that they were the spearhead of a surprise attack from the sea.

Benjamin Linn, seaman first class, and Timothy Dunnevan, fireman second class, both of the Destroyer Trimble were the perpetrators of this singular escapade.

Overpowering Corporal Reginald Downes and two members of his tank crew, Linn and Dunnevan seized their tank and roared off to attack the Blue Army. The galloping gobs crashed through two machine-gun units, an antitank battery and a battalion of infantry with the ingenious story that a huge landing force from the Fleet was right behind them. Confusion described as "indescribable" followed in their wake. Officers were in the dark, both literally and figuratively. Before they could check the sailors' story of an invasion from the sea, Linn and Dunnevan had pressed on to the next stronghold of resistance.

The climax came when an astonished aide to General Haizlip entered his field mess tent and announced, "Two sailors in a 36-ton tank, sir. They say they have annihilated us!"

General Haizlip questioned Linn and Dunnevan. They declined to give any explanation of their act and were ordered to the guardhouse by General Haizlip. Soldiers of the Blue Army and Armored Striking Force have told this correspondent, privately, that Linn and Dunnevan have provided them with the best laugh of the year. They are taking a keen interest in the sailors' fate.

"BENNY?"

"Yeah."

Fireman Dunnevan looked around their guardhouse cell. It had two cots, a slop bucket, a wash basin and a single window, iron-barred.

"We been in lots of *brigs,* Benny," he

said, "but not never in no guardhouse. Uh . . . you figger they'll shoot us or hang us, Benny?"

Seaman Linn shook his head. He had no words of comfort to offer.

"Was it an admiral I maybe could estimate what we'd get, Tim," he said. "But they's no telling with generals. Ju-das, was 'at general sore!"

Outside, a sentry snapped to attention. Brisk footsteps clattered on the wooden porch. A hard-faced sergeant unlocked the door of Tim's and Benny's cell.

In stamped a major. He had a covered basket, which he had just taken from an orderly, on his arm.

"Attention, you men!" he snapped.

Fireman Dunnevan looked at the basket. There was food in it—and two bottles of wine. Fireman Dunnevan gulped.

"I wanta write a letter before the extraction, please, sir," he said.

"No remarks, sailor!"

A GRIM, forbidding figure appeared suddenly in the guardhouse doorway. Even Seaman Linn turned a bit pale around the gills.

It was Fuzzy-Wuzzy, himself. He had a face like Sitting Bull's and a shock of thick, iron-gray hair.

"At ease, sailors!" he said.

What might have been a smile sneaked quickly across Fuzzy-Wuzzy's stern mouth.

"The laugh is on me," he said. "Seven divisions, I understand, are amused. Well, that's fair enough. They've been cussing me for ten months. Maybe I've been taking the war too seriously. At least, that's what the general public seems to think. Until they realize what we're up against, we can't expect a citizen army to realize it either. H'mph. So I suppose I shall have to stand for jokes about imitation tanks and make-believe field guns. The newspapers seem to think I should hugely enjoy being captured by the Navy!"

Seaman Linn pulled himself together.

"I an' Tim was all wrong, sir," he said. "We thought you was to blame for the Army's low morale. So we thought we'd show up how silly the war game was, so on an' so forth. But I an' Tim see now that if they's any low morale the U. S. general public is to blame."

It was the right answer.

General Haizlip grunted. "A country that can't make up its mind whether to fight or not has no business gabbling about morale. In fact, the Army's morale is astonishingly good."

"Yerse, but the Navy's murral is—ouch!"

"Pipe *down,* Tim!"

Fuzzy-Wuzzy hesitated, then turned to his aide:

"Major Johnson—when these men have had their lunch, you will take them to Navy Landing. I have . . . er . . . explained matters to their commanding officer. That is all. Carry on!"

"Ju-das, I mean, thank you, sir!"

"Y'yerse!"

Nodding almost genially, Fuzzy-Wuzzy turned on his heel and walked out. Major Johnson set the lunch basket on a bench and handed Seaman Linn a telegram.

"Don't ever fall overboard, sailors," he said. "Your pockets are too full of horseshoes. I don't know what made the general change his mind. I had the firing squad all ready!"

Tim and Benny read the telegram together:

MESSRS. LINN AND DUNNEVAN
GUARDHOUSE, CAMP HAAN
DEAR BENNY AND TIM WE GOT MR. McCULLAN INTO HIS RIGHT MIND AND HE WROTE A LONG STORY ABOUT FUZZY-WUZZY SAYING HE HAD A HEART OF GOLD AND A SENSE OF HUMOR AND WOULD TURN YOU LOOSE STOP REX SAYS HE THINKS FUZZY-WUZZY IS ON A SPOT AND WILL GRAB THIS CHANCE TO MAKE HIMSELF POPULAR WITH THE ARMY STOP IF HE DOESN'T AND PUTS YOU IN PRISON *I* SHALL DEDICATE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO GETTING YOU OUT STOP FEEL THIS WHOLE THING IS FOULLY SYMBOLIC AND AS SOON AS COOKIE HAS HER WEDDING WE MUST WORK OUT PLAN TO AROUSE THE PUBLIC TO THEIR OWN LOW MORALE STOP YOUR SOUL-THRILLING ACTION HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN STOP I LOVE YOU BOTH MADLY
POLLY PETERS

Tears of anguish flooded Fireman Dunnevan's eyes. "Ner, Benny," he said, "we dern't want no more Polly Peters—never. Takin' on the hull U. S. nation is too much—even fer me an' you, Benny. Is that a thought, or ain't it?"

For once, Seaman Linn agreed. "Right, Tim!" he said. "I an' you is gonna leave the U. S. public strickly to God!"

SOMEWHERE on the darkened Trimble, a bosun's whistle piped. Seaman Linn jumped to his feet.

"Let 'em keep their medals, Tim," he said. "Here we go to get us some more Japs!"

But Fireman Dunnevan, still bemused, had a question to ask:

"Look, Benny—"

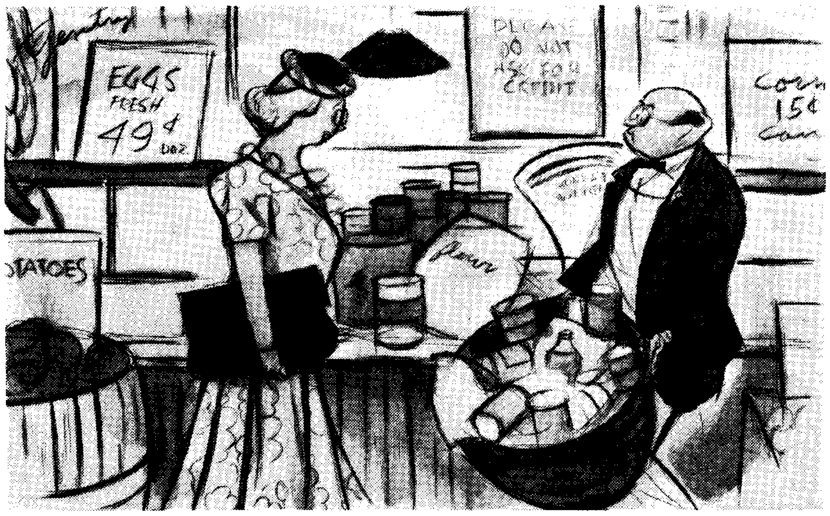
"Yeah?"

"What did happen to the U. S. public's murral?"

There was a grim jerk of Seaman Linn's thumb upward.

"Pearl Harbor happened, Tim," he said.

THE END



"I'm stocking up with lots of everything before those stupid hoarders get started again" THURSTON GENTRY

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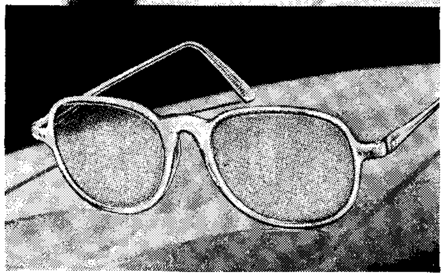
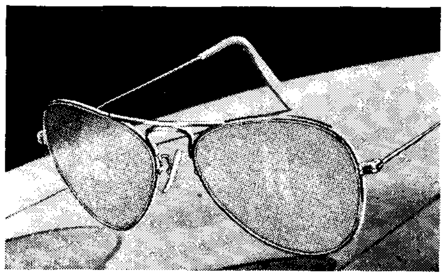


Style GP500W is a popular sports goggle with plastic frames in flesh, demi-blond, demi-amber and white.



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That Awful Girl

Continued from page 17

in that rousing halloo: "Give Me That Old-time Religion."

Buddy shortly allowed as how he was saved, he reckoned.

The church brought out her dramatic potentialities and then kindly gave her opportunity to exploit them. While her proud young parents, James and Mary Anderson, nodded approvingly, Mary starred in Sunday-school plays, in grammar-school plays and eventually in high-school plays.

Her mother grew accustomed to seeing her precious run a high fever before each performance, and finally stopped putting her to bed and phoning the doctor. It was futile. Deep in the heart of Alabama, the-show-must-go-on tradition flourished surprisingly in one little girl.

The family moved to Homewood, Alabama, where Mary's grandfather lived. Grandfather Anderson—hereinafter referred to as Pampa—was a character. To Mary he seemed a cross between a white knight and divine justice.

"I never left his side," she says.

Pampa, the Gunman

Mary is convinced that, when she was ten or thereabouts, she saw Pampa shoot a man. It was at her mother's sister's wedding reception, and the victim was a saxophonist. Pampa arrived on the rowdy scene in his nightshirt and nightcap, raised his trusty musket to his trusty shoulder, and filled the musician with buckshot. "Durned noise!" he said.

When Mary wasn't striding around in Pampa's wake, frowning like a militant Jove, she was mincing coquettishly in the fashion of her aunt. For her mother, Mary Polis Anderson, was of French ancestry, and Mary's aunt had the graces of a French lady.

"Men were attracted to her like moths to a candle," says Mary poetically. "So, of course, I tried to be like her." This statement is accompanied with a swift lowering of eyelashes, and a tilting of the head.

Into the dramatic boiling pot already abubble with Pampa and Auntie, Mary's family threw a performance of Peter Pan.

This was the first professional theater Mary had seen, and she was deeply impressed. Came the first big rainstorm thereafter, and Mary, accompanied by a dubious Buddy carrying a tremendous umbrella, went flying. The wind picked up the two children and carried them for a few feet in the air before depositing them on the ground again. "Mother dear," Mary shouted, as she ran back inside, "Buddy and I flew over the house—just like Peter Pan!"

Like Peter Pan in another respect, Mary took her time about growing up. She was the baby of the family—a role she rather enjoyed and didn't bother to wear shoes until she was sixteen.

Even with shoes, she looked young for Howard College in Birmingham. This institution was run by preachers—a group of men, Mary points out, who were, in a way, potential actors. Dramatics were, therefore, an integral part of the curriculum. Mary played Portia in The Merchant of Venice, she was Juliet to a cleric's Romeo. The dramatic club featured her in Somerset Maugham's Jack Straw and in Hell Bent for Heaven. The club and Mary then toured the South in a repertory of one-act plays.

"I don't know what the faculty could have been thinking of," Mary says. "The plays were mostly Chekhov—just reeking with sin!"

While attending Howard, Mary was active in the Birmingham Little Theater. During her sophomore year, she was playing the role of the prostitute in a play called Excursion when the whispered word passed from member to member of the Little Theater's cast: "There's a Hollywood talent scout out front!"

Talent scouts are rare birds in the Southern woods, and Mary gave her all. George Cukor, the bird in question, came back to her dressing room after the performance. "Ever hear of Scarlett O'Hara?" he asked. "How would you like to play her sister?"

That should have been all there was to it—but it wasn't. Mary and her mother were shipped to New York where she was screen-tested. Cukor offered to get her a job in summer stock while the studio continued its search for Scarlett but Mary's mother wouldn't allow her baby to stay up North alone. They merely waited in New York until David Selznick came east and invited her to sign a contract.

Mary was so flustered she signed on the dotted line reserved for the producer's signature. In her own mind she became, as of that moment, a great movie star.

But she was several light years away from that goal. She returned to school, feeling infinitely superior to her classmates, told them of her great success—and then nothing happened. Nothing whatever. Since she was the first person signed for Gone With the Wind, she had a heap of waiting to do. After several of the most irritating months a girl ever spent—"Movie star, are you? That's a hot one!"—Vivien Leigh was finally discovered in England, and a production date was set.

So Mary went to Hollywood. Her mother installed her in the Studio Club, a ladylike institution with a code of rules, and then returned to Alabama. Mary was in Hollywood alone.

If that sounds glamorous, forget it. Mary was signed to a contract written on the head of a pin—fifty dollars a week; not enough money for the first down payment on the first tile for her first swimming pool, and no possibility of help from home, as Father's business had gone the way of all real estate in the Great Crash.

The Studio Club was as respectable as a convent, though the girls resembled nuns not at all. Her first morning there, Mary rose at seven and dressed carefully. She combed her long black hair, put on her patent-leather shoes with the almost-high heels, donned the little blue dress with the prim white collar which her mother had made her, and went down to breakfast.

A Memorable Breakfast

It was a memorable meal. The dining room was full of young actresses, stenographers and carhops all wearing lounging pajamas or robes. Mary and her back-country ensemble were a sensation.

"And who are you?" the girl opposite her wanted to know. "Shirley Temple's understudy?"

If the Studio Club was surprised by Mary, Mary was bewildered by it. But only for a short while. Once she'd learned that homespun dresses, however dainty, were not *comme il faut*, she blossomed out in wild slacks and wilder blouses. Although she couldn't keep from blushing from time to time, she

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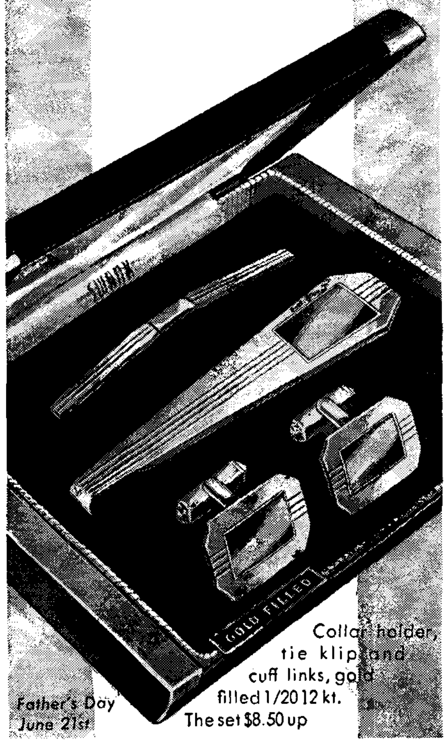
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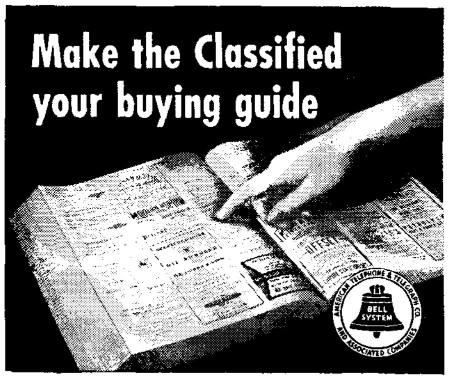
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managed to laugh hysterically when she did so, and the onlooker couldn't be sure that the ruddiness wasn't simply from mirth.

She was the pet of the Gone With the Wind cast who were delighted to find someone with a legitimate Southern accent among them. By the time the production got under way, she had ceased to be Scarlett's sister and had become a more distant relative, Maybelle Merriwether. Her accent was too rich for the movie's sound track, and the director kept her mincing silently behind a fan.

"Why, you couldn't so much as see my face in the whole picture! If it was now," she says regretfully, "I would hold the darned fan behind my back!"

After four months' work on that epic, during which she took diction lessons to remove the South from her mouth, her contract expired. Several well-meaning people advised her to go home and "grow up" but she stayed at the Studio Club hoarding her small capital. Then Cukor made The Women and gave her a bit part.

From Debts to Warner Brothers

Came more unemployment, until James Fitzpatrick saw her in a studio commissary and engaged her to play native women in his travelogues.

Still more unemployment. Mary had somewhere got the idea that actors' agents were foxy fellows who mulcted young girls of part of their salaries in return for doing nothing. A period of unpaid bills drove this delusion from her head; she accepted an agent's contract and was promptly signed by Warner Brothers.

The Sea Hawk with Errol Flynn and Flora Robson was followed by All This And Heaven Too, and then Warner's sent her to Max Reinhardt's dramatic school for further polishing. Reinhardt recognized her talent and starred her in his school's productions and, when Warner's tired of paying her tuition, he gave her a scholarship. And when Mary told him that her brother Buddy was a budding genius, the maestro agreed to teach him the rudiments of the drama, too.

Buddy came west, and Mary and he took an apartment together. It didn't take Buddy long to learn, and soon he was on Warner's pay roll in his sister's stead.

This might have caused friction if Mary hadn't been signed, soon after, to play the second lead in Cheers For Miss Bishop, starring Martha Scott. Mary was the meanie, of course, stealing Martha Scott's fiancé and marrying him just in the nick of time.

The cheers were mainly for Miss Anderson. The producers told the agents, the agents told the producers, the publicity department told the press that Mary Anderson was a comer—another Ida Lupino.

So Paramount gave her another unpleasant female to portray in Bahama Passage, with Madeleine Carroll and Flora Robson. Another Bette Davis, everyone told everyone.

Then, illogically enough, she was cast as Henry Aldrich's sweetheart.

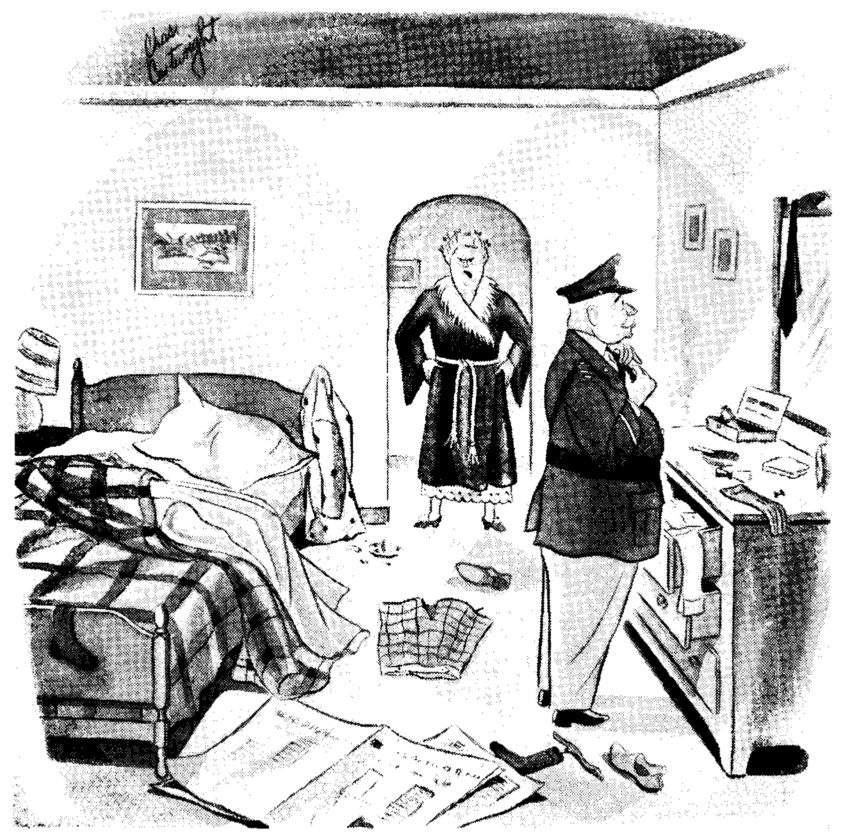
And who could better play the terror of Guest in the House than Henry's girl? Producer Stephen Ames heard the prophecy on the Coast that Mary was the next great star. He flashed the good word to brother Paul Ames in New York. Brother Paul so informed Director Reginald Denham. Denham dubiously phoned his friend Flora Robson, and Flora, who knew, said, "She's great!"

Now Mary Anderson's a Broadway star with a shining movie future. A penthouse? Fast cars? Well, not exactly. Mary is a very close hand with a dollar bill.

Not tight, precisely, but close; you never know when you'll *need* a dollar! So she tends to undertip bellboys, and her friends follow her around making things right. And although she's forever presenting gifts to the members of the cast, she's a due-bill collector. Hotels give due bills to pay for advertising, and a smart girl can buy them cheap from a broker. This means moving around a lot and living in some pretty peculiar places.

But Mary says: "I don't much care where I live as long as I'm acting. As long as I'm acting good!"

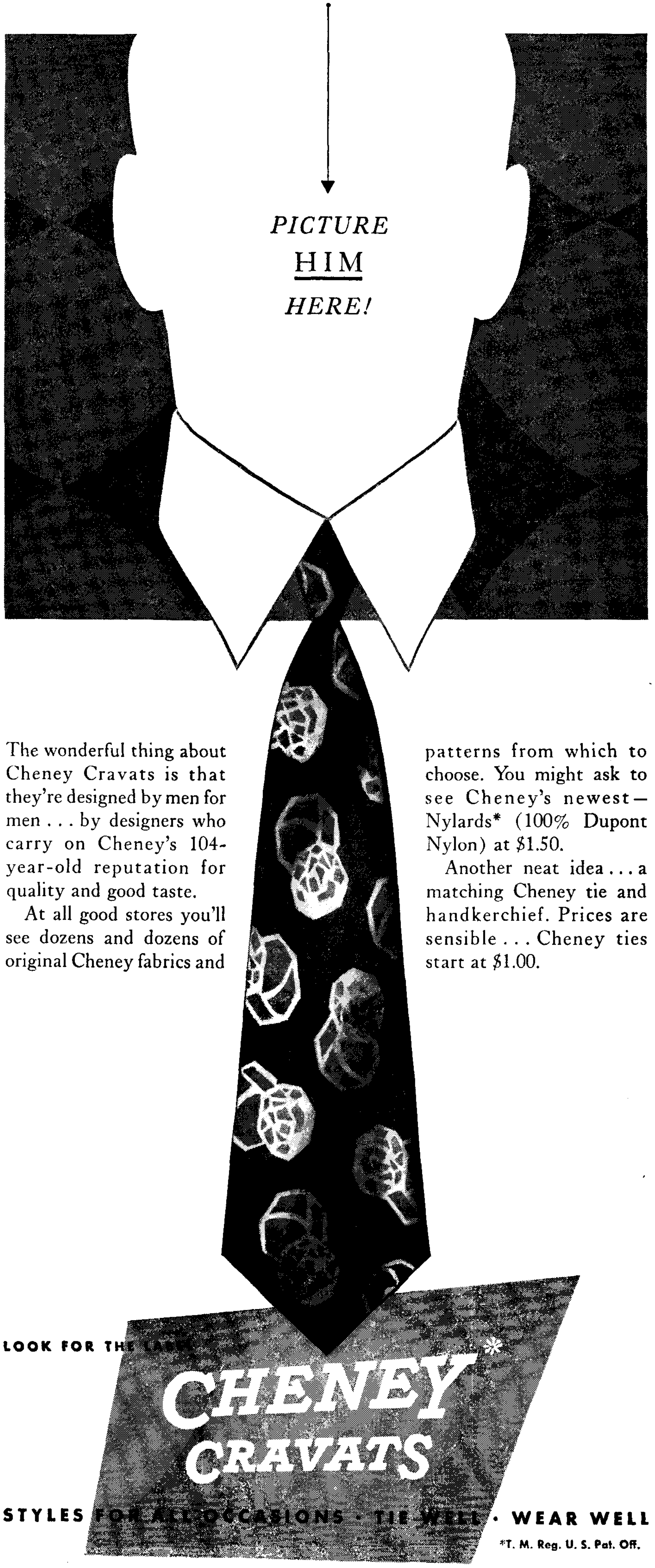
THE END



"You're not going to go inspecting barracks until you tidy up this room!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Father's Day is coming!



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The Old College Try

By Franklin Lewis

Lou Boudreau, Cleveland's Boy Wonder, a guy with new slants on managing a baseball team. He may have something at that

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Lou Boudreau, manager, and Alva Bradley, president of the Cleveland Indians. Lou also doubles as one of baseball's top-notch shortstops

WHEN Alva Bradley, president of the Cleveland Indians, opened a door to an office in League Park the night of November 25, 1941, nodded toward a slender, somewhat nervous young man and said to the assembled reporters, "Gentlemen, meet the new manager," he loosened a torrent of gasps and shudders that filled the nation's sports pages for several days.

The new manager, of course, was Lou Boudreau, twenty-four years old, and he had just signed a nice, fresh two-year ticket to handle baseball's most explosive squad. They had been nationally hooted as the Cleveland Crybabies two years before; they had been a flop last season even with Bobby Feller compiling the best record in baseball. Boudreau was now to lead this harassed group out of the wilderness.

"It's a great deal," wrote a sarcastic gentleman on the West Coast. "They get Baby Sandy for manager and ruin the best shortstop in baseball."

But it had never been a matter of impounding Boudreau and forcing the job on him. He had not come running at the crook of Bradley's finger and the salary debate had been no wishy-washy affair. He haggled with Bradley for several weeks, finally signed when several adjustments in club relations were promised. In short, he wanted the job and wasn't afraid of it.

Bradley started getting warm on Boudreau two years ago at Fort Myers, Florida, when Lou, crippled by a broken ankle bone, played catch with a teammate while hobbling around on crutches. Boudreau noticed Bradley and called to him:

"Gee, Mr. Bradley, I sure hope this ankle doesn't keep me out of the opening game. I'd like to play every game this year."

"If you do," answered Bradley, "it'll mean a bonus of $2,500 for you."

This would have been Little Rollo stuff for anybody but Boudreau, who from his grammar school days has been running the teams he was on and giving forth with the old college try. Opening day found him limping around at shortstop and he went along steadily enough till mid-September, when, with the team in a death struggle for the pennant against Detroit and New York, Boudreau went to Max (Lefty) Weisman, the club's trainer, to complain of a pain. Weisman took him to the club physician, who insisted that Lou submit to an immediate appendectomy. Boudreau balked.

"Fix me up till the season's over, Doc," he pleaded. "Put on those ice packs and get me out there."

Boudreau won. He struggled along till the last game, even though his weight dropped ten pounds, his face was drawn and he became slower and slower. The Indians lost the pennant to the Tigers on the third from the last day of the season but Boudreau played in 155 games and collected his bonus.

That spirit undoubtedly inspired thoughts in Bradley's mind but Boudreau's actions in the field had done even more to influence the team generally. From the time he became regular shortstop, he had been giving signals to the rest of the team. He didn't issue oral orders but each turn of his body began to mean certain things to an outfielder, an infielder, the catcher. The veterans got to looking for these mannerisms and it was open gossip around the team for several years that Boudreau was the leader of the outfit.

Traveling correspondents visiting the Cleveland training camp at Clearwater, Florida, this spring were impressed by the team's spirit even in routine practice sessions, a reflection of the new manager's insistence that baseball is a game to be played intelligently and

(Continued on page 59)

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SAYS Bob Bowes

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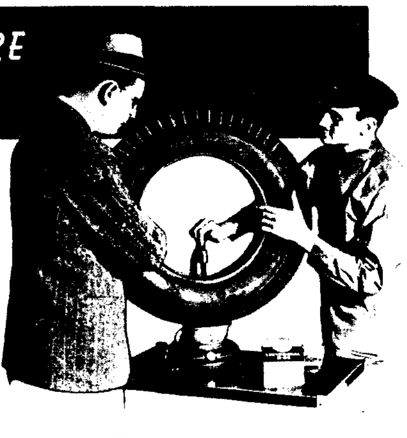

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Yanks Down Under

Continued from page 12

Miami or Havana. Perth is as far away from Brisbane as Los Angeles is from New York—farther, really, because of transportation difficulties. Australia has not had the time nor the population and the economic pressures necessary to develop her domestic travel systems to a degree similar to ours.

Australia was not first settled by white men until four years after the Independence of the United States. Its blacks—"Abos" or Aboriginals, as they are called here—are the most primitive race on earth; virtually Stone Age relics. Its animals, birds and some of its vegetation are also links with the dead past; they have been called "living fossils" and their like can be found nowhere else on earth. The oldest continent geologically, the strangest in flora and fauna, Australia is the youngest in man's experience and the hardest for him to conquer, being a vaster repetition of our Southwest.

So THERE are many fascinating things to interest your sons and sweethearts who must work and fight and have their daily living here for an indefinite time to come. Librarians and shopkeepers have been both astonished and gratified by the droves of young American soldiers that have besieged them for books, pamphlets, maps, every form of reading matter that will give them information and knowledge of their wartime home. Still, for those of you left behind, it's not Australia so much, but how your boy likes it here that counts —just what he eats, how he travels, plays, makes friends, talks. In short, does Johnny find things much different from home?

As to the latter, in short, yes.

In the opinion of thoughtful people here, both Australians and Americans, no service is done to either country or either people by the glib Pollyanization that we are just like each other. It would be truly extraordinary if people so far apart geographically and conditioned by such different histories and circumstances and problems should be fair twins. Australia has never been a melting pot, as the United States is. Its citizen population is nearly one hundred per cent Anglo-Saxon; nearly ninety per cent native born. It has less of an admixture than modern England itself.

We, on the other hand, have been leavened by many races. Even a cursory study on the streets reveals a difference in facial typing, although we run the same physical gamut. The Yank and his Aussie comrade thus present, I believe, contrasts rather than similarities; each is avidly and proudly distinctive.

If a composite picture could be made of the ideal warrior on freedom's Southwest Pacific front, the Yanks, the Aussies and the Dutch would complement rather than supplement one another. The Yank soldier is more urban and sophisticated. The Aussie is more carefree in his ways, speech and manners. The Aussie is more of a frontier type; still being faced in his country with pioneering. The Yank, his land pioneered over, has settled into a more tractable mold; he has reverted in a sense to a pattern more akin to the European. The Yank's world is an old world compared with the new world of Australia.

The things that Yanks and Aussies have in common are of the heart and the mind rather than of deportment or mere outward appearances: hatred of dictation, belief in the individual, a sense of spiritual values and devotion to every man's right of suffrage; plus, of course, the heritage of English literature and of language, although many Yank and Aussie soldiers—doughboys and diggers respectively—after first contacts with each other's slang, are not convinced that theirs is a common language.

Many of those Yanks who think about it at all fancy that Australian is the nearest thing to a truly British accent—an overtone of good firm English with undertones of Irish and Scotch brogues, Welsh muzziness, and Shire heartiness. Certainly within Australia there are no dialects. In the States, you can usually detect from a man's speech whether he was born and brought up in Baton Rouge or Boston; in Australia, you can find absolutely no pronunciation clue as to whether he's a Perthian or a Brisbanese. It's the slang that slays you.

Moreover, since their colloquialisms and slang and ours contain many similar expressions, but with startlingly reversed meanings, a certain amount of prudence is required in your first social contacts. Cobber — meaning pal — is probably the Australian slang word best known to Americans. The bush or outback is the country; you spend a week end at a station instead of a farm. Fair dinkum or dinky die, applied to persons or events or things, are commonplace expressions to Yanks by now. But their various shades of meaning are too subtle for anyone but an Aussie. Roughly, however, both mean on the level, okay or the real McCoy.

Friday is pay day throughout Australia, so Friday night is their big night, like Saturday night in small towns at home. When it's over, everybody is knocked up—that is, tired out. A cove is a guy; a nipper is a kid. Tucker is food, punting is betting, plonk is dago red, a squatter's a farm owner. Shouting, with reference to wet conviviality, is treating and usually goes on in a pub or barroom. Your Sheila or hot date or girl friend tells you her weight in stones. And whether you come from Tallahassee, Mobile, Birmingham, Atlanta, Houston or Phoenix, you are a "Yank" so far as the Aussie goes. So keep your shirt on, Alabama.

FOOD differences are probably the first thing a man becomes aware of when he takes up living in a new environment. In his own camps here the Yank finds chow pretty much the same as in the States. Part of his menu follows him from home in cans or otherwise. Fresh things—meat, eggs and the like—are plentiful locally. His basic daily fare resembles that of his Aussie mates. Except for coffee, of which each Yank gets fifteen times as much a day as each Aussie, and tea, of which the Aussie gets four times as much as the Yank, and salads, as well as cooking and serving techniques, they might sit interchangeably at each other's mess without knowing it.

Here's a typical Yank camp breakfast: Cereal, stewed fruit, bacon, eggs, bread, butter, jam, coffee, milk. The Aussie, meanwhile, would be eating porridge, steak, bread, butter, jam, tea. For the Yank's dinner: Beefsteak, gravy, carrots, peas, cole slaw or lettuce salad with Thousand Island dressing, bread, butter, ice cream, coffee. Aussie's dinner: Beef bouillon, roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, fruit pie or cheese, bread, butter, jam, tea.

It's not until the Yank goes to town on leave or is invited into private homes that he meets Australian cooking as such. He finds it strange because, lacking the catholicity of American cookery and our indebtedness to continental kitchen lore, it's strictly in the English tradition; that is, reverence without exaltation for meats, scant patience with the subtleties of flavor and the many opportunities for variety and experiment among vegetables, mere toleration of fruit, disproportionate fondness for heavy sweets and cheeses.

There is a somewhat libelous story that in most Australian restaurants when you order three vegetables with your steak, you get fried, boiled and roasted potatoes—perhaps Saratoga chips, too. If there's hardship to one accustomed to American diet, it is the lack of varied salads with the meals. You have still got to fight for drinking water at the table.

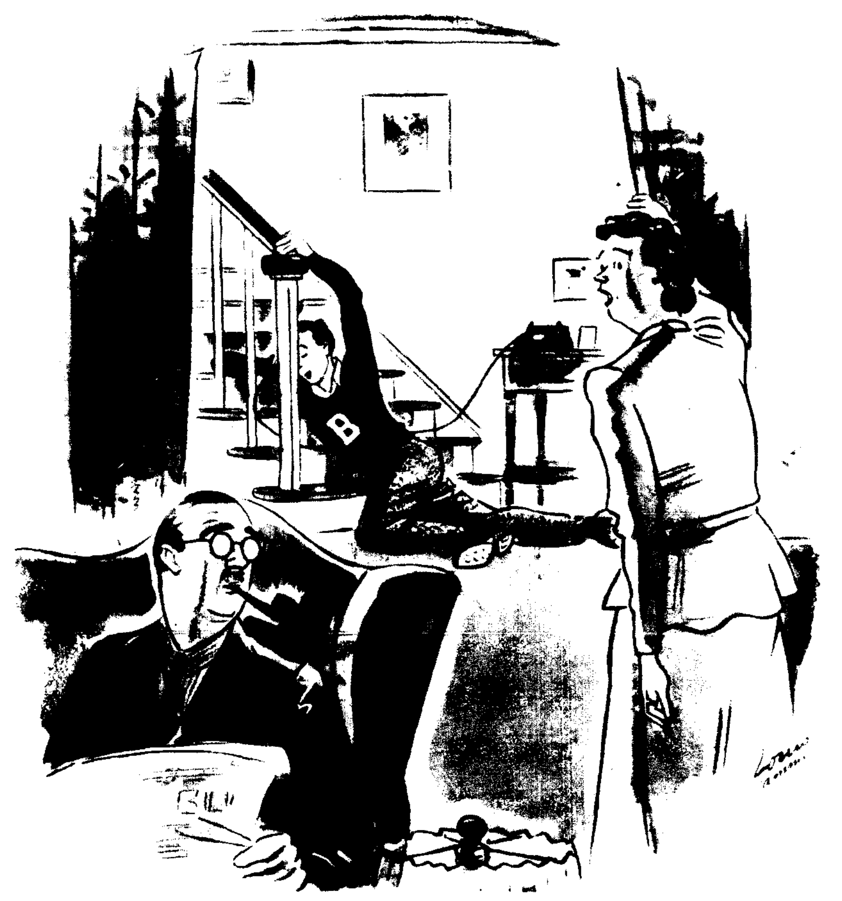
Australians, per capita, consume more flour, sugar, butter and tea than we do, and more than twice as much meat—that is, beef, lamb and mutton. Americans, on the other hand, eat three times as much pig meat. One peculiarity: in Australia you don't buy pork from an ordinary butcher but in separate pork shops. Whenever farm youngsters visit camps or whenever soldiers encounter them at market places, the Yanks draw them aside and say, "Look, kid, tell your pop to grow more beef. It's swell and we could eat it three times a day. But that mutton—nix. No, thanks!"

ONE grand and surprising thing: Australia has excellent domestic wines. This is surprising because Australians are not wine drinkers—less than one gallon a year per capita—and because distance and lack of quantity have kept her from competing with famous brands in world markets. Aussies are beer drinkers. Judged by results, the average Aussie gets more kick from five glasses of beer than the average Yank from half a dozen rye highballs. Australia has at least one connoisseur's wine—a sparkling hock called "jumping wine" by the Yanks. It is the next best thing to really good authentic champagne that you can get anywhere; only a greenly store-jugged wine of Portugal rivals it. In actual foods Australia does not have an outstanding national dish—anything, say, to match the exquisite toheroa fish soup of New Zealand. Fish, including shell and meats, are tops in quality, but conventional kangaroo steaks are eaten in the bush, sometimes. To most Yanks, however, this remains something you hear about—like bear meat back home. Some Yank soldiers and pilots especially in northern territory, hunt 'roos on their days off. They report 'roo steaks okay, but go into ecstasies over 'roo-tail soup. Most Yanks still think this is a gag.

Australian coffee remains the chief Yank complaint. Several housewives told me they make it by boiling grounds in an open pan with a teaspoonful of mustard and a pinch of salt. In one northern pub, I heard an American whose manners were not as good as his taste in coffee ask a waitress if their cook had gone to school to learn to make coffee. The surprised girl said, "No. Why?" The Yank said, "Because I think it would be necessary to take a course and study real hard to learn to make coffee so bad."

Kindhearted Australian mothers have got into the habit of asking Yank soldier guests if they want to make the coffee themselves. It's got to be a joke among private families here that when you have a Yank to dinner he ends up in the kitchen, first making coffee and then drying dishes. This is expected to have a lasting influence on drinking habits in Australian homes, also on the domestic helpfulness expected from Aussie soldiers after the war. When a Yank soldier offers to teach an Australian girl how to make coffee, she knows she's in; that's as good as an engagement ring back home.

Australian hostesses in modest families as well as society are bending all-out efforts to make Yank appetites feel at home. In numerous dugouts, Y huts and other public hospitality centers, you find Australian girls making doughnuts which, probably on testimony of Hollywood movies of the last war, is considered the doughboy's favorite tidbit. The



"I wish Herbert wouldn't telephone that girl so much. It's awfully hard on his clothes!" LOUIS JAMME

SURE YOU INHALE
SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation,* even when you *do* inhale.

Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

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FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION!

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newspapers each day run "American" recipes to guide Australian housewives. The Boston cookbook is reported a best seller in the bookshops of Australia's five largest cities. All over Australia, on highways outside American camps, hot-dog and hamburger stands are springing up. Judged by the crowds, these venders are the beginning of a new millionaire class in Australia.

This is giving a real American touch to the Australian background of huge old gum trees and palms. After the war you will feel right at home when you go touring in Australia and come upon signs like this: "Five Hundred Yards Ahead—Digger Danny's Toasted Dachshunds."

BACK home, the consciousness of war is present, although the pressure of war physically near at hand is not. But the actual continent of Australia has been touched by war at Port Darwin; relatively, that is, as if San Diego had been attacked.

Ideas our young soldier had of what life is like for the civilian population of an endangered country were necessarily gained only from pictures, stories and air-raid practice. That's why, apart from his own camp duties and training, the Yank gives wide-eyed attention to his day-by-day surroundings in Australia. Thus, a feature that captures his interest as soon as he is off the boat is covered by the one new word, at least, that Australians have contributed to this war's lexicon—"brownout."

A brownout is Australia's twilight version of what in Europe and the States we call a blackout.

For most Yanks, the brownout is their first intimate experience with that stage of man's progress which, by enabling each to seek his enemy's country through the sky at night, has turned down the lamps of most of the world and set the comfort and security of life outdoors after dark back at the level of the Middle Ages. For your correspondent, who lived through two winters of Germany's blackout and described it for you in Collier's, the brownout is of particular interest.

The swift pace of modern community life is predicated upon light—abundant, beneficient and full—by night as well as by day. When light fails, old evils flourish. Australia's brownout is the most rational attempt I have seen to compromise with atavism: to hold the best of modern life by night without endangering public safety either from local effects or from enemy action. It's perhaps the most valuable experiment that any belligerent has made with the social and moral aspects of war. If it succeeds, perhaps it will influence Europe to emerge from total darkness into uneasy dusk.

The theory of the brownout is to shut off completely *all* shining out of light from indoors, to discipline private lighting outdoors, and to reduce public lighting to a point where the flip of a button can put an entire area into complete darkness. If you ride a bicycle or use a flash in walking, you must screen the lens to a fraction and you must be ready to switch off entirely if the siren whines. Night speed limit is twenty miles an hour. Tram blinds are drawn. Essential street and hazard lights are left on, but under constantly alerted master control.

In practice—well, it's been a lot of fun. The bachelor girls of one city in a newspaper poll gave their choice of weapons for brownout flirts. Many favored walking sticks or umbrellas, others preferred jackknives. A few secretaries told how they carried home each night the file spike from their boss' desk, but hatpins—the immemorial feminine stand-by—topped the list. Another brownout note that amused Yanks was the complaint of a bicycle-racing champion that he could no longer safely get in his thirty miles of road practice each night. He went too fast for his dimmed headlamp, so he rigged up a treadmill indoors at home and does his roadwork there.

Unlike Europe's blackout, Australia's brownout does not tend to keep people home nights. If reasonably watchful, you can walk without stumbling or without bumping people or things. Across the infrequent pools of dim light, the crowds by some twirk of illusion appear to swim rather than walk in and out of the shadows beyond. Judging by the number of Yank faces (the little monkey or overseas cap is a distinctive feature of Australian throngs these days) this might be Main Street. If you are nasty enough by nature, turn your flashlight on any park bench. Like as not, you will see a Yank and a girl holding hands. For the brownout has one definite similarity to the blackout; it's as much an ally to youth and romance as to the air-raid defense. The Yanks found that out in a hurry.

Perhaps the biggest shock our Yanks got in Australia was baseball. The dent put in their ego will probably never be fully hammered out. When the first Yank arrivals received invitations for baseball "matches" from local sportsmen they grinned at one another smugly. It would be no more than nice to humor these friendly guys. The Yanks had no bats, gloves, or balls; the Aussies said we will lend you some. The Yanks went forth in their soldier pants and hobnails. They found the Aussies in big-league vestments that in colorfulness and cut would have gratified even Collier's own Henry Jackson. The Yanks nonchalantly tossed a few around—and then they had their ears pinned back.

Each succeeding Monday morning the scores, as they rolled in from all over Australia, were the subject of hushed and shamefaced talk. Petersham, 20—Yanks, 2; Collingwood, 18—Yanks, 5; South Yarra, 14—Yanks, 1. What most Yanks don't know is that baseball has been played in Australia since at least 1890, when a team headed by Frank Laver, famed cricketer, actually invaded the United States.

THE United States Navy and the Matson Line could have warned the Army. Their visiting ships' teams have often played here. Baseball has never been a spectator's game in Australia, however; fifty persons in addition to players and relatives being considered a huge turnout even at interstate championships. The game has served two purposes. Most of its players are cricketers who find it a means of keeping fit through the winter when it would be *de trop* to play the British Empire's game, while sport impresarios use it for a curtain-raiser for "Australian-code" football matches, to amuse the crowd as it files in and to soothe its nerves for the mayhem to follow.

Australian-code football, by the way, is a combination of rugger, soccer, bear-baiting, American intercollegiate football, hockey, broncobusting and basketball—in which eighteen men on each side, thirty-six players in all, plus the local constabulary play a mob scene, and for three hours legally commit upon one another all the known crimes of violence except arson; and it is said that players have been caught palming blow torches.

Baseball in Australia is a Saturday and Sunday affair, strictly amateur, preceded in public favor by racing, cricket, football, swimming, tennis and penny-up. There are leagues in each state and, toward the end of winter, sectional committees pick the best players in each to "stand" for it in test matches with other

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ENJOY ICE CREAM "ENRICHED WITH *Dextrose*

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states—a sort of World Series. New South Wales are the Yankees of Australia, having most teams and the biggest population to draw upon. Nevertheless, Victoria took them in last spring's play-off.

The Yanks are doing better now with practice and teamwork—although the Aussies still win a surprising number of games. Aussies play solemnly. Their game manners are in the cricket rather than the rounders tradition. Their pitching is slower than ours. While their hitting is sharp and well-placed, but short, and their batters are inclined to close their eyes when they swing, their fielding is superb. Their rules are the same as ours, except that if a foul ball goes into the crowd it's politely returned with "There you are, chum," and "Thanks, mate." (Pronounced mite.) Whereas only handfuls used to watch big games, crowds of eight to ten thousand Australians, not counting Yank spectators, are common now at games in which United States teams play. It's because natives find our habit of talking up a game quaint.

In one recent game, a Yank batter, called out on strikes, threw down his bat, kicked up dirt, screamed murder, shook his fist at the umpire—all clowning for the benefit of the crowd; but the umpire went home. Aussies have begun to imitate Yank pep talks. You now hear from the shortstop, "Bully pitch, old thing," or, when the umpire calls a close one, "Slay the bloke!" Sports editors say baseball seems really to have caught on with spectators at last and may remain an important Australian game after the war, with the possibility of intercontinental matches or authentic World Series.

Yanks here think at least two Aussies are big-league caliber: Charley Puckett, a pitcher formerly with Victoria, now with Western Australia, and Ken Gulliver, a New South Wales pitcher.

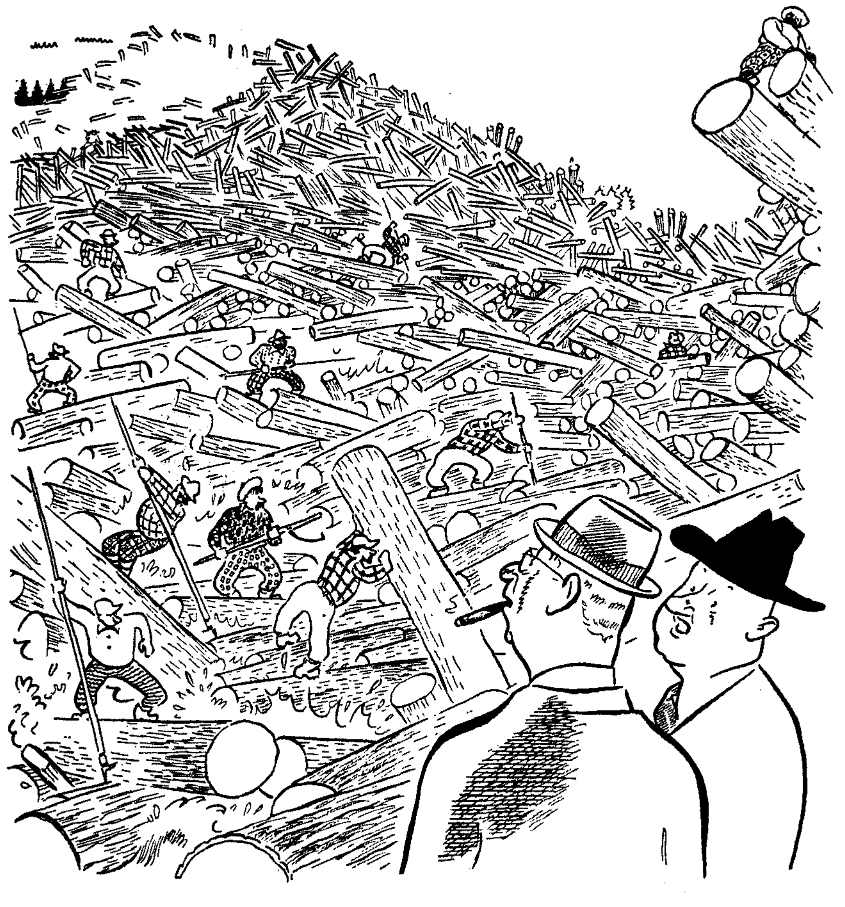
"Kin you imagine," a Yank player said to me, "what the big leagues are missing by not sending an ivory hunter down here? Just think how one of these Aussie players would get over in Brooklyn, especially if he wore his turned-up digger hat and threw boomerangs at fresh guys in the bleachers."

The Yank's chief source of home front news—besides of course his personal mail—is the columns of general items and sports results that most of the large city dailies in Australia have undertaken to print for his benefit. Local radio stations give as a rule only Canberra and London newscasts. Facilities for picking up and rebroadcasting short wave from the United States are not numerous. A few Yanks brought portable receivers capable of short-wave reception; others have purchased sets here. You can get quite a good one for about $65.

In all Yank camps it's commonplace to see large groups of quiet men around a set at night trying to raise home. The majority of Yanks have no access to short wave, and those who do have express with razzberries their chagrin because Tokyo is the easiest distant station to pick up, while general short-wave reception in Australia from the United States is difficult and uncertain, a fact that has annoyed commercial radio engineers for years. However, much of the local broadcasting is homelike, consisting in large part of canned dramas and musical recordings from the States.

THE American sports news in the papers mainly concerns baseball, although boxing and racing—true to Australian taste—are reported. The daily scores and, at intervals, the major-league standings are given. Thus Yank soldiers 12,000 miles from the peanuts and the rain checks are happily able to learn how the Red Sox or Cubs are making out, who is the latest big leaguer to be drafted and how many homers Ted Williams has. There are partisans, of course, among men whose loyalties suggest their scattered origins, but little passion; it's all too remote. However, during one long ride in a truck filled with soldiers, I heard a testy debate of the Dodgers' chances to repeat, while sights of a strange land flashed by ignored.

Often in the baseball roundups, there



"Good way to get a finger mashed"

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The Americas Agree on BACARDI!

MEXICO . . . No. 3 of a series of Latin-American sketches. The Mexican Charro, portrayed here, still wears the dashing caballero costume of Old Mexico.

Si, Si, Señor!

You *deserve* to be served the finest. Indeed, when you order a Bacardi Cocktail, *you have specified the main ingredient!* A Bacardi Cocktail *must* be made with Bacardi. (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936.)

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A LITTLE SOUR, (*Juice of half a lime*)

A LITTLE SWEET, (*1/2 teaspoonful of sugar*)

THE TROPIC SUN, (*A jigger of BACARDI,* White or Silver Label)

WITHOUT THE HEAT! (*Ice and shake thoroughly*)

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BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1942

will be a slip that mystifies the Yanks. For example, it was gravely recorded here that "Lynwood, a schoolboy, and Rowe, a right hander," had been sold by Detroit to the Dodgers. But such oddities, if not transmission faults, are mistakes of an unfamiliar pencil, not of the heart. For the newspapers here have given both intelligently and generously of their space, and the Yanks are grateful.

Next to sports results, the home news that Yanks read and discuss most eagerly relates to the effect of the war upon the folks they left behind. Wage ceilings, politics, Hollywood divorces, cuts in train schedules—such matters give little kick. Homelier things touch deeper. "Ma ain't ever going to be able to get all her baking done with only one pound of sugar a week." "How can the girls manage without bobby pins?" "And if they take the rubber out of girdles, boy, Maggie will sure have to suck it in."

CONSEQUENTLY, a feature of Australian life that the Yank soldier watches keenly is the rationing of everyday things. As a rule his own wants are not much involved, for the Commissary or Post Exchange can sell him what small luxuries Army fare and routine don't provide. It does affect his shopping for gifts, particularly jewelry, to send or to take home when the great day comes. Moreover, Yankee inborn curiosity and friendliness make him take an interest in the problems of his Australian *mates; also these incline him to* thoughtfulness about the daily pattern of life now at home.

He is becoming accustomed to the sight of housewives struggling with unwrapped commodities. Paper is at a premium, so you stuff your pockets and arms with purchases and everybody knows what you have got. The sheepishness of men who have accompanied their wives on department store sprees or perhaps have done a little sweetie's buying on their own is a commonplace of tram rides. So is the helpful pursuit of oranges or potatoes that someone has fumbled. You see many Yanks carrying things for girl friends. Rationing is intended to conserve manpower or labor as well as materials; that is why you can buy no sliced or wrapped bread and get no deliveries from department or grocery stores of parcels less than four pounds in weight or three feet in length. And even those only once a week.

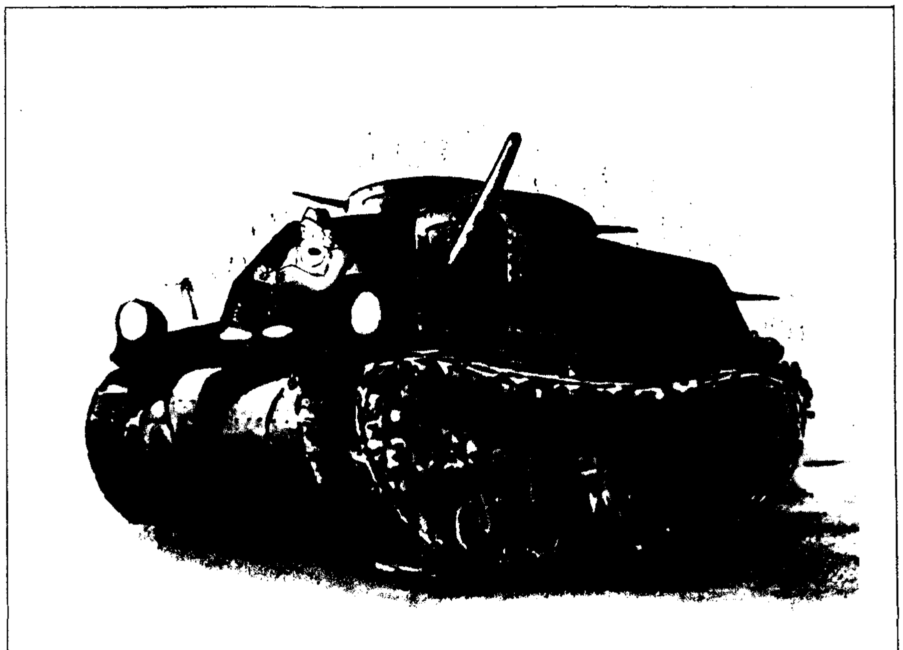
Among things that cannot be manufactured from iron or copper or their alloys or derivatives are coat hangers, lampshades, novelties, toys, doormats, ash trays, sporting goods, toilet paper holders. No glycerin can be used in baking or confectionery. Moths can picnic in your closets for naphthalene cannot be used for moth balls. Males have to pursue fashion, love and social popularity without perfumed toilet preparations, harmonicas or walking sticks. Girls must get by on nature, for practically the entire cosmetic list is banned —less of a hardship, indeed, to the favored lassies of this sunny continent than it would be to the daughters of most other lands. Washing machines, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators are either banned or rigidly controlled. Nor can you buy amusement park equipment, billiard tables, confetti, club badges, deck chairs, pot stands, fitted dressing cases, children's scooters, ice or roller skates, while your socks must stay up without garters, your pants without suspenders, unless the old ones still hold out.

But petrol rationing is what the Yanks seem most interested in. For Americans are the most automobile-conscious people, naturally, since they own about three quarters of the world's total motor vehicles. Judging by their talk, literally thousands of Yank men and officers camped in the eucalyptus groves of Australia are speculating tonight on how their bosses, their wives, their families can ever get along on three gallons of gasoline a week; or how they can do without new tires.

So the average Yank soldier is very *curious—on the streets you see him* gabbing with the drivers of parked cars, asking many questions—about another feature of daily wartime Australian life: The "gas-producer."

This is a contrivance for outwitting the petrol ration. In appearance it's a blend of kitchen range, moonshine pot still, and mail-order comfort station.

In the United States you take charcoal to a picnic to cook with. In Australia charcoal takes you to the picnic and home again. Gasoline or petrol ration here is one to five gallons a month gauged on car size for private motorists, somewhat more for taxis, country salesmen, doctors and others with business or professional reasons. But petrol is dear, costing about five times as much as the average gallon price in the United States. Countries not so blessed as the United States with abundant, inexpensive petrol have long experimented with products other than gasoline to run their internal combustion engines. Annually in France, before the war, an international competition was held; cars were



"How d'yuh like 'em, Sarge . . . sunny side up or over light?"

JAY IRVING

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... BUT NONE THE LESS YOU GET 'EM AT A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED PRICE!
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Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you! Modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less* per pack —yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! They're extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

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driven over efficiency courses with fuels produced from sago palm alcohol, shale, or from such gases as methane acetylene, coal, charcoal. In one test moth balls were used to produce naphthene. Swedish and German entrants usually burned raw wood and that's what's being used in those countries today as a petrol substitute. A gas-producer is a burner for converting these various fuels into gases that will burn in your car's spark-plugged cylinder heads. Charcoal is used here because it's the cheapest substitute, easily obtained from Australia's vast woodlands. Four tons of timber will make one ton of charcoal. One ton of charcoal burned in a gas-producer will give the same mileage as 176 gallons of petrol. However, charcoal gas has only about fifty-five per cent of the road efficiency of petrol in pickup, hill climbing and the like. Charcoal in Australian cities costs about one dollar for a 45-pound bag, which is the single filling capacity of the producer on the average size car. You carry extra bags on long trips although charcoal is now sold at nearly all petrol stations. People going on extended trips into the remote outback will carry axes and portable charcoal makers.

The gas-producer is really a portable furnace. Its weight adds greatly to the strain on your rear springs and you have to drive carefully over bumpy roads. It's practically all firebox save for the water tank under the top. You throw in paper and kindling, just as in a kitchen stove, then dump in the whole bag of charcoal and light it from below. The burning charcoal in the airtight boiler gives off carbon gas. By air sucked in from outside and from steam given off by boiling water, oxygen is combined with the carbon gas, reducing it to carbon monoxide gas. Some hydrogen, carbon dioxide and nitrogen also result. The gas is drawn through an elongated intake pipe into the cylinders where it's compressed and then ignited by the spark plug, exactly like gasoline vapor. The gas is very dirty when given off and passes through a cooler and a series of cleansing filters. It will not foul your plugs but you must clean the filters frequently. You must also clean out ashes, another similarity to the kitchen stove. Your instrument panel has one knob for petrol, another for the change-over to charcoal gas, a third for burning a combination of petrol and charcoal gas if the car begins to buck and lag, as on long hills.

MOTORISTS here run out of fire instead of out of gas. When you open the top of the burner to put in more charcoal, you must not hold your face close or you will lose your eyebrows. There's always a collection of gas under the lid that will flare off when it mixes with the air. If it doesn't do so by itself, you must throw in a match to make it pop.

The carbon monoxide is, of course, deadly poison. You have to be in open air when starting or stopping. Users have been so thoroughly warned of perils, however, that there's only one record of a fatality; some truck drivers camped for the night put a tarpaulin over themselves and the producer in order to keep warm.

Motorists who have gas-producers buy petrol too, not only for supplementary usefulness in a pinch but for starting. Gas from the producer does not begin to reach the cylinders until suction draft through intake is created by running of the motor. Petrol can be dispensed with entirely if an electric blower is attached to the producer to push the gas through as soon as you step on the starter. Some blowers whine and howl like sirens. In many neighborhoods, people used to rush to the shelters, thinking they were air-raid alarms. Most private owners have their gas-producer fastened to the rear of the car, but farmers are more apt to carry it on a small trailer so that the producer can be switched from car to truck and even to the farm light plant and other engines.

Yanks invariably report this experience after their first rides in a gas-producer-equipped car or taxi: Whenever you turn your head a little, you catch sight through the back window out of the corner of your eye of the big contrivance riding there—and you nearly jump over into the driver's lap because you think it's another car about to crash into you.

Certainly there's no local manifestation of war in which the Yank soldiers have taken more interest than in the gas-producer. That interest seems founded on a certain apprehensiveness, because often a soldier will say to you, "I hope we don't find them things in the States when we go home."

For running around camp or outside it on official business, the Yank has his jeep, now as familiar here as in the States. The Australian papers have probably written more about our jeeps than about our generals. Aussie girls would rather ride in jeeps than in anything else, so they say. Oh, well, too bad it's against regulations!

IT'S when he's in town on leave that the impact of war-restricted personal transportation really bangs the Yank. For he is more accustomed to plentiful and luxurious transportation than any other national in the world. In the United States, trolleys—except in certain localities of stubborn franchises—have become museum pieces; Horace Horsecollar of the Mickey Mouse cartoons is the only *equus caballus* many citified Americans ever see.

Suddenly the Yank found himself in a country, war-beset for three years, where the trolley or tram is the chief means of city transportation, and the horse is a familiar sight and becoming more so. The American's offhand manner of hailing a taxi for every little gadabout whim had to be sharply disciplined. Petrol rationing and the calling up of manpower has reduced Australia's taxis to a small fraction of prewar numbers. Late at night or in a rain, you will spend futile hours trying to get a cab. After midnight, trams run only once an hour. So Yanks soon learn to be careful about accepting invitations in the suburbs. On the trams, men in uniform pay only half fare.

The tram conductresses—"lady conductors," the Yank soldiers call them, and they are plenty capable of throwing off smart alecks or deadbeats—afforded some confusion and embarrassment at first. Our boys were always getting up to give her their seats when all the poor girl wanted was the fare.

But much as he finds life strange and novel and fascinating here, much as he likes the land and the people, the one thing the Yank soldier in Australia is most interested in is mail from home. His eyes and ears may be here but his constant thoughts are with the folks back home. Even though he may be too crusty to admit it, there are little clues by which you know. There was the quiet autumnal Sunday, for instance, when every single Yank soldier you saw on the street wore a flower, either red or white, in remembrance of Mother's Day. Or take that boy you saw writing something in the guest register of a reception center in a certain town. He carefully shielded what he was writing with a blotter and when he had finished he went out quietly. Afterward you went over and had a look at what he had written. It was "Australia is hunky dory, but, oh, boy, give me Ottumwa in good old Iowa!"

THE END

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Love Came Borrowing

Continued from page 13

Annabelle's face stayed blank. She picked up the coat, felt it, threw it over her shoulders, walked to the mirror. Then, finally, she turned. "Oh, Willie!" she cried.

Four weeks and one day later Willie got a long distance telephone call. It was from the Philadelphia promoter and it told of injury in a motor accident to Refugee's opponent of the following night. The promoter further told Willie that the fight would not be held. The fight was off. There would be no fight.

Willie, standing in his hotel room, heard the voice squeaking over the wire with a slightly uneasy feeling.

The promoter was additionally explicit. No fight. No purse. No nothing.

Willie Wurtzel reached for his coat with the same motion with which he hung up the phone. "I gotta get out hustle up that three gees," he muttered to himself as he hurried out the door.

Across 49th Street, down Eighth Avenue, back across to Seventh, into Broadway and up to 52d. A hundred people spoke to Willie and with fifty of them Willie stopped and talked.

It was very, very funny. Willie Wurtzel, thirty years in the neighborhood, raised sixty-two dollars and eighty cents.

I'm sorry, Willie: Rent due, the horse run out, throwed ace deuce with it all ridin', business has fell off, the income tax, me brudder's in de hospital. It was a chant.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Willie got his break. A bookie, conveniently and strangely broke at the moment, told him Ed Delaney would be in from Santa Anita the next afternoon on the five o'clock train.

Willie went to his room and to bed. Ed would let him have it.

THE next afternoon far up in Harlem, Senate "Slippery" Ellum held dolorous conference with Refugee Smith.

"It was a shame, a bad, bad shame that that fight down to Philly was called off," Slippery said, easing into the booth in the Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe where Refugee sat.

"Hit surely was," Refugee said, "dat fellow I was gonna fight, he was bad hurted."

"I wasn't thinkin' about him," Slippery said.

"Don't waste no sorry on me," Refugee said, grinning. "Hit kinda flatten you out some, you train for a fight and de fight don't happen. But I'll get over dat."

"I wasn't thinkin' 'bout you, neither," Slippery said.

"Who den you sorryin' over?" Refugee asked, frowning.

"Mr. Willie," Slippery said succinctly.

"Mr. Willie? Hit don't make whatfor to Mr. Willie, 'ceptin' hit cost him some money which could rile him some," Refugee said, smiling once more.

"It make a heap of difference to Mr. Willie."

"Get de Devil from behin' dat stump," Refugee said. "What you drivin' at, boy?"

Slippery Ellum's long face got longer. "Mr. Willie done sold you outright for a mess of partridge," Slippery said dolefully.

"I ain't in tune wid you, Slip," Refugee said. "Speak fuller."

"Well," Slippery said, "Miss Annabelle Divine, that Mr. Willie's gal, she wanted a fur coat for her birthday and Mr. Willie he didn't have enough to buy it, so he borrow three thousand dollars from Mr. Hard Hat McGee for thirty days, and he give Mr. Hard Hat your contrac' for security."

Refugee digested this information for a while. "How come you know dat, Slippery?"

WILLIE WURTZEL, waiting in the Grand Central Station, collared Ed Delaney as he got off the five o'clock train from the west. Briefly and dramatically Willie told the big commission man his tale.

Briefly, dramatically, almost tearfully, Ed Delaney told Willie Wurtzel that he didn't have the money. Willie made his way blindly to a bench and sat down. His ample brow was damp with sweat and his heart felt like an old indoor baseball. Into his fevered vision crept Hard Hat McGee, armed with a sharpened dollar sign and riding an ironbound contract. Ed Delaney sat down beside him. In a dull, lifeless monotone Willie told his friend of his efforts to raise the money.

Ed Delaney pursed his lips. Finally he said: "Willie, there's something funny there." He paused again. "I figure it like this. Hard Hat wants your fighter. He's worth a hundred grand. And when the fight was called off he gets his chance. Every one of those guys you hit up for money, why, Hard Hat he has got a note of theirs, or they have to do business with him sometime; anyway, someway or other he's got 'em in the nine hole so he sends out the word: 'Don't let Wurtzel have a dime.' "

"Yeah," Willie said finally, "I guess you're right." He looked around him with unseeing eyes. "Well," he said, finally, "I guess I better go up and see Refugee. I gotta tell him. He's gotta find it out from me."

"Want me to go with you?" Ed Delaney said.

"I'd like that," Willie said dully. "Thanks."

But they couldn't find Refugee. They looked at Slippery Ellum's, they looked at Refugee's apartment. They looked and asked everywhere they could think of but there was no Refugee to be found. And finally, at eleven o'clock, Willie headed back for his hotel. Up in his room Willie picked up the phone, tried Annabelle Divine's apartment. He got no response.

"What are you calling her for?" Ed Delaney asked.

"It ain't any chance," Willie said, "the way things are, but I thought if I could get hold of that coat and maybe get a grand or so on it I might give that to Hard Hat and he'd gimme a little more time."

Ed Delaney hid the look of pity in his face. "It wouldn't help anyway, Willie," he said.

"I know it wouldn't," Willie said. He looked up at a clock on his dresser. "Hard Hat'll be over soon," he said. And for the next fifteen minutes he sat silent, his face wiped clean of expression by the numbing impact of that which was to happen.

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JEFF KEATE

"What I and my staff are trying to tell you is that your act isn't different enough"

JEFF KEATE

Hard Hat McGee, when he did arrive, came straight to the point. "Willie," he said, "I've come for the money."

"Yeah," Willie said.

Hard Hat looked at Ed Delaney, sitting across the room. Had Ed let Willie have the money?

"I ain't got it," Willie said, and Hard Hat let his breath out in relief.

"Well," Hard Hat said, "I guess that's that. My option becomes a contract at twelve o'clock tonight."

Willie Wurtzel looked at Hard Hat McGee, tried to say something, then looked down. He was looking at the floor when the door opened and Annabelle Divine came in.

"Willie, darling," she said without preliminaries. "I hocked the coat, and some rocks I had around. I got eighteen hundred. Will that help?"

"Baby," Willie said in a whisper, "how did you know?"

"I got a couple of friends," she said. "Hard Hat couldn't keep it to himself."

"Hard Hat," Willie pleaded. "That's more'n half. I'll get the other up. Will you hold off?"

Hard Hat McGee looked at the clock on the dresser: It said seven minutes to twelve. His eyes narrowed a little. "No, Willie," he said. Then gloatingly, he added, looking at Annabelle. "Your doll has got you in a spot, now, hasn't she? A greedy doll."

Willie half rose from his chair, his face pale. Ed Delaney pushed him down. Ed Delaney took a ring off of his finger. A ring he had bought thirty years before with the proceeds of the first big parlay he ever put over in his life. "Hard Hat," he said, "with the eighteen hundred, and this—this ring, will you give Willie his paper? The ring's worth fifteen hundred."

Hard Hat looked at the clock. "No," said he.

THE door opened.

Framed in the doorway was a big black man, wrapped up in a plush coat as yellow as the big man was black. He grinned, said: "How'do, Mr. Willie, Miss Deevine, Mr. Ed."

Willie Wurtzel tried to look up at his fighter, tried to look into his fighter's face, but he couldn't do it. He said nothing.

Nobody said anything. It was still.

Refugee Smith advanced into the room, walked over to the bed, reached his hand into the side pocket of his coat and brought forth an enormous clump of crumpled bills. He looked at Hard Hat McGee, and the whites of his eyes were hidden. "Give Mr. Willie his paper," he said softly, very softly.

Hard Hat McGee reached into his inside pocket, his hand moving mechanically, and extracted a legal document. He handed it to Refugee.

"Count de money," Refugee said.

Hard Hat counted the money.

Refugee Smith handed the paper to Willie Wurtzel, not taking his eyes from Hard Hat McGee. "Mr. Willie," he said, still in the soft voice. "Write out a recipe for de money. Thi'ty days for three thousand dollahs, three hundred dollahs in'trust."

Willie Wurtzel picked up a pen and wrote. Refugee Smith took the slip of paper from Willie, handed it to Hard Hat McGee. He loosened his coat, flexed his big arms. "Sign de recipe," he said to Hard Hat McGee.

Hard Hat signed. Refugee took the paper and gave it back to Willie.

"Now," Refugee said, "you have done

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Two on the aisle for the Milky Way

You are sitting out on the edge of space. Ahead of you a couple of million stars are blinking. It is dark below you. The earth is down there. Six miles down.

You are the bombardier in a Boeing Flying Fortress* making more than 300 miles an hour over enemy territory, and you are ready for action any minute.

Behind you, the navigator is on the job, too. So are the pilot and co-pilot, the radio operator and the gunners behind them. The objective is near. The task force is ready for business.

One of the reasons that Boeing Flying Fortresses complete so many missions on schedule is that Boeing designers and engineers build for performance of personnel, as well as for the performance of the airplane itself.

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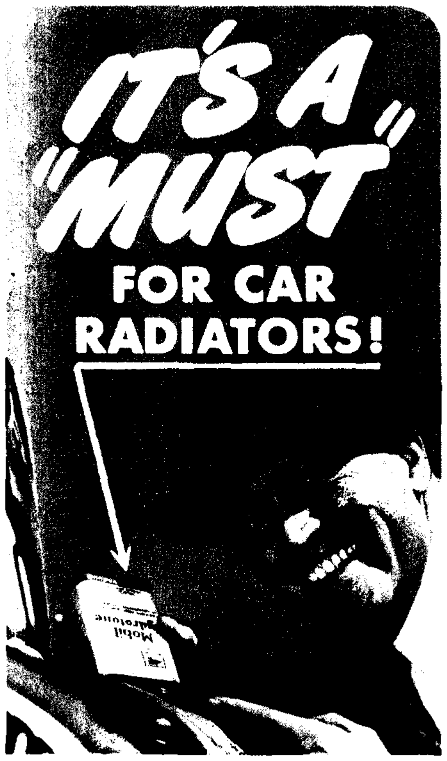

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SOCONY-VACUUM

signed a confess dat you is a uzzerer. De law in dis town don' like your kind. Iffen you ever puts the muscle on anyone anytime, we gives de recipe to de law." Refugee took off his coat, laid it on the bed. "Goodby, Mr. Hat," he said ominously.

Willie Wurtzel looked up at his fighter, rubbed the tears from his eyes. "Boy," he said brokenly, "how did you know?"

"Miss Deevine," Refugee said, "tol' Slippery."

"Where," Willie asked, "did you get the money?"

Refugee Smith looked down at the pudgy little man who was his manager, his one-time life saver. "I got a dollah six bits from Freezy Johnson," Refugee began, "I got five hundred and fifty from Hank Robinson, I got five hundred from Slippery, I got three hundred and twenty-five from Sam White. . . ."

"What did you tell 'em?" Willie Wurtzel asked.

"I could've got hit all from most any one of 'em," Refugee said, "only de banks was done closed down for de day. I got four hundred and sixty-two fifty from Infinite Sanders. . . ."

"The gambler that tried to frame you once?"

"Yessuh, Mr. Willie."

"What'd you tell 'em?" Willie Wurtzel asked helplessly.

"I tol' 'em I needed hit an' dat I wouldst pay hit back."

WILLIE WURTZEL looked up at Ed Delaney, and then he looked at Annabelle Divine. "I got two friends," he said, "in thirty years around here."

"That's two more than most have," Ed Delaney said.

"But that boy," Willie Wurtzel said, "he's got hundreds; that trust him."

Refugee Smith said, "They trust me 'cause I trust de Lord."

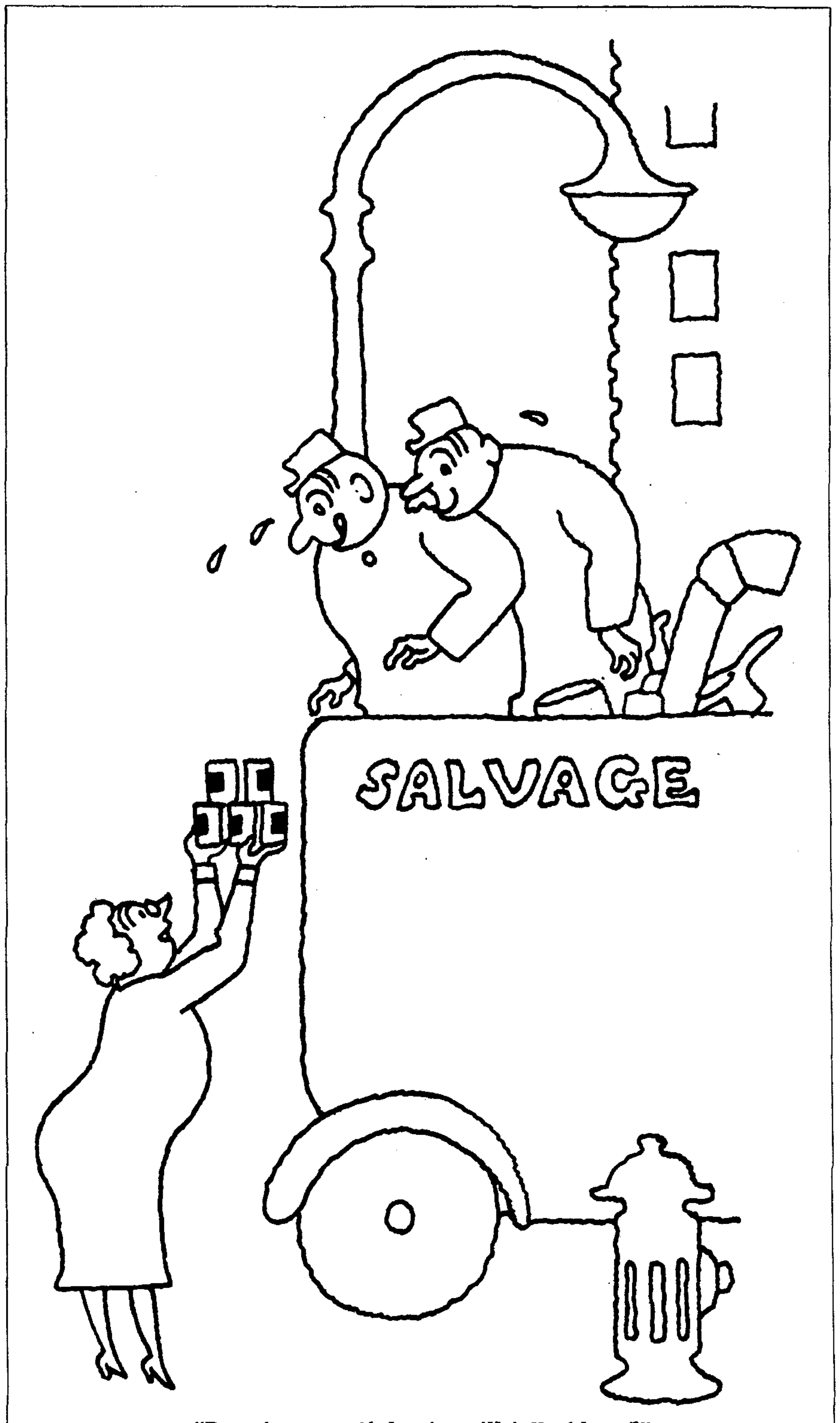
"It'd cost you a hundred thousand bucks if that boy hadn't showed up," Ed Delaney said.

"*They wouldn't've handled him right*," Willie said in a low voice, "he'd have been unhappy."

Annabelle Divine looked at Willie Wurtzel and she knew then that Willie Wurtzel had been thinking of his fighter and not of the money and she walked over and took one of Refugee's big black hands in hers. "I'd like to shake hands with you," she said.

"You'll never shake a better hand," Willie Wurtzel said in a tight voice, "in a glove or out."

THE END



"Does it matter if they're still full of beer?" GARDNER REA

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Maine and Central Vermont Railroads operated an air line now known as Northeast Air Lines, and they still are associated with that concern. By and large the railroads let the airplane slip through, just as they did trucks and busses.

Not to be caught a second time in any postwar major air developments, Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, which went into the truck and bus business when "fly-by-night operators with one or two trucks began to cut in on the business which we had spent almost a century in building up," has filed application with the Civil Aeronautics Board to operate air freight, air mail and air passenger service throughout its territory. It believes it is the first railroad to file for air freight.

Feeling that when we have won the war there will be a surplus of bombers, cargo and troop transport planes, and that independent plane operators will rush into the air hauling business, GM&O is endeavoring to get in on the ground floor now to offer co-ordinated rail, truck, bus and plane service throughout its system. The air mail and freight activity is organized under the name of Rebel Air Freight, Inc., to operate from Chicago to New Orleans. Three additional air lines to provide passenger, mail and freight service over the entire GM&O routes are also being sought.

THE wide margins of safety that surrounded peacetime operations of Army and Navy aircraft must be cut down in war. One of the greatest such reductions is in the loading of aircraft, specifically landplane bombers and Navy flying boats. Loads as much as 7,000 pounds beyond what used to be regarded as a good safe limit are now being carried by pilots who know how to do it, and the safety record in this respect is still high. Surest and safest take-off for land or sea craft is out over open water where no obstructions would be encountered for many miles.

IN CIVILIAN schools giving primary instruction to Army air cadets, custom and tradition dictate that young men who have not yet soloed are not privileged to hang around the Ready Room or the Flight Line with goggles glamorously balanced on their brows, as you see in pictures. Instead, they must let them flop limply down the back of their necks suspended only by the rear strap on their helmets. But when that first solo flight has been accomplished, the cadet can signal this great event to the world by walking back to the hangar with goggles just above his eyes. Might add that another privilege dividend is cut in his behalf after he gets his wings —he can wear his parachute to and from the plane. Prior to that, he must carry it by the leg straps over his left shoulder, leaving his right hand free to salute. F. R. N.

Important to all buyers or users
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A War Time Message to:

☆ Susan Wood of Mansfield, Ohio

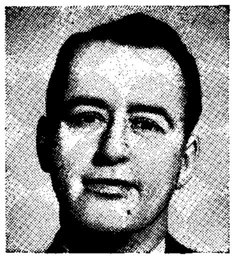
☆ James V. Hammond, Purchasing Agent, Chicago, Ill.

☆ Corporal John Watts, Governors Island, New York

☆*Dear Susan:*

Probably you know it already...we can't sell you that smart new Corona you wanted. Uncle Sam has ordered us to make fewer Coronas, to sell those we do make only to Army and Navy, and to turn the rest of our factory, men, and machines over to making things our fighting men need. We're sorry, Susan...and likewise we're proud and glad.

But Susan...don't give up your good idea! Borrow or rent a typewriter, and learn to type—*now*. Today, and for years ahead, this country needs lots of good typists. Your plan was smart. It still is smart...stick to it. We still say, "Many a career starts on a Corona!"



☆*Dear Mr. Hammond:*

Nobody dreamed of a rubber shortage three years ago, when you "standardized" your office on L C Smith typewriters. But when we tell you today that you can regrind your L C Smith rubber platens, and make them last six, eight, maybe ten years, you can certainly credit yourself with smart buying. It's a feature most typewriters do not have.

You probably know that we're keeping our service and repair departments going full blast at every branch office. We know how much you need typewriters, and although we can't sell you new ones, we can certainly keep your present machines going. Proof? Well—L C Smith Model 1, Serial 1, made in 1905, is in good operating shape right now! Why not have us work out a service program for you at minimum cost?

☆*Dear Corporal:*

You're one typewriter user we can talk "turkey" to, because (within certain limits) we can still make and sell new L C Smiths and new Coronas to the Army and the Navy.

You already know something about the speed of both machines, and you know their record for standing up under hard use. Both were re-designed before war hit us—so you can be sure they're equipped with all worthwhile operating features.

Here's the point: you might be asked to express your preference (and again you might not!). If you get a chance, ask for an L C Smith or a Corona, as the case may be. You can take our word for it—for sound design, honest workmanship, and long-lived usefulness, they are both outstanding. Descriptive booklets free on request.

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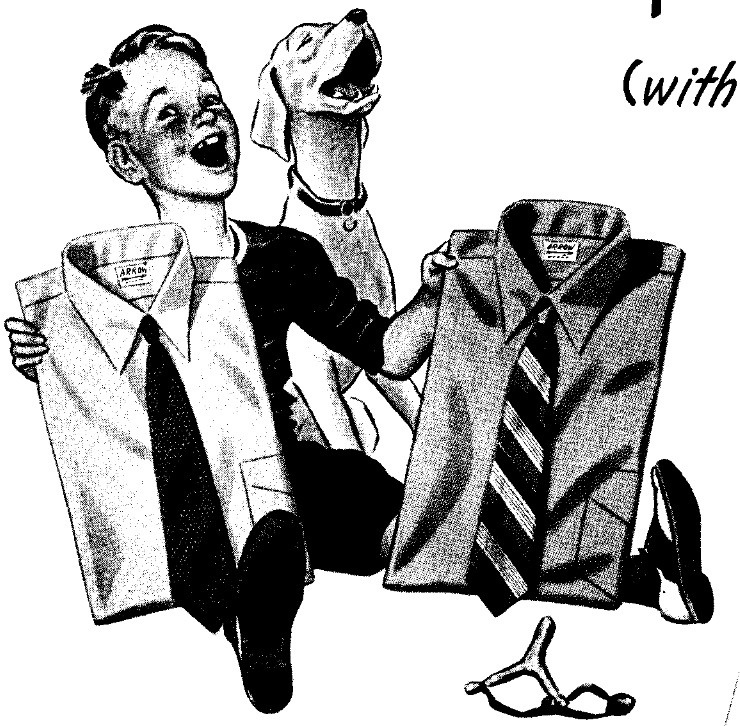
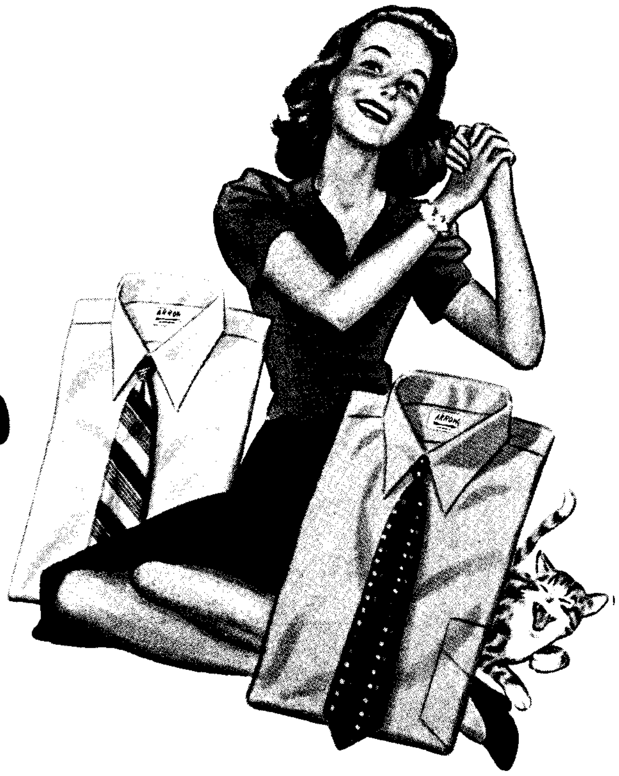
Conspiracy in the Merritt Family

(with a happy ending on Father's Day)



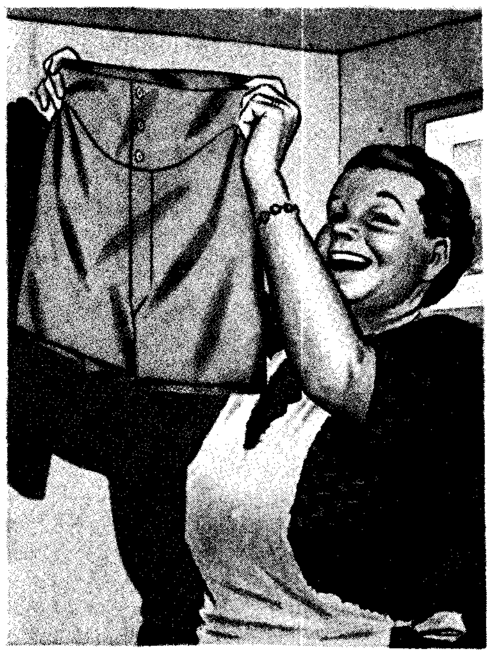
In Summertime my Pop is hot.
I would like it were he not;
So Mom and I for him will get
Arrow's cool new *Aronet.*

Aronet is Arrow's big June feature combination. The shirt is made of the coolest lightweight fabric; in white and 11 colors!



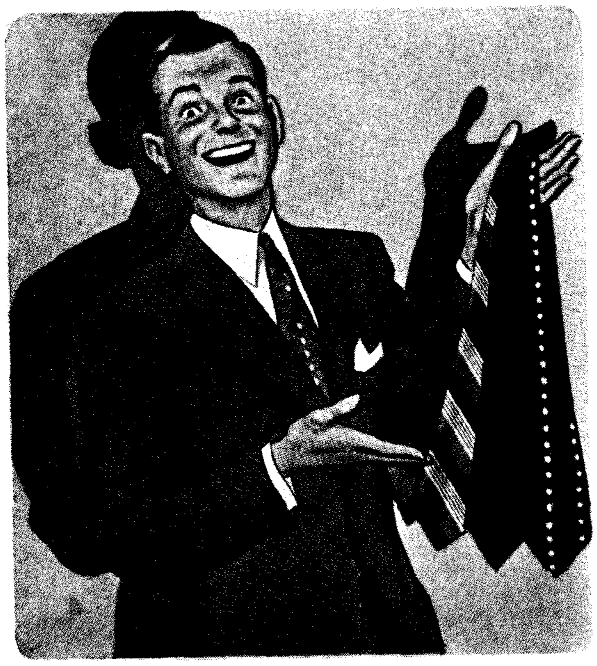
I like Father to look great
And impress my every date.
That is why I'll swing his way
Aronet on Father's Day.

The handsome Aronet Shirt has the latest Arrow Collars, the "Mitoga" figure-fit, and the finest tailoring. $2.25.



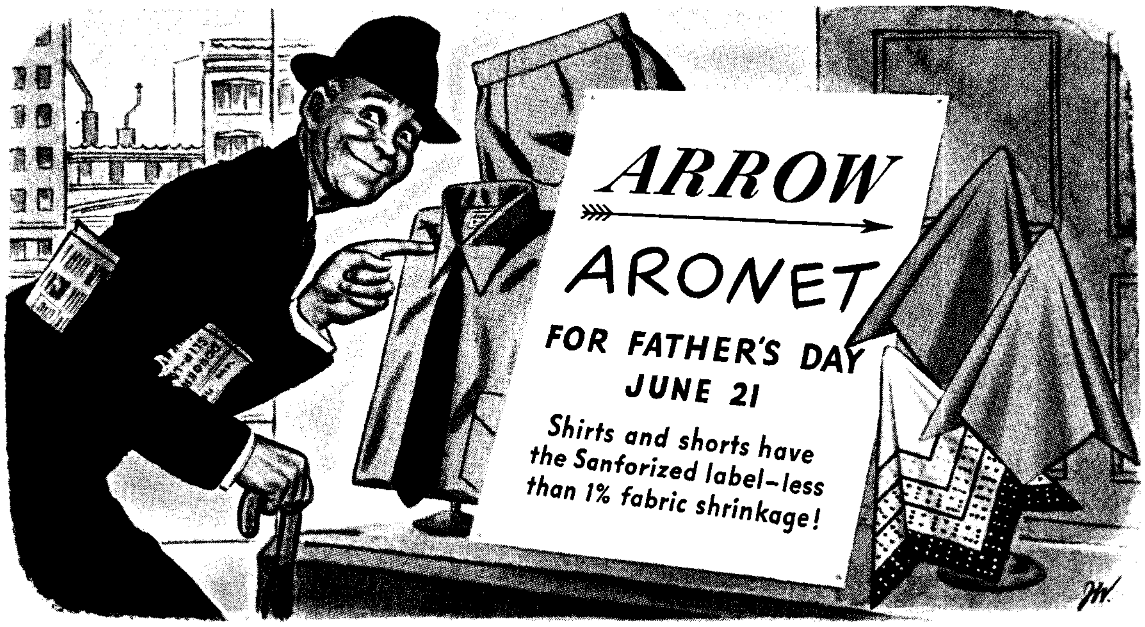
I'm the one who ought to know,
Dad's supply of shorts is low.
Arrows are his fav'rites *and*
I suggest we get that brand.

Arrow Shorts have *no center seam* to make a man wriggle. Get these most comfortable shorts in the *Aronet* pattern. 75¢.



Aronet's a handsome shirt
And should get its just desert
Folks, I urgently advise
Harmonizing Arrow Ties.

Three different Arrow Ties were designed for the Aronet Shirt: all *beauties*, all wrinkle-resistant, all perfect-knotting. $1.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JUNE 21
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BRITISH COMBINE

The GREEKS had a War for It

By Frank Gervasi

King George of Greece having a mug of tea at the canteen he presented to the Y.M.C.A. in London, the first canteen to be staffed entirely by Greeks

King George II of Greece, a monarch temporarily out of a country but not out of a job, comes to the United States to carry on the fight for freedom. Something of the debt the United Nations owe his tough, liberty-loving people is told here by Collier's reporter, who covered Greece before the Axis tide engulfed it

OF ALL the little nations of bewildered Europe that lay in the path of Axis domination of the doomed continent, only Greece, after Poland, loved democracy so well as to fight for it vigorously enough to call what happened a war. It wasn't war in Holland; it was murder. It wasn't war in Belgium; it was a skirmish. In Poland, desperate though the resistance of the Poles had been, the German campaign proved an enormous exercise in panzer tactics. Only the Greeks had a war for it.

All took their toll of the enemy. Holland, Belgium, Poland—even Norway—cost the Germans, and therefore the Axis, many men and much equipment. But, until Russia entered the war, no foe inflicted such punishment on the Axis as the Greeks did upon the Italians, and later, with the help of the British, upon the Germans.

You can't put a calipers on what Greece did for the cause of democracy and measure it accurately. The war isn't over yet. But it *might* have been over had it not been for the Greeks—not the Greek politicians nor big businessmen. Many Greek politicians were Fascists, as the government of Premier Metaxas had been Fascist, patterned, even down to police methods of handling traffic, after the Fascist design. The big businessmen for the most part thought they could do business with Hitler. Some of the members of the Greek general staff had sold out to the Italians, and at least one important member of the Department of the Interior was a Nazi stooge.

But the Greek people—the goat herders and the tobacco farmers, the wine growers and the tenders of olive groves, the factory workers and the keepers of wineshops—the common people of Greece had no mind to do business with Benito Mussolini or Adolf Hitler. The night the Italians treacherously descended upon Greece from their long-established base in Albania—October 28, 1940—those people filled the village squares and the streets with their clamor: "Down with Fascism!"

They meant as much the Fascism that had been imposed upon them since the day Metaxas invented a Communist rebellion in the provinces, in August, 1936, to seize power, suppress the constitution, close up the parliament and become dictator, as they meant the Fascism of the invader. It was to have been a victorious march to Athens for the Italians. Mussolini's choice of the date October 28th—anniversary of his Pullman-car "march" on Rome—indicated that, as did the bald fact that Italophile members of the Greek general staff had received enormous bribes in gold to induce their regiments to lay down their arms.

He Chose to Fight

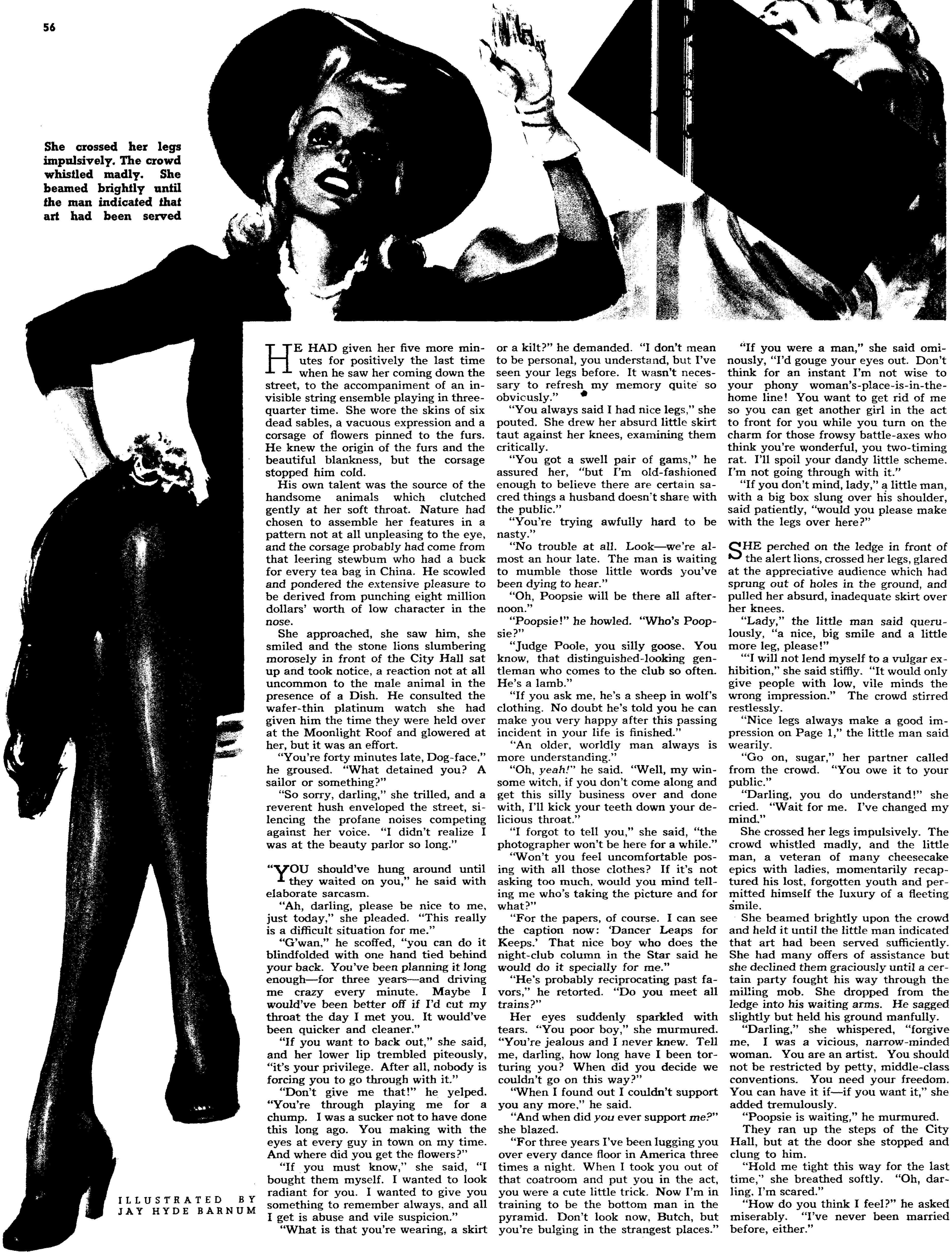
Metaxas heard the cries of the people. He was as shrewd a politician as he was an able general, perhaps one of the ablest officers of our times. He saw and seized the opportunity of going down in history as a paladin of democracy rather than a despised dictator. He chose to fight.

And what was to have been another easy victory for Mussolini's "invincibles," those veterans of one-sided battles against unarmed natives in Ethiopia and barehanded Republicans in Spain, turned into a catastrophic defeat. The adjective is understatement. Italian Fascism, nourished for years on hypodermics of propaganda, on a sort of national Couéism of phony victories and false economics and catch phrases that included the one concerning Mussolini's infallibility—"*Mussolini ha sempre ragione*" (Mussolini is always right)—died in the mountain passes of Albania.

Fascism fed on glory. There was none for Fascist arms in Greece. Fascism gorged on victory and met costly defeat in Greece. It dawned on even the staunchest Black Shirts with the Greek debacle that Mussolini was very definitely not always right. The decline of the Second Roman Empire that may meet its end one day soon on the sands of Libya began in Greece because Greeks loved freedom well enough to fight for it.

Something more the Greeks accomplished. Italy's mission in the Axis strategy in the Mediterranean region was to have been twofold: The Fascists were to have marched to Athens and

(Continued on page 58)



She crossed her legs impulsively. The crowd whistled madly. She beamed brightly until the man indicated that art had been served

HE HAD given her five more minutes for positively the last time when he saw her coming down the street, to the accompaniment of an invisible string ensemble playing in three-quarter time. She wore the skins of six dead sables, a vacuous expression and a corsage of flowers pinned to the furs. He knew the origin of the furs and the beautiful blankness, but the corsage stopped him cold.

His own talent was the source of the handsome animals which clutched gently at her soft throat. Nature had chosen to assemble her features in a pattern not at all unpleasing to the eye, and the corsage probably had come from that leering stewbum who had a buck for every tea bag in China. He scowled and pondered the extensive pleasure to be derived from punching eight million dollars' worth of low character in the nose.

She approached, she saw him, she smiled and the stone lions slumbering morosely in front of the City Hall sat up and took notice, a reaction not at all uncommon to the male animal in the presence of a Dish. He consulted the wafer-thin platinum watch she had given him the time they were held over at the Moonlight Roof and glowered at her, but it was an effort.

"You're forty minutes late, Dog-face," he groused. "What detained you? A sailor or something?"

"So sorry, darling," she trilled, and a reverent hush enveloped the street, silencing the profane noises competing against her voice. "I didn't realize I was at the beauty parlor so long."

"YOU should've hung around until they waited on you," he said with elaborate sarcasm.

"Ah, darling, please be nice to me, just today," she pleaded. "This really is a difficult situation for me."

"G'wan," he scoffed, "you can do it blindfolded with one hand tied behind your back. You've been planning it long enough—for three years—and driving me crazy every minute. Maybe I would've been better off if I'd cut my throat the day I met you. It would've been quicker and cleaner."

"If you want to back out," she said, and her lower lip trembled piteously, "it's your privilege. After all, nobody is forcing you to go through with it."

"Don't give me that!" he yelped. "You're through playing me for a chump. I was a sucker not to have done this long ago. You making with the eyes at every guy in town on my time. And where did you get the flowers?"

"If you must know," she said, "I bought them myself. I wanted to look radiant for you. I wanted to give you something to remember always, and all I get is abuse and vile suspicion."

"What is that you're wearing, a skirt or a kilt?" he demanded. "I don't mean to be personal, you understand, but I've seen your legs before. It wasn't necessary to refresh my memory quite so obviously."

"You always said I had nice legs," she pouted. She drew her absurd little skirt taut against her knees, examining them critically.

"You got a swell pair of gams," he assured her, "but I'm old-fashioned enough to believe there are certain sacred things a husband doesn't share with the public."

"You're trying awfully hard to be nasty."

"No trouble at all. Look—we're almost an hour late. The man is waiting to mumble those little words you've been dying to hear."

"Oh, Poopsie will be there all afternoon."

"Poopsie!" he howled. "Who's Poopsie?"

"Judge Poole, you silly goose. You know, that distinguished-looking gentleman who comes to the club so often. He's a lamb."

"If you ask me, he's a sheep in wolf's clothing. No doubt he's told you he can make you very happy after this passing incident in your life is finished."

"An older, worldly man always is more understanding."

"Oh, *yeah!*" he said. "Well, my winsome witch, if you don't come along and get this silly business over and done with, I'll kick your teeth down your delicious throat."

"I forgot to tell you," she said, "the photographer won't be here for a while."

"Won't you feel uncomfortable posing with all those clothes? If it's not asking too much, would you mind telling me who's taking the picture and for what?"

"For the papers, of course. I can see the caption now: 'Dancer Leaps for Keeps.' That nice boy who does the night-club column in the Star said he would do it specially for me."

"He's probably reciprocating past favors," he retorted. "Do you meet all *trains?*"

Her eyes suddenly sparkled with tears. "You poor boy," she murmured. "You're jealous and I never knew. Tell me, darling, how long have I been torturing you? When did you decide we couldn't go on this way?"

"When I found out I couldn't support you any more," he said.

"And when did *you* ever support *me?*" she blazed.

"For three years I've been lugging you over every dance floor in America three times a night. When I took you out of that coatroom and put you in the act, you were a cute little trick. Now I'm in training to be the bottom man in the pyramid. Don't look now, Butch, but you're bulging in the strangest places."

"If you were a man," she said ominously, "I'd gouge your eyes out. Don't think for an instant I'm not wise to your phony woman's-place-is-in-the-home line! You want to get rid of me so you can get another girl in the act to front for you while you turn on the charm for those frowsy battle-axes who think you're wonderful, you two-timing rat. I'll spoil your dandy little scheme. I'm not going through with it."

"If you don't mind, lady," a little man, with a big box slung over his shoulder, said patiently, "would you please make with the legs over here?"

SHE perched on the ledge in front of the alert lions, crossed her legs, glared at the appreciative audience which had sprung out of holes in the ground, and pulled her absurd, inadequate skirt over her knees.

"Lady," the little man said querulously, "a nice, big smile and a little more leg, please!"

"I will not lend myself to a vulgar exhibition," she said stiffly. "It would only give people with low, vile minds the wrong impression." The crowd stirred restlessly.

"Nice legs always make a good impression on Page 1," the little man said wearily.

"Go on, sugar," her partner called from the crowd. "You owe it to your public."

"Darling, you do understand!" she cried. "Wait for me. I've changed my mind."

She crossed her legs impulsively. The crowd whistled madly, and the little man, a veteran of many cheesecake epics with ladies, momentarily recaptured his lost, forgotten youth and permitted himself the luxury of a fleeting smile.

She beamed brightly upon the crowd and held it until the little man indicated that art had been served sufficiently. She had many offers of assistance but she declined them graciously until a certain party fought his way through the milling mob. She dropped from the ledge into his waiting arms. He sagged slightly but held his ground manfully.

"Darling," she whispered, "forgive me. I was a vicious, narrow-minded woman. You are an artist. You should not be restricted by petty, middle-class conventions. You need your freedom. You can have it if—if you want it," she added tremulously.

"Poopsie is waiting," he murmured.

They ran up the steps of the City Hall, but at the door she stopped and clung to him.

"Hold me tight this way for the last time," she breathed softly. "Oh, darling, I'm scared."

"How do you think I feel?" he asked miserably. "I've never been married before, either."

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The Greeks Had a War for It

Continued from page 55

thereby intimidated Yugoslavia, where the treacherous Stoyadinovitch had prepared the terrain for an Axis coup, into the New Order line-up. Turkey, which at the time leaned far toward Berlin, was to have been won over by this Fascist triumph, and the Fascists were also to have conquered Egypt. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had an enormous Fascist army in Libya, which outnumbered Egypt's defenders by at least four to one.

But in the seven months the Greeks held the Italians and in the six or seven weeks that the Anglo-Greek forces held the Italo-German armies later, the Italian pincers on strategic Suez broke—both jaws crumbled. The Nazi general staff was obliged to replace these broken jaws, to deploy divisions in the Balkans and in Italy and in Libya. Germany's ally had failed, and Germany was obliged to delay the attack against Russia, already prepared in Rumania and Bulgaria.

Thrown Off Schedule

Hitler attacked the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. But Greek resistance in the Balkans, which inspired rebellion in Yugoslavia and further complicated matters for the Nazis, had given Russia an extra seven months' preparation. Moreover, Hitler was caught on the Russian plains by winter because his timetable was thrown off schedule by the Balkan campaign and the fighting in Libya, where he was obliged to move at least four valuable armored divisions in addition to several motorized infantry divisions and hundreds of planes to stiffen the disintegrating Fascists. He might not have been frozen-in in Russia had he been able to launch his invasion of Russia sooner than June 22d.

Hitlerism, some believe, may die in Russia, but if so, it received the mortal wound in the Balkans at the hands of the Greeks.

The task of holding Greece together, particularly after the untimely death of Metaxas, was that of King George II. A rugged man with an iron jaw, taller and broader than the Greeks he ruled, he was tireless in conferences with generals, members of his cabinet, diplomats and British staff officers. He was among the last of the officials to be evacuated from Athens to Crete, where the government was transferred.

Good fifth-column work tipped off the Germans to George's presence on Crete. The Nazis bombed him the length and breadth of the island, almost as though they were searching him out personally. As it was, George and a small party barely escaped alive from the battered island where thousands of British and Greek troops died in a defense rendered hopeless by lack of Allied air power.

The Greeks are fighting still. Guerrilla resistance continues. Every day Greeks are shot as saboteurs. Thousands are dying in Greece from starvation and typhus every month. They could have spared themselves the tragedy that has befallen them, by accepting the New Order placidly, as Austria did, and later Rumania and Hungary and Bulgaria. But they chose to have a war instead, with all that war means, for by the time the Greeks started fighting they had a fair idea of the hardships and bloodshed and sacrifices they would have to endure.

In Greece, democracy was born and in Greece, democracy has fought a struggle for survival through the centuries since the Romans conquered the Hellenes in 146 B.C. To evacuated Greek soldiers I met in Cairo and Alexandria, what happened in the spring of 1941 was part of the same old struggle. I've seen many evacuees of many nationalities. Defeat and despair were plain in the faces of most of them. I saw neither in the level glances of the Greeks I met in Egypt. They'd come out only to fight again.

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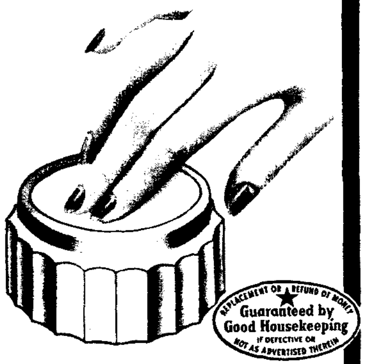
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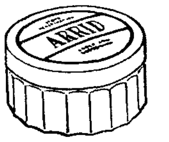

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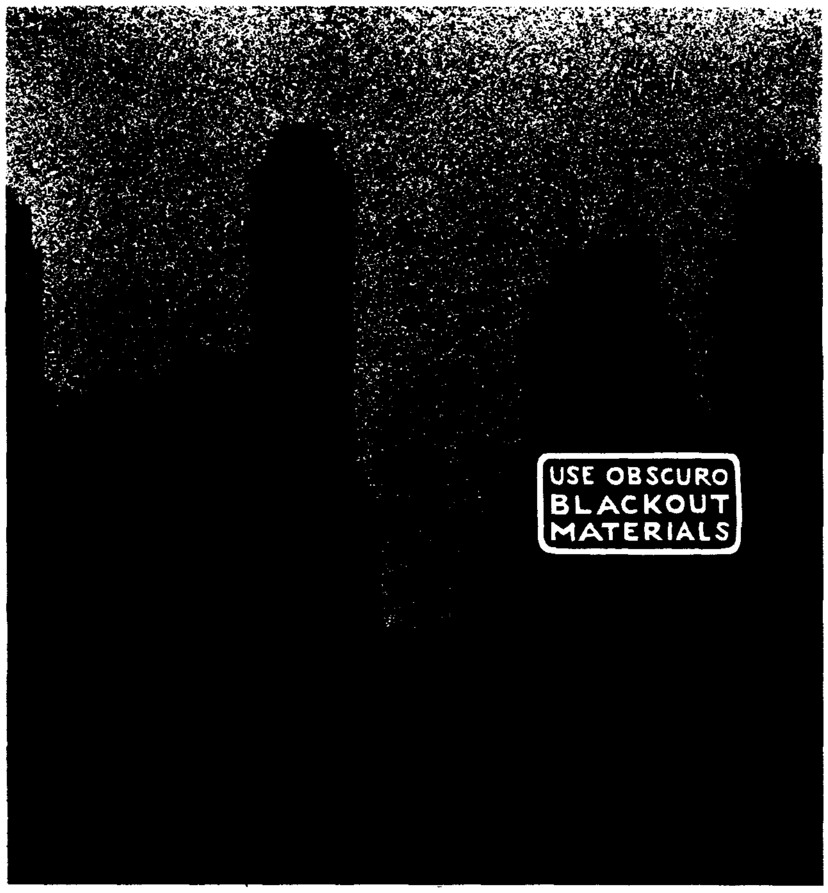


A. JOHN KAUNUS

The Old College Try

Continued from page 42

fairly. Boudreau doesn't mind mistakes. But he insists, in daily lectures, that he doesn't want the same mistakes made in September that were made in March and April.

Boudreau—pronounce it "bud-row," with the accent on the last syllable—is the son of a French father and a German mother, neither of which languages he can speak. Ten years ago he was in high school in Harvey, Illinois, twenty-two miles south of Chicago's Loop. The school had no baseball team but he played basketball and led the team to the district championship. He looked spindly but he was wiry and durable.

Before that, in grammar school, he had coached the basketball team, although only thirteen years old.

Lou'd been reading about the Harlem Globe Trotters and how they razzle-dazzled with a basketball. He saw them play, too. So he decided his team should be clever ball handlers also. He didn't like the idea of set passes. He worked out a dribble-and-bounce system of exchanging the ball that gave the Boudreau Wonders a distinct flavor. It gave them a good chance at Harvey High School, also.

Three Times All-Illinois Choice

Boudreau, as a freshman, made the varsity team. The next winter his pals of the grammar school team joined him. For three years these buddies of the hardwood, with Boudreau leading and spurring, were terrific. They won one state championship, placed second twice. Boudreau is the only player in history to make the All-Illinois basketball team three years in a row!

In the spring, Boudreau transferred his capabilities to the heavy mitt, mask and chest protector. This business of catching did not suit Louis Boudreau, Sr., who had been a semipro third baseman. "If you ever expect to get anyplace in baseball, forget that catching. Go to the infield, where you won't get your fingers hurt all the time. Besides, it may take you years to become a really good catcher."

The Boudreaus went over to a corner lot and the father, a machinist by trade, would bat grounders to his scampering offspring. Lou struggled until he became a fair third baseman. He played with amateur teams in Chicago and once had a tryout with the Chicago White Sox. But there were dozens of other youngsters and Lou was lost in the shuffle. He promptly forgot about the White Sox and enrolled in the school of physical education at the University of Illinois.

Lou played baseball and basketball with the freshman teams. Next year he made the varsity in those sports and became a star in Western Conference competition. Although he weighed only 150 pounds, spread thin over five feet eleven of frame, he was as wiry, agile and durable as he had been as a youngster.

At the close of the basketball season, Boudreau, the sophomore, was elected captain of the team for the following winter. There was no doubt of his leadership of the basketball team. He was the unanimous choice for captain, regardless of scholastic years.

Such trust and command came easy to Boudreau even then. So it was only natural that big leaguers in baseball should respect the young man from the outset. Just after Boudreau was named manager of the Indians, representatives of organized baseball were in Jacksonville, Florida, for the annual winter meetings.

General Manager Warren Giles and Manager Bill McKechnie of the Cincinnati Reds told Roger Peckinpaugh, vice-president of the Indians, and Boudreau, they were interested in Rollie Hemsley, the veteran catcher. The four sat down to discuss the possible transfer. Giles hadn't met Boudreau before. So he addressed most of his talk to Peckinpaugh, an older, more experienced baseball official.

Boudreau interrupted the conversation frequently to ask questions and to inject comment that was sound enough to startle his older conferees. Giles and McKechnie soon found themselves talking to Boudreau, directing their remarks to him as Peckinpaugh sat back and smiled at the little drama being unfolded. But it was getting late and it was suggested that the conference be continued in the morning.

"That's okay," said Giles. "Let's meet in the coffee shop of the hotel here between 9 and 9:30."

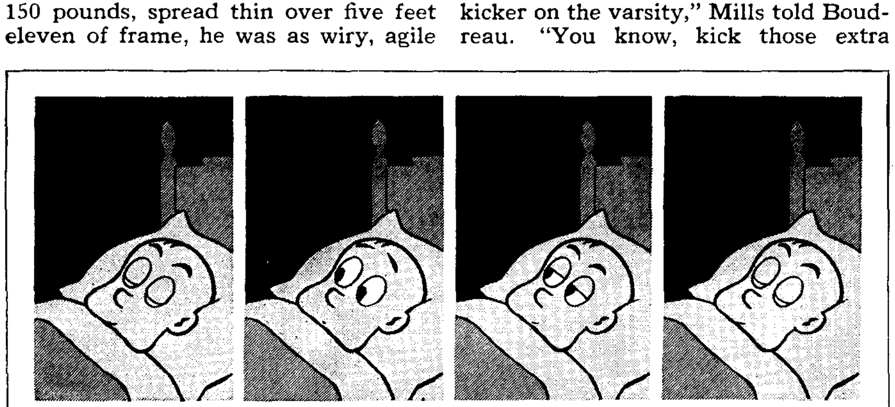
"If you don't mind, let's set a definite time," replied Boudreau. "I might get down in the lobby around 9 and get mixed up in some kind of a deal and I'm pretty green at all this. So let's meet here at 9:15, sharp. Then I'll come right in and we'll talk."

Giles was startled, but agreeable. The group met at 9:15 and soon the transfer of Hemsley to the Reds was a matter of record. But not until Boudreau had asked more questions and had stuck in some notable remarks.

"I was one of those who questioned Boudreau's appointment when it was made last year," Giles says now. "But no more. I know why Mr. Bradley named him manager."

But Boudreau, though he might star in baseball, basketball and at a conference table, couldn't cut through football. He tried it just once at the university.

In the autumn of his junior year, Boudreau was taking a course in physical education that included a class in football instruction. His teacher was Douglas R. Mills, Lou's basketball coach who has since been promoted to athletic director. "They need a place-kicker on the varsity," Mills told Boudreau. "You know, kick those extra



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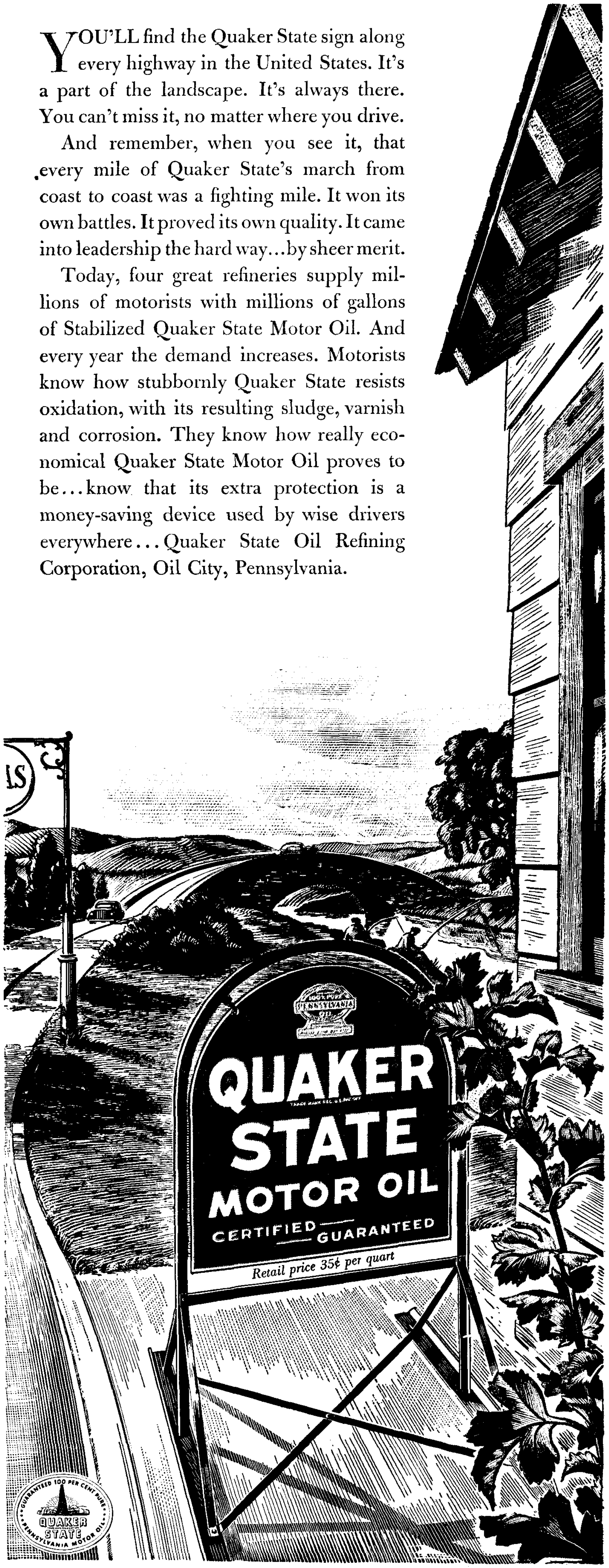
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points and field goals. Can you kick a football?"

Lou said he had booted a few in high school and he might as well try to help the dear old Illini.

"I kicked all afternoon," Lou recalls painfully. "The next morning, when I tried to get up, I couldn't make it, couldn't even get out of bed. I had to miss classes that day. Well, that cured me of football. My right leg was sore for weeks. I waited for basketball to start then."

The captain of the varsity basketball team was to have been the key man in a championship drive. But suddenly, Boudreau found himself notorious.

Major John L. Griffith, commissioner of athletics for the Western Conference, reported to the *University of Illinois* that Boudreau's mother had been receiving monthly payments from the Cleveland baseball club.

The university's board of athletic control had to decide whether Lou's family was receiving assistance through legitimate channels or whether the great basketball and baseball hero was a professional. The six members of the board were deadlocked. Three voted to bar Boudreau from further collegiate competition. Three voted to allow him to continue. The president of the university expressed, in writing, his belief in Lou's innocence of professionalism.

The board tossed the hot potato to the other Western Conference schools, who voted Boudreau out of competition. They told him he might be reinstated the following autumn if he severed relations with the Cleveland club. C. C. Slapnicka, then vice-president of the Indians, wired a release to the collegian.

Baseball vs. Love

Soon it was spring and Lou wanted to play baseball. He also wanted to marry Della De Ruiter. Lou and Della talked over their problems. They agreed to have Lou finish his junior year first. Lou could play baseball and postpone his final year of study. By taking a winter course, Boudreau gained his degree in physical education in February of 1940.

Boudreau signed with the Indians in *the spring of 1938, was farmed out to* Cedar Rapids in the Three-Eye League, where he played third base and batted .290 in 60 games, which was just 100 points lower than his batting mark at the university. He even caught a few games at Cedar Rapids.

The Indians had another young collegian on the string that spring. He was Ray Mack, a home-town product, a second baseman who weighed 210 pounds and who had been graduated from Cleveland's Case School of Applied Science. Off to Fargo-Moorehead in the Northern League went the young engineer, who had been a football and basketball hero, too. There he batted .378, high enough to earn him an order to report to the parent Indians in September of that year, 1938. Boudreau reported, also. They met, exchanged a few words, went their way.

Boudreau and Mack reported to the Tribe's training quarters in New Orleans the following spring and were assigned to the same room. From that circumstance developed what Tris Speaker, immortal Gray Eagle of the outfield, insists is the greatest second-base combination in the history of baseball.

Although they were not yet a combination on the field, the former collegians were close friends. Boudreau was still classed a third baseman, but the Indians had just bought Ken Keltner, a great young third baseman. So Lou was switched to shortstop. Now he was *next to Mack on the field as well as in* the privacy of their room, where they dreamed of the big-league stardom that was to be theirs sooner than they expected.

But they were young ballplayers and they needed experience, so there was a conference in New Orleans between Vice-President Slapnicka, Manager Oscar Vitt, Peckinpaugh, then managing New Orleans of the Southern Association, and Steve O'Neill, managing Buffalo of the International League.

Cleveland baseball creates strange bedfellows. Peckinpaugh and O'Neill were former managers of the Indians even then. Vitt had succeeded O'Neill. Peck was to return to the Cleveland organization in 1941 as manager, then was to be promoted to vice-president to succeed Slapnicka, who resigned, so that Boudreau could be made manager.

These men met in that spring of '39 to place Cleveland talent for the coming season. Both O'Neill and Peckinpaugh wanted second-base combinations. Peckinpaugh had first choice of two spare pairs because of a close relationship between the Indians and the New Orleans club. He was offered Boudreau and Mack. Peckinpaugh turned them down, insisted upon Scalzi and Shilling, players who had had more minor league experience.

Under O'Neill, Boudreau and Mack gained additional confidence. The *youngsters made plays* around second base that set records in the International League. Boudreau hit .331, Mack .293. They were the talk of the circuit.

Meanwhile, the Indians had dropped out of the pennant race. Cleveland fans had dropped into their chairs at home, too. A night game with the Browns was scheduled in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium, August 1, 1939. The Indian's front office wanted a crowd. Tony Galento was hired as an added attraction. Finally, Boudreau and Mack, the dream boys of the minor leagues about whom much had been written in Cleveland, were to report for their big-league introduction.

Buffalo fans revolted. They threatened to boycott the Bisons' park if Boudreau and Mack left. The press in Cleveland trained its bows and arrows on the Tribe front office, accused the club of hippodroming just to get a crowd, which it didn't. *Only 16,000* turned out.

But those 16,000 never will forget that game. They'll always recall Boudreau's dashing inaugural at shortstop, Mack's amazing speed and agility for one so big. They noted, too, how Boudreau stayed the balance of the year at shortstop, although batting .258. Yet he was turning plays his way out there on the dirt and keen baseball observers recognized the spark of leadership in this rookie.

Boudreau was not one of the dozen Cleveland players who paid the notorious visit to the office of President Bradley the following June to demand Manager Vitt's removal. Along with other younger players—excepting Feller—Boudreau was told to stay in the background of the revolution, to allow the older players to take the public rap.

Lou Plucks His Rewards

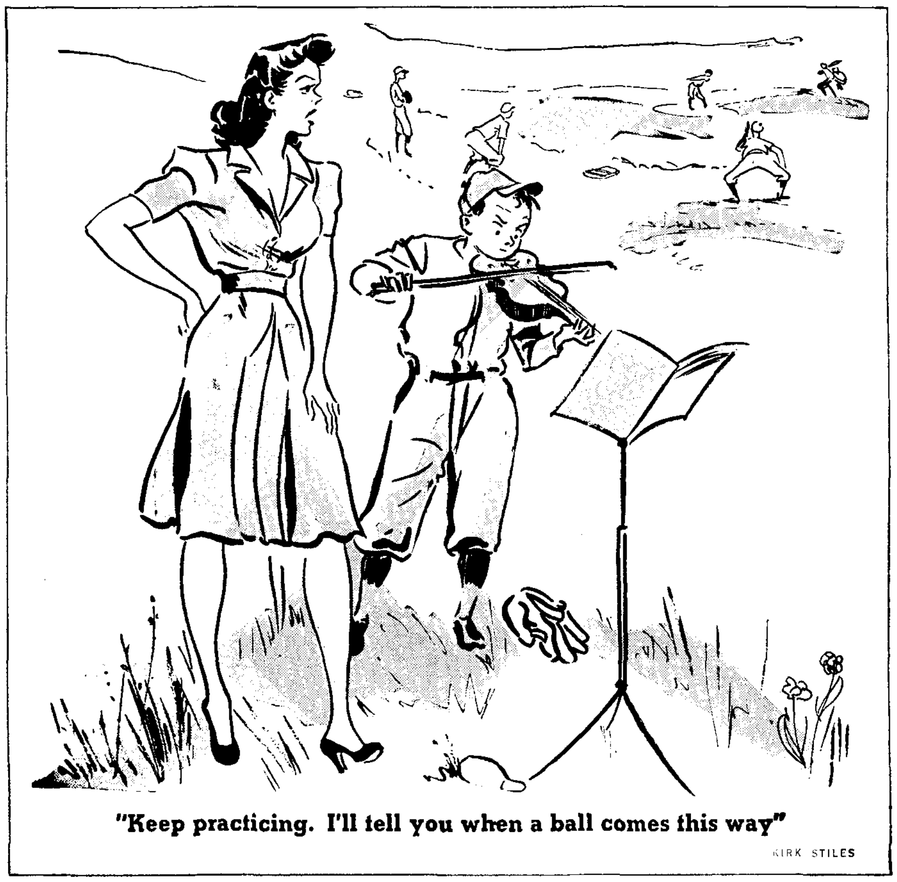
They did, but as millions of fans hooted and castigated the Indians, Boudreau remained out in front of the parade. No pressure was too severe. He withstood all challenges and, at the conclusion of that startling episode in baseball history, Lou plucked his rewards. These included a .295 batting average for 155 games, 101 runs batted in, and selection by baseball writers in Chicago and Cleveland as the outstanding rookie and outstanding player of the year. *A fair haul for a first-year man.*

Boudreau doesn't smoke, takes a glass of beer occasionally and is not given to profanity. He plays pinochle with his ballplayers and does all right. There was some publicity this spring to the effect that he had changed his batting stance but on opening day he was still humped over the plate, arms stretched ahead (but a little lower than formerly), and his head poised over the dish.

He is a sure out on most balls hit to the infield because he's one of the slowest runners in baseball. Despite this, he is a great shortstop because he senses the progress of a ball and is able, by years of training on basketball courts, to get a sensationally fast break on a ball.

If, with the loss of Feller and Trosky, he is able to get the Indians into the first division, it will have to be accounted a triumph for the old college try. *The Indians were never that good* without it.

THE END



"Keep practicing. I'll tell you when a ball comes this way"

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Whether you're traveling for business . . . to see loved ones in the armed forces . . . or for rest needed to keep fit . . .

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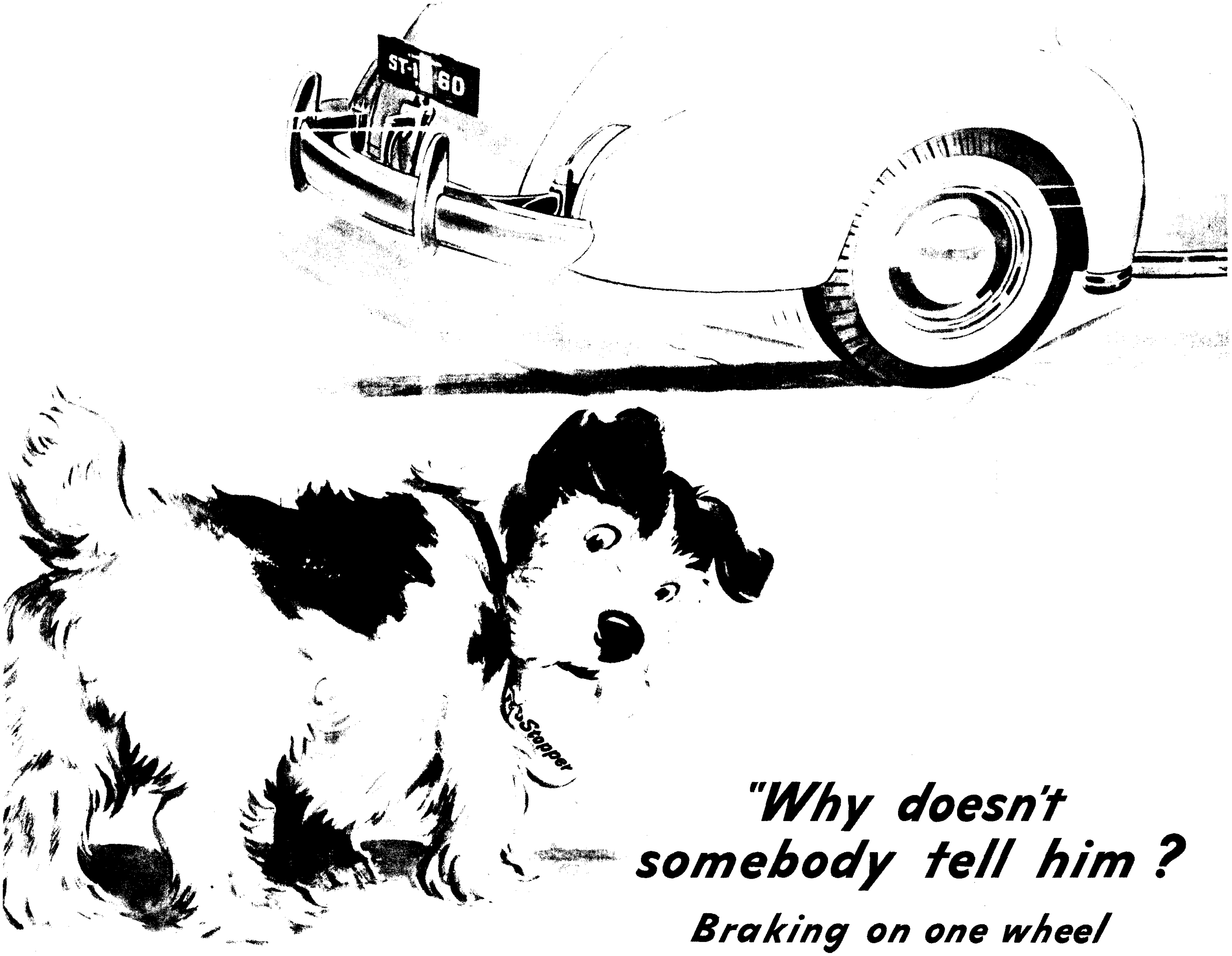


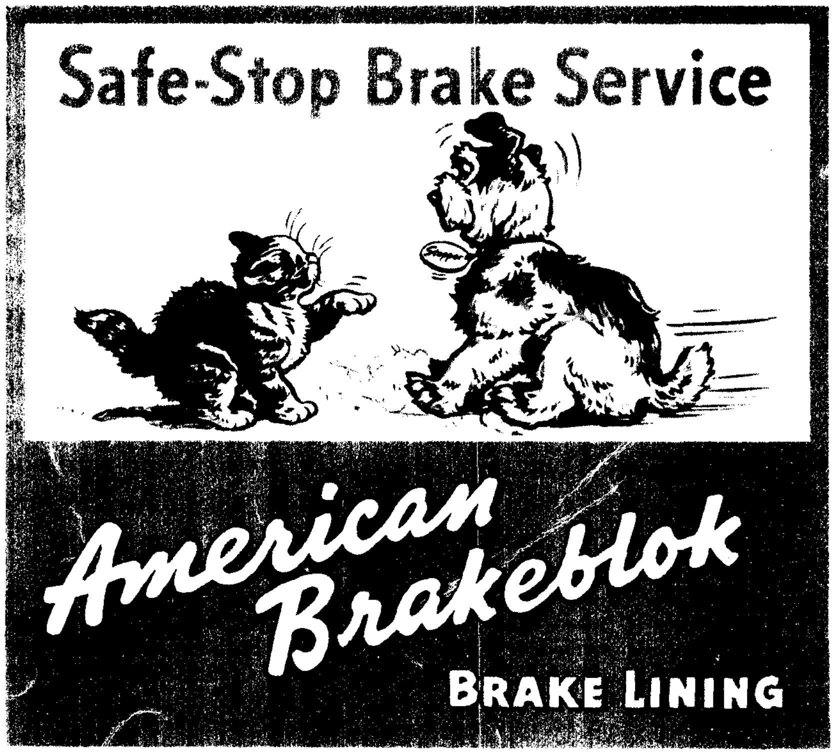
"Why doesn't somebody tell him?

Braking on one wheel burns up his tires!"

ARE *YOUR* BRAKES WORKING ALL RIGHT?
OR DOES YOUR CAR:

- Nose dive when brakes are applied?
- Pull right or left when braking?
- Have slow or grabby brakes when wet?
- Need frequent brake adjustments?
- Let brake pedal down to floor?
- Squeal, groan or chatter on stops?
- Brake on only one rear wheel?
- Make grinding noise when stopping?

BETTER DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN



Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles, rucks, buses and coaches. This brake lining is quickly available everywhere through 8 NAPA Warehouses and a nation-wide distribution system.

NAPA Assurance of Quality

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Your car has a job to do—for you, and for all of us. Keeping it running depends on Preventive Service—the kind sponsored by Collier's "Ever since Poland."

America needs her cars—needs them kept in running condition . . . and needs them running.

Nearly thirty million of them add up to the greatest privately owned mass transportation system the world has ever known . . .

Jack them up, and overnight you would throw an unbearable load on the public carriers—a load they couldn't absorb.

We must drive our cars *less*—leave them home when we can—but we must drive them enough to keep them in shape. An idle car (especially the rubber) unless professionally prepared for storage, deteriorates rapidly—costs real money to restore to active service.

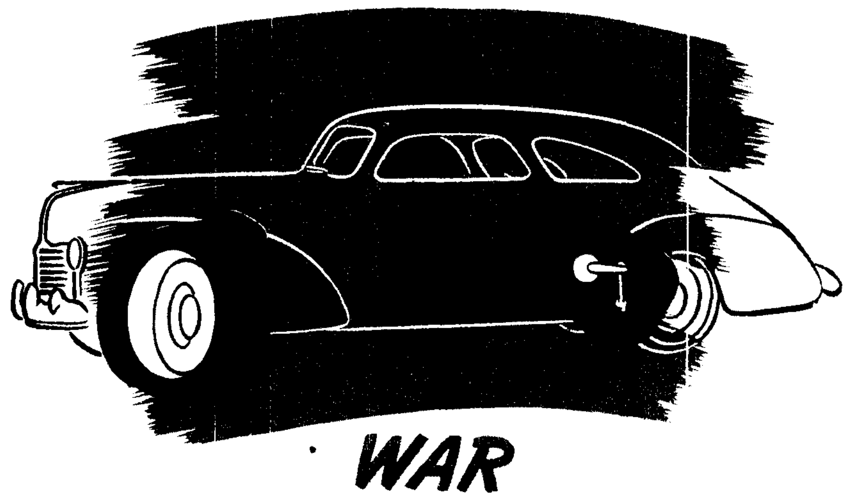
WAR AND YOUR AUTOMOBILE

We must drive *better*—with a new sense of the things we do that shorten the life of any part of the car. Habits are hard to change, but parts may be even *harder* to get!

And we must keep an eye—a relentless, American Eagle's eye—on the *condition* of our cars. From bumper to bumper and fender to fender. Every nut, bolt, widget and gadget. . . . Every bushing and bearing and screw and plug and gasket. Just let some neglected part fail—some ten-or-fifteen-cent doo-flicker you never even heard of—and your car might be laid-up for the duration!

Preventive Service will reveal most possible sources of trouble *before* the trouble happens—and keep it from happening. Your part consists of giving your automotive specialist the chance to do *his* part . . . the chance to render full Preventive Service to your car.

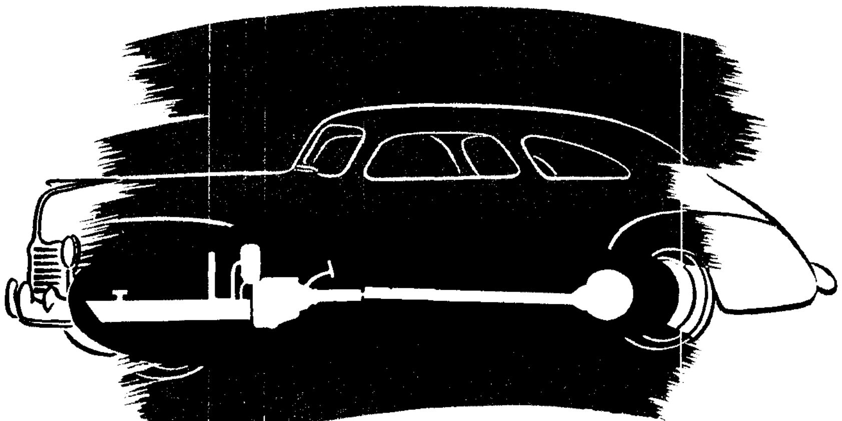
★ *To help you and the service man, COLLIER'S has prepared a new, up-to-the-minute book of questions and answers on "WAR and Your Car." It elaborates the points merely outlined in this article. Enclose 6 cents to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address Preventive Service, COLLIER'S, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.*



WAR and your tires

Saving rubber is the most vital need—and this requires attention to tires, wheels, shock absorbers and springs. Poor wheel alignment is Tire Saboteur Number One! Wheels out of line scuff and scrub your tires against the road. Save rubber by keeping alignment under strict control! Shock absorbers and springs should be properly serviced and lubricated—they affect both steering and tire wear, as well as riding comfort. Undetected, uneven spring suspension can play hob with tires!

Proper inflation, and the shifting of tires to equalize wear, are two forms of tire-insurance everybody should know about by now—but the tires can't do it for themselves—give them a hand!

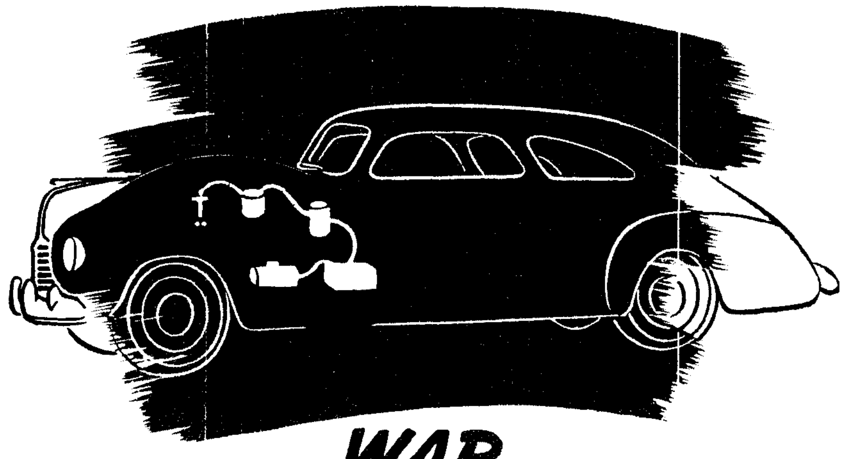


WAR and lubrication

Eternal vigilance is the price of engine safety! More care should be exercised than ever before to assure that all moving parts are properly lubricated. Make sure that the correct grade of good oil, and the recommended kind of lubricant, are kept to "FULL" in the crankcase, transmission and differential. See that the element in your oil filter is replaced often enough to assure clean oil between changes.

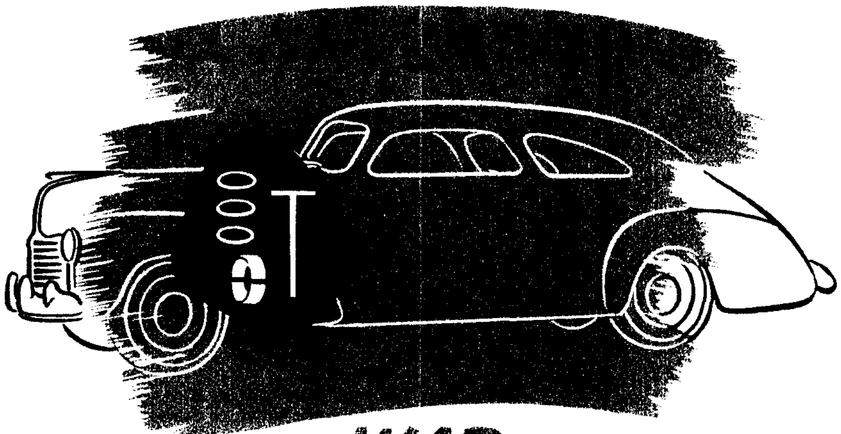
Lubrication points outside the "1000-mile class"—front wheel bearings, for example—are often neglected, just because they seldom need attention. Don't take a chance, even on "20,000-mile" points!

Reduce friction through good lubrication, and you'll prevent wear.



WAR and your electrical system

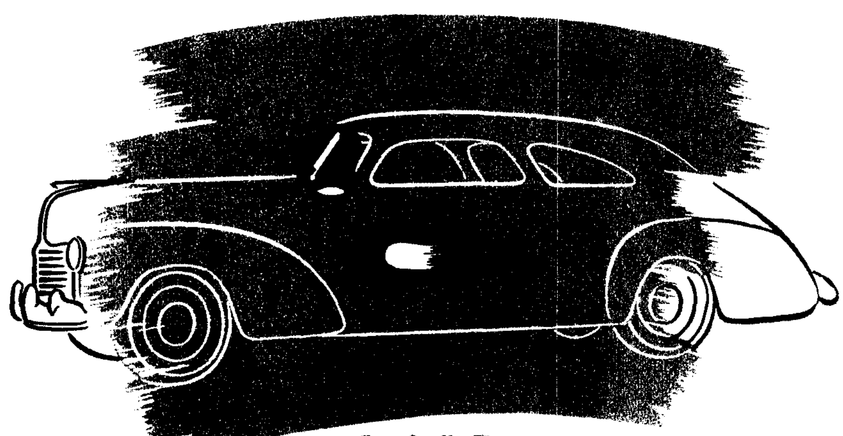
Within your car is a self-sustaining power plant complete with generator, storage battery, transformer (coil), distributor, power lines running to spark plugs and lights. Like a municipal plant, it requires inspection and maintenance service. The fan belt drives the generator—see that it doesn't slip on the job. Have the battery kept supplied with distilled water (once a week isn't too often) and see that its cables and ground straps are O.K. The voltage regulator and coil should both be periodically inspected, and the distributor checked—all wiring and connections tightened. Spark plugs that are broken, fouled, or out of adjustment can cut gasoline mileage 10 to 20 percent. . . . Have them removed every few thousand miles for cleaning and inspection.



WAR
and your engine's efficiency

Certain tell-tale symptoms reveal something wrong *inside* the engine. Unresponsive accelerator . . . lack of pick-up and loss of power . . . excessive consumption of gas and oil . . . any of these indicate that a skilled mechanic should have a look.

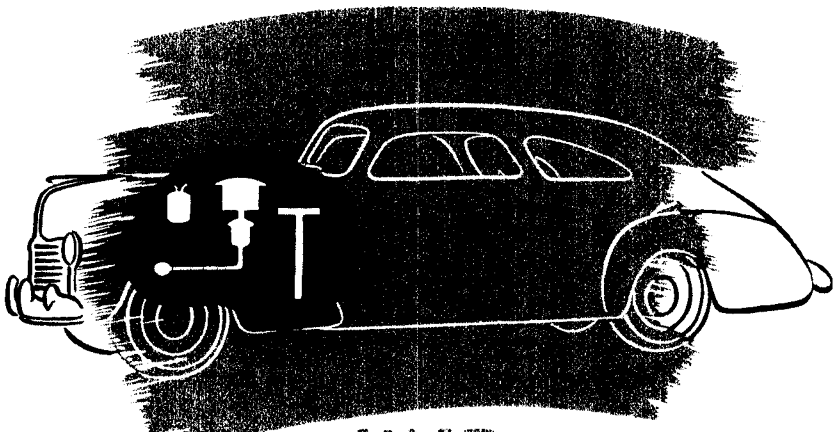
Fortunately, the wear is usually localized in piston rings, valves, or bearings. . . . It may be nothing more than a sticking valve, but prompt attention is better than regret. . . . Protect your engine by *preventing* the unnecessary wear that would result from neglect!



WAR
and your car's appearance

An occasional wash-and-polish isn't enough! Start with one thorough treatment with a good cleaner. . . . Then the car is ready for a protective coat of wax or polish, which should be periodically renewed. *Prevent* deterioration, and the good finish of a modern car will last as long as the car itself.

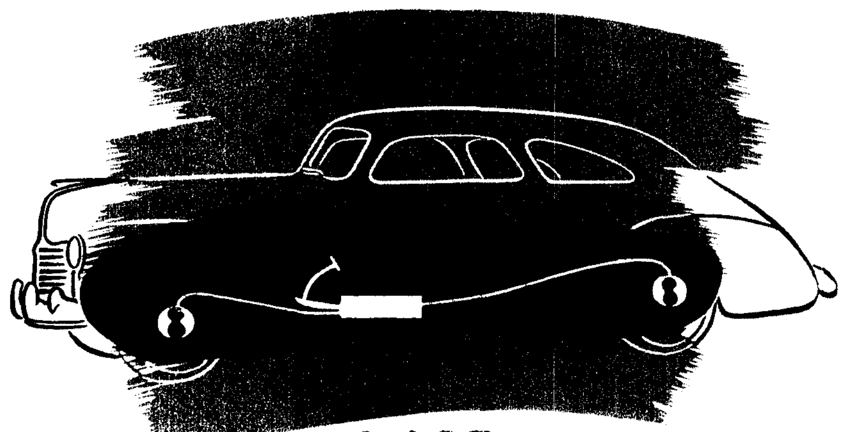
This is a good time to check the windshield wipers—we can't take a chance these days on an accident of any kind! See that each wiper is operating properly, and that the blade is in good condition. Be sure that the windshield is kept clean at all times with an efficient, non-smearing cleaner.



WAR
and engine tune-up

Don't blame the refiners for the "ping" you will probably hear in your engine for the duration. . . . War demands have forced a reduction of gasoline octane rating below the "ideal" for late-model cars. There are three things you can do: Keep combustion chambers free of carbon, accelerate more gradually, and have ignition timing adjusted for "peak" performance. DON'T depend upon retarding the spark to get rid of "ping"—waste of gasoline, and loss of power would result!

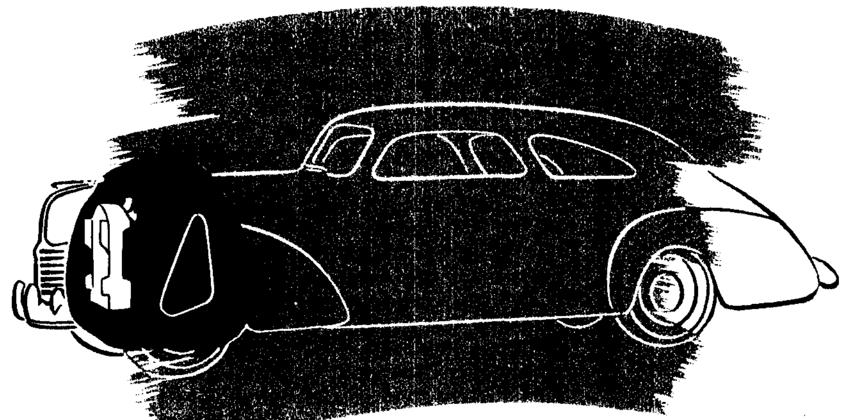
A worn or dirt-clogged carburetor—or one that's out of adjustment—wastes gasoline, too. *Prevent* waste by having your carburetor periodically checked and adjusted.



WAR
and your stopping

Dependable brakes are more important today than ever, so brake care deserves unremitting attention. Hydraulic braking systems should be flushed twice a year—kept filled to capacity . . . the brakes themselves should be adjusted, to prevent tire wear and insure safe stopping.

Worn brake linings should be replaced *before* brake drums are damaged. Prevent this expensive repair job.



WAR
and your cooling system

Even though the anti-freeze drained from your car this spring seemed clear, radiator and engine should be thoroughly flushed now to remove scale, rust, and any oil that may have seeped into the system. In refilling, add a rust-inhibitor to retard formation of rust, and prevent clogging by keeping in suspension the unavoidable rust which *does* form.

Thermostats and hoses should be checked, and cylinder head nuts or studs tightened. As frequently as once a month the adjustment of the fan belt should be checked. . . . Stretching and slipping precede failure—"Prevent slipping and prevent failure!"

P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Sponsored by Collier's
for Motor Car Owners

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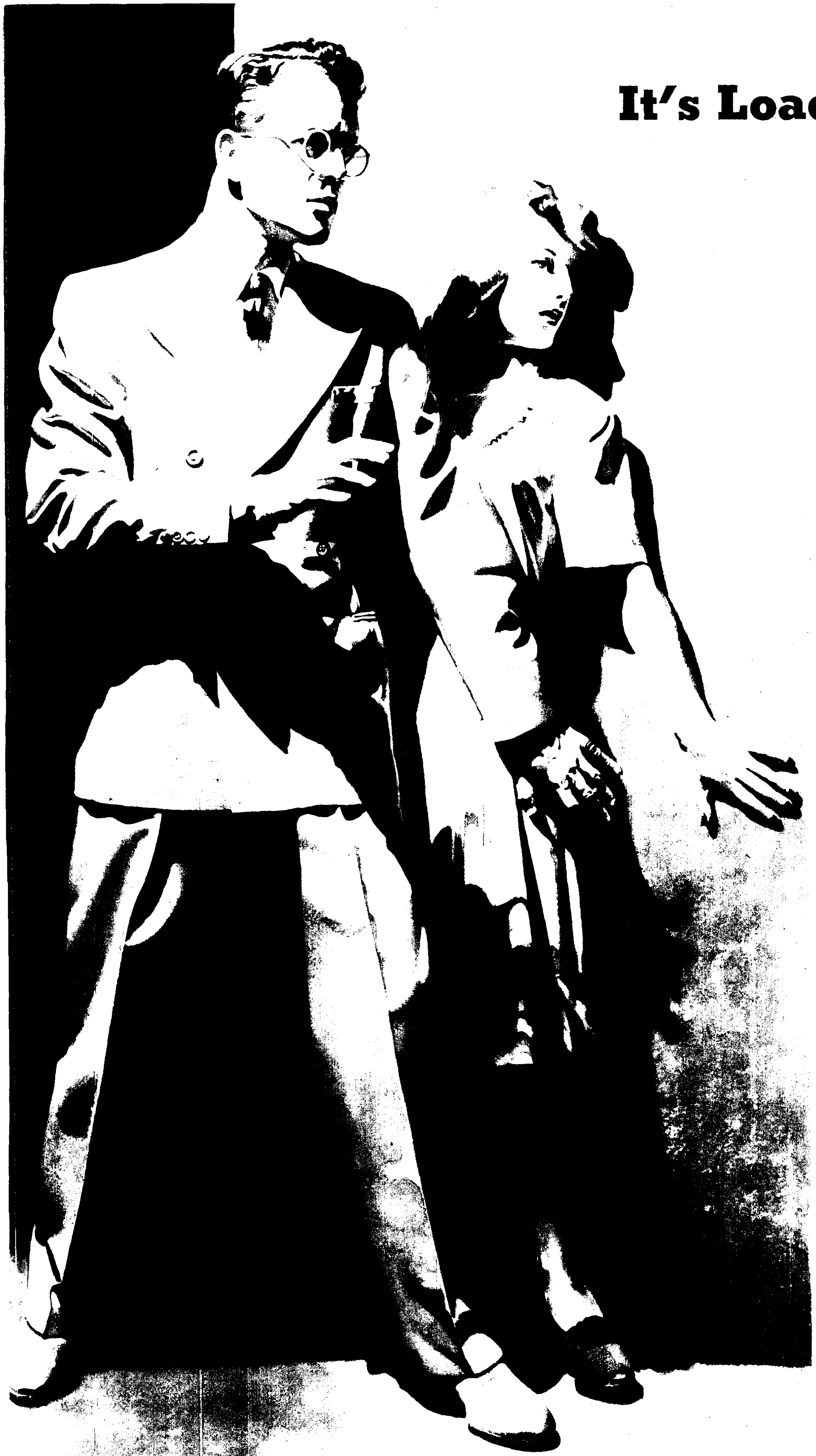
EMERGENCY NOTE

If a car must, or should, be laid up for the duration of the war, definite steps are necessary to prepare it for long storage. This requires professional knowledge and handling because, in addition to taking care of tires, battery, finish, upholstery, running gear and bright work, special treatment of internal parts is vital to prevent serious damage.



As he heard the sound, instinctively he threw his arm around Henrietta and pushed her to the wall of a building and stood in front of her

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WINSLOW GREENE, a shy and likable young American geologist in the employ of the Boca Grande mine in the foothills of the Andes Mountains, comes down to the coast town of Santa Rosa on the first leg of a dangerous gold-prospecting trip into the interior.

At the hotel he runs into Milton Bird, metallurgist from Boca Grande, who had come down to Santa Rosa a week before on some complicated business which the geologist has forgotten. Bird, a handsome, self-assured man, is drinking heavily. He mentions that a British destroyer on the trail of a German raider lurking off the canal has been in. He also says he has made the acquaintance of two friendly drinking men, Martinez and Gruber.

In Santa Rosa, Winslow Greene has one chore to do that he dreads. Jim Walters, the mine manager, has asked him to meet a Miss Henrietta Simpson on the boat that is due from New York that day. She is going up to Boca Grande to work in the office and will take the upriver boat the next day.

On his way to the customs docks, Winslow Greene is stopped by a soft-spoken, handsome stranger wearing an expensive Panama, who introduces himself as Eduardo Lopez of the secret police. Lopez intimates that two men, a Señor Martinez and a Señor Gruber, may try to get some information out of Greene about his mining operations. Lopez begs only that Winslow let him know, in room 410 at the hotel, when and if he is approached by the two. The geologist remains noncommittal.

At the ship, Winslow meets Miss Simpson, a beautiful blond girl wearing expensive clothes. Glumly he escorts her to the hotel. In her room she suddenly breaks down into tears, while Winslow helplessly looks on. She tells him that she came here to get away from someone she had promised to marry. Winslow, embarrassed at such an intimate revelation, becomes shy and tongue-tied. Finally she says, "You're awfully nice." Winslow likes that. He enjoys a whole day of shopping with her for suitable clothes and when he takes her back to the hotel he asks her to have dinner with him later.

Then he goes down to the barroom where he runs into the air-line manager, who tells him that the British have captured a coast boat full of oil. They have no doubt she was running out to a raider. "The British consul says they could spot that raider now if they only had some planes," the air-line man continues. "She can't be far offshore and she's running short of oil."

II

WINSLOW GREENE recalled that Milton Bird had spoken about the raider, but he was not interested at the time.

He was thinking of Henrietta Simpson. He had told her a good deal about himself, but somehow it had seemed quite natural to tell her. He had told her about the Colorado School of Mines. He had told her about his first job in British Columbia and about the winter he had spent in Alaska, and how he had come to Venezuela with an exploration company, and how he had come to Boca Grande five years before.

"Aren't you ever lonely?" she had asked him.

"No," he said. "I'm used to it. I've always been sort of restless. I rather like to be alone."

"You don't look like the sort of person who goes to places like that."

He knew very well what he looked like. He was lean and stringy with stooped shoulders. He did not look like anybody who might amount to anything. He wished that he looked more like Milton Bird.

Just as he was wishing it, Milton Bird pushed through the door to the bar. "Say," Milton asked, "have you heard the news? She was a supply ship all right." And then he slapped Winslow's shoulder. "Where's the office girl? Is she pretty?"

"She's taking a rest," Winslow said, and for some reason his answer made Milton laugh.

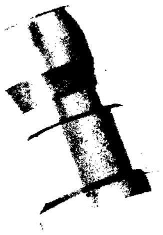
"Well, I'll see her later, down at the boat at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

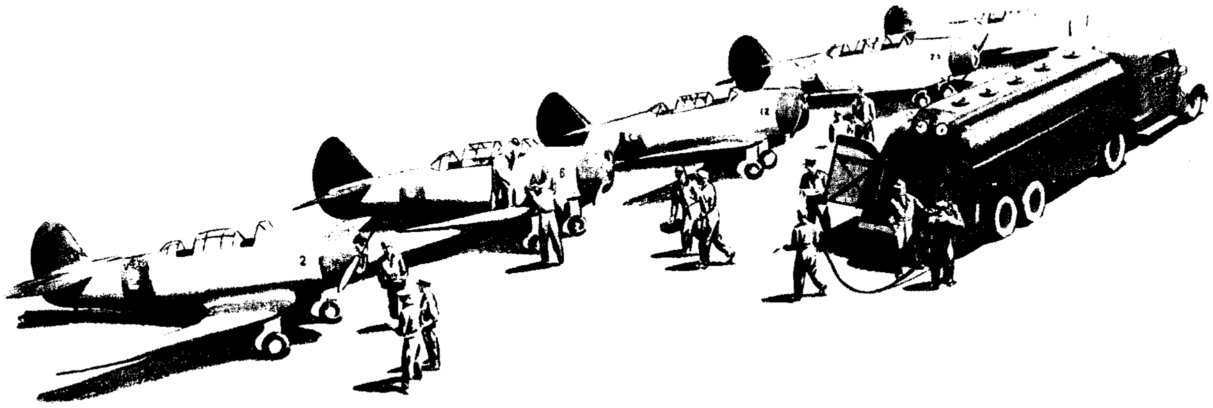
Milton walked whistling out of the hotel bar, and Winslow wished that he had Milton Bird's lack of self-consciousness. He wished that he could get on as easily with casual acquaintances, and he wished particularly that he did not always feel that people were looking at him. As Milton left he felt that someone was just behind him. He told himself it was ridiculous but he could not get away from it. It was the feeling he had had once before in a very lonely piece of country near the headwaters of the Amazon. He had been paddling down a stream in the bow of a dugout canoe. An Indian whom he had always thought of as friendly was paddling in the stern. He had that same feeling now between the shoulder blades; and that other time it had saved his life.

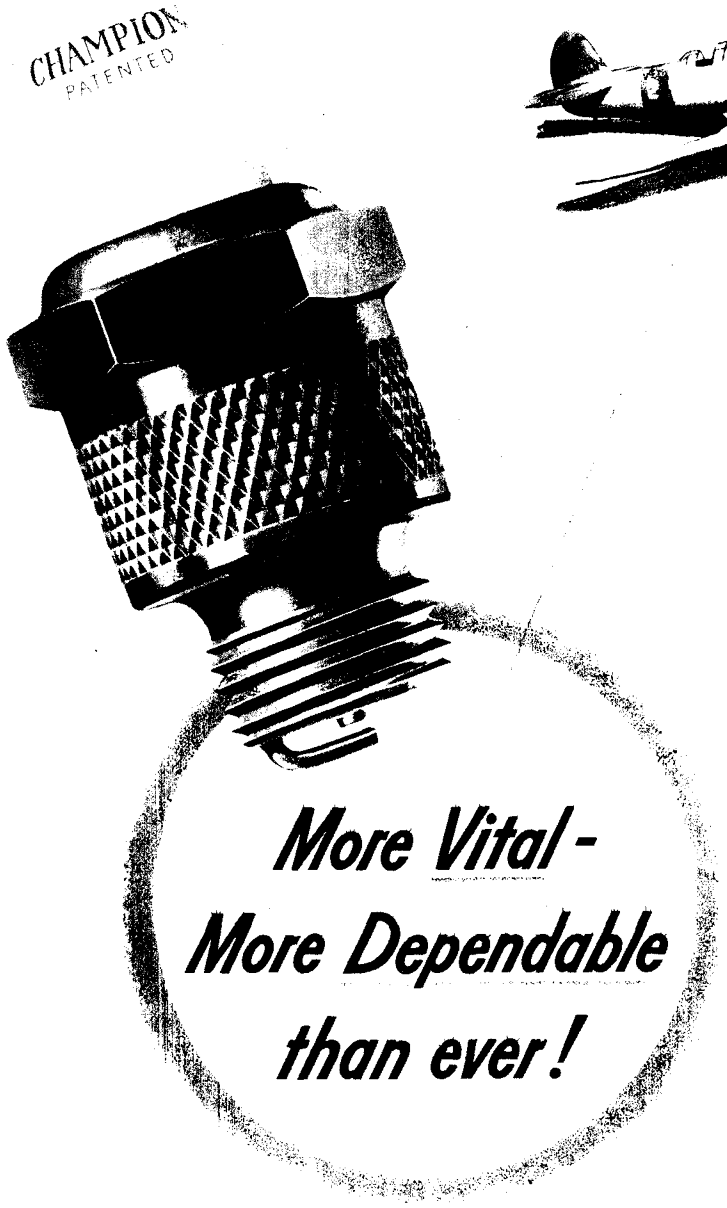
The dice boxes kept banging on the table in that endless game of poker dice which the air-line man and the agricultural agent were playing. Winslow finally turned around.

(Continued on page 67)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

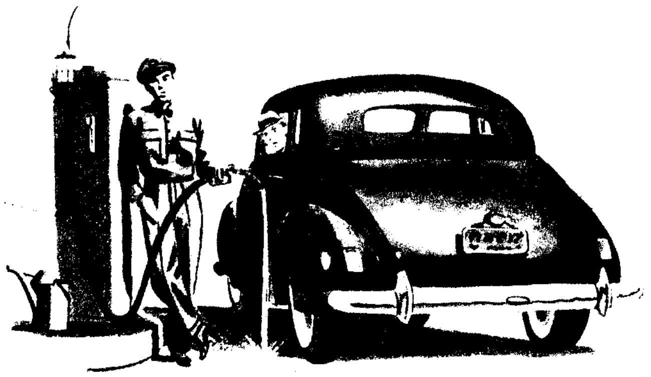






Champion Spark Plugs are on active duty in every phase of wartime service on land, water and in the air, demonstrating day after day that they are more vital—more dependable than ever. The knowledge and experience gained in this highly diversified and rigorous service will be invaluable. Obviously this will add to the inherent dependability of Champions—dependability that has made Champions the preferred spark plugs.

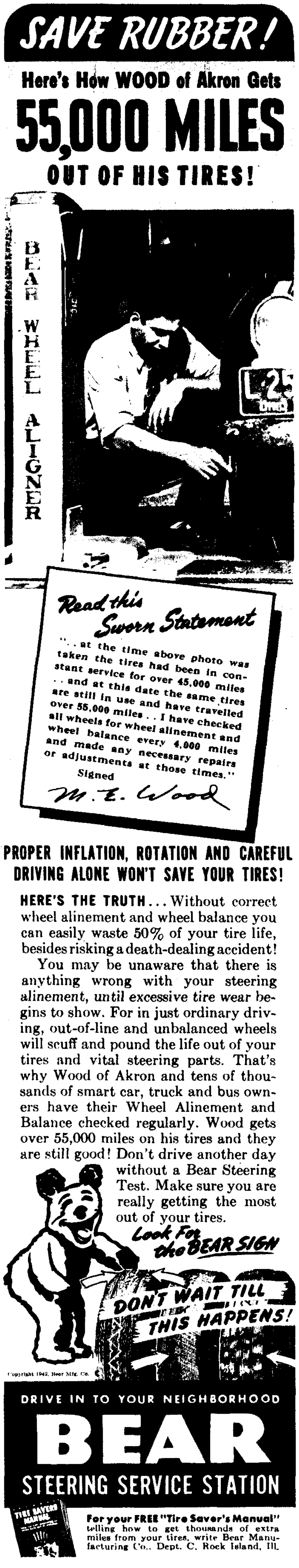
Wake up sleepy, sluggish engines with Champion Spark Plugs. Their exclusive and rugged Sillimanite insulators insure the hottest possible spark, the secret of complete combustion; and their patented Sillment seal prevents troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Leakage causes overheating, pre-ignition and rough, wasteful engine operation. You're money ahead to insist on Champions.



You wouldn't pay for gasoline pumped on the ground; but you are continually paying for gasoline wasted if you keep spark plugs too long in service, fail to keep them clean and spark gaps properly spaced. So have your spark plugs tested and cleaned at regular intervals. Replace old, worn-out or inferior quality spark plugs with new Champions.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN


SAVE RUBBER!

Here's How WOOD of Akron Gets

55,000 MILES

OUT OF HIS TIRES!

Read this Sworn Statement

"..at the time above photo was taken the tires had been in constant service for over 45,000 miles ..and at this date the same tires are still in use and have travelled over 55,000 miles..I have checked all wheels for wheel alinement and wheel balance every 4,000 miles and made any necessary repairs or adjustments at those times."

Signed

M. E. Wood

PROPER INFLATION, ROTATION AND CAREFUL DRIVING ALONE WON'T SAVE YOUR TIRES!

HERE'S THE TRUTH... Without correct wheel alinement and wheel balance you can easily waste 50% of your tire life, besides risking a death-dealing accident!

You may be unaware that there is anything wrong with your steering alinement, until excessive tire wear begins to show. For in just ordinary driving, out-of-line and unbalanced wheels will scuff and pound the life out of your tires and vital steering parts. That's why Wood of Akron and tens of thousands of smart car, truck and bus owners have their Wheel Alinement and Balance checked regularly. Wood gets over 55,000 miles on his tires and they are still good! Don't drive another day without a Bear Steering Test. Make sure you are really getting the most out of your tires.

Look For the BEAR SIGN

Copyright 1942, Bear Mfg. Co.

DRIVE IN TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

BEAR

STEERING SERVICE STATION

For your FREE "Tire Saver's Manual" telling how to get thousands of extra miles from your tires, write Bear Manufacturing Co., Dept. C, Rock Island, Ill.

Magic Mountain

Continued from page 14

it. However, it is associated with copper more widely than with any other metal, and by-product plants at several of the nation's great copper mines produce most of the moly that is not produced at Climax. One tungsten mine and one lead mine also produce some. The Greene Cananea copper mine in Mexico is the world's leading producer outside the U. S., with 1,500,000 pounds a year.

Molybdenum is also produced in small quantities in Russia, Turkey, Chile and Canada. Perhaps the most heartening part of the picture is that only at the Knaben mine in Norway—producing before the war about 1,000,000 pounds a year—and at a small mine in French Morocco, are there known sources available to the Axis.

Even the geological story is somewhat of a miracle. If you should slice down Bartlett Mountain through the middle, you would see that it consists, in essence, of a cone within a cone. The outer layer or cone is a ring of ancient granite and schist, from 250 to 700 feet thick. This, in some primordial time, was steamed full of moly in solution, not in thick veins but in small hair-fine fractures through the whole mass. The inner cone is a silicious granite, barren of moly. But at depth, part of the central barren core becomes moly ore again. Slice off the top of the mountain horizontally, and the hollow moly-bearing ring would be about 4,000 feet east by west and 3,000 feet north to south, like a huge doughnut of ore with its center filled with barren rock.

Good ore runs about six tenths of one per cent molybdenite, or about 10 to 12 pounds per ton. But there are no fixed limits to the ore body; the moly gradually fades out in the granite, and the miners follow it and send broken rock to the mill if it contains as little as four pounds to the ton.

Miners describe the process of mining in highly technical terms, but to the layman they are simply caving down the mountain.

Million-ton Blastings

Back in its depths beyond the tunnels, they drill holes and place thousands of pounds of explosive. Then everyone gets out, the mountain groans and labors, and hundreds of thousands of tons of broken ore—one blast brought down 1,250,000 tons—tumble down to be loaded on the endless trains of mine cars that emerge at a rate of one every two or three minutes from the mountain and toot off to the crusher a half mile away, where units as massive as a battleship's turrets grind the rock into flour fineness for the mill.

In the mill are long batteries of flotation cells. The ore, now powder-fine, is run into these cells, mixed with pine oil, air and water. The particles of molybdenite cling to the bubbles of air, which float. Electrically driven paddles whirling alongside the cells ceaselessly skim off this floating substance into an endless trough for collection; the refuse or gangue sinks to the bottom of the cells. The molybdenite concentrate is cleaned, dried and packed.

But Climax isn't done. It has research laboratories at Golden, Colo., and at Detroit, Mich., and a converting plant at Langeloth, Pa.

Here the raw molybdenite is converted into many forms. It is roasted and sacked (or canned) in units of five pounds and upward, so the watchful steelmaster can simply toss these units into the molten bath one by one and know when he has reached the exact proportions he wants.

The resulting alloys are now going into high-speed tools, armor plate for ships, and steel for the guns that fire from behind the tough moly-alloyed shields of turrets; into plane parts, antiaircraft mounts, bullet cores, torpedo shells, rifle and machine-gun barrels, truck and tank axles and plating, and many other parts for trucks, tanks and jeeps that must bounce over tough terrain without breaking down.

But Climax still isn't done. Its experts prepare self-reducing briquets for foundries and furnaces, moly trioxide for making the pure metal used in the electric industry, sodium molybdate for colors and printing ink. Moly also is used as a catalyzer in the process by which oil is hydrogenated, in the chemical bases of many other preparations, and in the ceramic industry.

The Pioneers of Climax

This huge enterprise at Climax was built from scratch, and it took a lot of scratching. A forest ranger first sent ore out to be identified, and Hugh Leal, a Kansas banker, financed claims which covered part of the deposits. After hanging on until about the beginning of the first World War, Leal sold his claims to a syndicate headed by Max Schott of New York, which raised capital during that war. A 250-ton mill was built and some moly produced and then, through long years after the war, money, brains and endless toil were plowed into research and into attempts to sell the element, which found few sales outlets.

The mine was closed in 1919, reopened in September, 1924, and has been worked continuously since, growing by stages to its present huge size as the world demanded more moly.

Today, Climax Molybdenum Co.'s closely held stock is valued, at market prices, at between $75,000,000 and $80,000,000. But try to buy it for that! It has made many men wealthy and given many more a life competence. But every one of those men can point to grayed hairs and lined faces from their long years of pioneering toil.

Aside from the huge size and the formidable efficiency of the plant, what strikes the layman is that, working in the deadly, dusty silicate rock, there is virtually no dust.

There is a reason. Climax has spent more than $500,000 for ventilation and dust control. Wherever dust is made, there are fine water sprays to dampen and lay it.

At that elevation, a sure water supply is the most needed and the most expensive requisite for a plant and community so large. The mine produces a stream of water that is purified for domestic use, and there is an artificial lake, gathered from the mountains, lying 600 feet below the mine. Water from this and from a supplementary lake in the midst of the desert of tailings is endlessly pumped into the mill and the crusher.

Climax has about 4,000 acres, and the entire community is company-owned. The company is insured in Colorado's state compensation fund, and its rate has gone steadily down, reflecting the decrease in reportable accidents from about 166 per million man-hours worked, in 1931, to an almost-miraculous 14.76 in 1940. Its Colorado pay roll alone now runs more than $200,000 a month, and it pays two thirds of the taxes in its home county.

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 64

Seated in a corner was a man in spotless white, reading a newspaper. Winslow could not see his face but he remembered the hands and he remembered the Panama hat which was hanging on a hook near the table. It was Señor Lopez, who had been watching him over the top of the newspaper. Winslow turned back to the dice players.

"There's a man in the corner behind me," he said, "reading a newspaper. Do either of you know him?"

The sound of the dice stopped.

"I've never seen him before," the airlines manager said. "Have you ever seen him, Jim?"

The other shook his head. "No," he answered. "He looks like a planter—one of those hacienda owners who come in once a year for a good time. Look at his hat."

"That's funny," Winslow answered. "He spoke to me this morning. He said he was from the police."

His mind went back again to Henrietta Simpson. He was trying to recall the exact inflection of her voice. She had told him she was glad she had come. That ordinary remark still seemed to him surprising, but that evening surprised him even more; he was sure that he would never forget that evening.

JUST as the sun was going down he stood with Henrietta Simpson in the center of the large plaza, watching the daylight fade. The rain clouds which gathered above them had turned to a smoky rose color not unlike the façade of the cathedral that stood on one side of the square. The three other sides were bounded by sidewalk cafés and by restaurants where Santa Rosans were beginning to gather to watch the ending of the day. A street singer was playing a guitar and singing a gay endless song of some ancient love affair.

"It gets dark quickly, doesn't it?" Henrietta said to Winslow.

"Yes," he answered. "It always does near the Equator."

He could not understand why his answer made her laugh.

"I knew you would say that. I never thought that anyone so literal-minded could be so kind."

"I've only been selfish," he said. "It's been a pleasure."

For some reason, that answer of his seemed to amuse her too. It was growing darker and he could see her looking up at him through the dusk smiling, and he smiled back. There were a number of things he wanted to say but he felt that he had to know someone for a long time even to dare to say half of what he was thinking.

"You don't talk much, do you?" she asked.

Winslow blushed. He was glad it was too dark for her to see him clearly. "I was thinking that I've known you quite a long time," he said. "It's queer that it's only been today."

She paused a moment, and there was a new note in her voice: "Yes—I know."

That was all she said, but her voice was a little sad. He pointed to a row of lights at the far end of the plaza.

"The Seville Restaurant is over there," he said. "It's early but we might as well have dinner."

He thought later that it was an awkward thing to say, yet if he had stood there any longer he would have said something that would have made him entirely ridiculous.

The Seville Restaurant was brightly lighted and open to the street. He would not have gone there ordinarily because it was too bright and garish, but it fitted his mood that night. It was a place that did its best to be sophisticated and continental. It had a counter heaped with cakes and pastries. There were glass cases filled with assorted liquors. There were clean white cloths on the tables surrounding a dance floor and in one corner was an American importation—a juke box, glowing with rainbow-colored lights and blaring out dance music.

He was careful to give her simple food and he ordered a bottle of Chilean wine. He was pleased when she asked him questions. He had never realized that anyone like Henrietta Simpson could be interested in anything that he did.

"Tell me about where you're going," she asked.

He told her he was going by plane to a landing field near a town with an Indian name. Then he would go by motor and then by mule to the base camp which would be reasonably comfortable in spite of its remoteness. There was a short-wave radio which communicated every night with the mine at Boca Grande. From the base camp he was going alone to a stream which the Indians had said contained large deposits of gold-bearing gravel. He could not tell how long it would take him to travel from the base camp to that stream. He would have good hunters with him, so that it would be possible to live off the country. There were fish and wild pigs and monkeys, and an animal called a kinkajou, that was something like a raccoon at home.

"It sounds better than Boca Grande," she said.

"It's better if you're used to it," he told her.

Then she leaned toward him across the table. "I don't suppose you'd take someone else along? I mean it. I'd like to go."

What surprised him was that she really meant it.

"That would give them something to talk about up at the mine," he said.

"Would that bother you?" she asked. "You needn't worry about the money. I can pay my way."

Then she must have realized it was impossible because she shook her head quickly before he had time to answer her.

"It isn't so bad at Boca Grande. You'll get used to it," he said.

"Why don't you like it there?" She looked at him curiously, waiting for his answer.

NEARLY all the tables were filled by then and the music from the juke box was still louder.

"I guess because I'm shy," he said. "I'm no good at dancing or at talking. It's pretty social there."

"Out where you're going," she had to raise her voice against the juke box, "is it dangerous?"

"None of this country is dangerous if you're used to it."

Then he saw that she was not watching him any longer. When he turned to follow the direction of her glance he felt a spasm of disappointment, almost of resentment. Milton Bird was walking toward their table followed by two men Winslow had never seen before. One of them was short and stoutish with close-cropped gray hair. The other was thin and sallow with very deep-set dark eyes. Winslow pushed back his chair and stood up. Milton was not looking at him. He was looking at Miss Simpson.

"This is Mr. Bird," Winslow introduced the newcomer. "He'll take you

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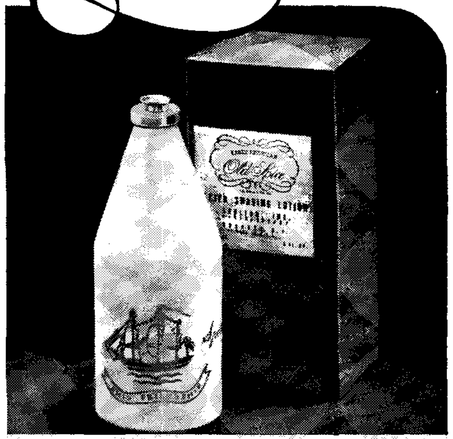

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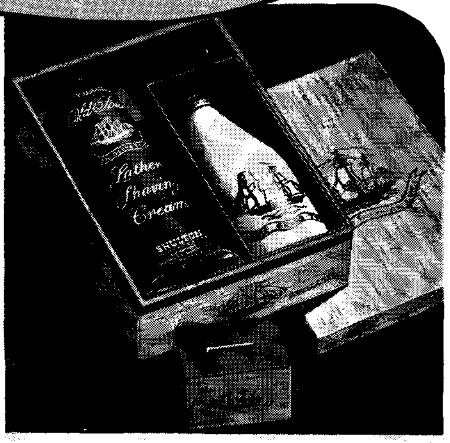

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Bostonians

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to the mine on the river boat tomorrow."

"Well, well," Milton said to the girl. "I thought you'd be forty, wearing glasses. Say, there must be a mistake somewhere. Why didn't you call for me sooner? You and I are going to have a swell time at Boca Grande."

It occurred to Winslow that Milton held her hand a good deal longer than was necessary. There was something flattering in his admiration, something in his elaborateness which women always liked. Winslow had never felt as he did just then. It was a hot sensation of jealousy combined with a sort of panic, for he saw at once that Milton Bird was impressed by her.

"I suppose he's been telling you to keep out of the sun," Milton said, "and not to drink the water. Well, don't you let Winslow worry you. I'm looking after you now. What are we all having? What about champagne?"

Then the sallow man coughed, a short, delicate little cough. "Do not forget your friends, if you please," he said.

"Why, boys," Milton turned to them cheerfully, "do you blame me, boys? This is Mr. Gruber and this is Mr. Martinez. And now excuse me, please. I know what the lady wants. She wants to dance. Come on, Señorita. Why didn't I know you ten years ago?"

MILTON BIRD was always a part of the music when he danced. Winslow could see them weaving in and out among the other couples. As he watched them, he noticed Señor Lopez's hat on a rack across the room. He recognized it even from that distance because the crown was too high for the current style, and the breadth of the brim gave it an unusual proportion, but as his glance searched the tables he could not find Señor Lopez. He could almost imagine that Señor Lopez had made himself invisible, all except his hat. With that thought came another: Señor Lopez had told him that a Mr. Gruber and a Mr. Martinez would speak to him and, sure enough, there they were.

They had arrived casually enough at his table and now there they were, smiling at him. Their presence was the only thing that day which gave Winslow Greene any real uneasiness, for it made him acutely aware that there was something going on which he did not know about. Certainly there was something. Mr. Gruber had folded his thick hands upon the table. Mr. Martinez coughed again and smiled.

"Our friend Mr. Bird forgets us," Mr. Martinez said. "He has a way with the ladies. If I had a wife I think I should keep her locked up from Mr. Bird."

"Yes." Mr. Gruber gave a comfortable chuckle. "Mr. Greene, I am afraid he will take your girl away."

Winslow glanced at the dance floor and again at Señor Lopez's hat.

"But if he does," said Mr. Gruber, "shall we three mind? There are other fish in the sea for a so-handsome man like Mr. Greene. Let us leave and make a night of it, eh?"

"Thanks," Winslow said. "I couldn't do that, really." But he was afraid what they implied was true. Henrietta Simpson would have no use for him now that she had seen Milton Bird.

"It is because I am a German you refuse, I think," Mr. Gruber said. "It is a misfortune these days to be a German. Myself, I hate the Nazi party."

"That is true," Mr. Martinez spoke softly, as though he were disclosing a secret which only Winslow Greene must know. "It is sad for him here because he hates the Nazis."

"Yes," Winslow said, "that must be sad," and Mr. Martinez coughed again.

"How is it at Boca Grande?" Mr. Martinez asked. "I hear the quality of the ore is growing richer, particularly in the vein to the northeast. You see, I have a brother in the timekeeper's office."

"You have?" Winslow frowned. "I don't remember anyone there named Martinez."

"You have an eye for detail," Mr. Martinez said, and he smiled in the most disarming way. "It's a half brother who bears a different name but he tells me so much about the work at Boca Grande —a very loyal man."

Winslow took off his glasses and blinked at Mr. Martinez.

"All those workers," Mr. Martinez went on, "all those tons of material being carried to that mine and so little to show for it in the end—just a few hundred pounds a year of useless metal. How curious it is to reflect upon the futility, if one is philosophically inclined. You cannot eat the gold. You can make nothing of it useful. Have you ever thought of that?"

"Yes," Winslow said. "I have sometimes."

"There it is in little bars," Mr. Martinez went on enthusiastically, "packed in flat wooden cases weighing fifty pounds —you see, my brother has told me. A few cases on muleback, that is all which comes from your mine, Mr. Greene. It takes up very little space in the strong room of the ship on its way to New York."

"Yes," Winslow said, "that's true." His glance strayed from Mr. Martinez. He saw that Henrietta Simpson and Milton Bird were laughing as they danced. The sight made his mouth grow thinner and once again he found himself examining Señor Lopez's hat.

"I suppose," Mr. Martinez said, "you may have brought some downriver today."

"Brought what?" Winslow asked.

Mr. Martinez coughed but his eyes remained fixed on Winslow's face.

"A case or two perhaps for shipment to New York? Or those gold bars? My brother says you ship each month."

"I'm not running the Boca Grande mine," Winslow answered. Señor Martinez stopped smiling. He flashed a glance at Mr. Gruber. "I'm sorry, Mr. Martinez," Winslow added.

"It's my fault," Mr. Martinez said. "I hope you'll excuse me."

Then Mr. Gruber spoke. His words came more slowly than they had before, and so compellingly that Winslow sat up straighter: "My friend, what is it, please, that attracts your attention across the room?"

IN THE pause, Winslow saw that both those strangers were watching him as though they wished to read every line upon his face. He remembered what Señor Lopez had said that morning, that there was something wrong somewhere, but it was all like searching in the dark. Winslow put his glasses on again as he considered what answer to make.

"Frankly, I was looking at a hat," he said.

"A hat?" Mr. Gruber repeated and his voice rose incredulously.

"There, on the rack across the room," Winslow said. "It's one of the handsomest Panamas I've ever seen."

The other two men stared across the room at the hatrack. There was an intensity in both their faces that they could not conceal, a sharpening of their features. For some reason, that hat surprised them both.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Gruber said. "I had not noticed."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Martinez said, "it is a beautiful hat. Excuse me. I must be going now. It was such a pleasure, Mr. Greene. You will both excuse me, I hope. It is getting late." He stood up and held out his hand. Latins were continually shaking hands. "Good night. It has been a pleasure, Mr. Greene."

"Martinez is always busy," Mr. Gruber

said. "But it is so—it's getting late."

Then the music stopped. The couples were leaving the dance floor, and Winslow stood up when Henrietta Simpson and Milton Bird reached the table.

"How about getting out of here and listening to some Spanish music?" Milton asked.

"Not tonight." Henrietta Simpson looked from him to Winslow. Her answer made Winslow feel years younger. "Thanks just as much. We'll dance again some other time, won't we?"

It had been a long time since Winslow had felt so happy. The conviction dawned upon him like a bright effulgent light that Henrietta had perceptions that were far above the average. Winslow's smile grew broader when he saw that Milton Bird had been set back on his heels. Henrietta was smiling, too, even more sweetly. "That is," she added, "if your wife doesn't mind."

FOR a second, Winslow Greene came very close to laughing and now he knew exactly what Milton had been saying. One of Milton's favorite lines and one of his most successful was that of the misunderstood husband. Obviously he had been trying it again out there on the dance floor, telling of a wasted life and lack of sympathy.

"All right," Milton said and he scowled at Winslow. "You're safe with Winslow Greene, in case that worries you. You couldn't be safer with anyone in this hemisphere, but me. This is my last night. I guess I'll be pushing off."

"Remember you're leaving at six tomorrow," Winslow said, "and the captain won't wait."

Milton Bird scowled again but before he could answer, Mr. Gruber spoke.

"I must be going, too," he said. "It's getting late. Which way do you go, Mr. Bird?"

The music from the juke box seemed softer. Henrietta Simpson was smiling at Winslow Greene.

"I'm glad they're gone," she said. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing," Winslow told her. "I was just afraid they might be coming back."

It was not true. He was looking for Señor Lopez's hat, but in that interval of partings, the hat had also disappeared. Everything that might possibly worry him was gone, and only Henrietta Simpson was left.

"Can't you dance at all?" she asked.

"I'd step on your toes," he said. "You wouldn't enjoy it. Not after Milton Bird."

"I'd enjoy it a great deal," she told him, "particularly after Milton Bird."

They started back to the hotel a half hour later. Walking under the arcades past the shops, he told her it was better to get a good night's sleep, since she was going to make an early start, and that he was setting out even earlier. Most of Santa Rosa was sleeping already and most of the lights were out. Doors to the courtyards were closed and barred, and the iron shutters of the shops were down. They walked down a street called the Street of the Opera, though Winslow never knew just why, and then they turned to the Street of the Twentieth of August. Both the street and the sidewalks ahead of them were blankly empty beneath a few dim street lights.

"You'll come back, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh, yes. I—" And then he stopped.

A man had turned from a side street about a block ahead of them, moving in the direction which they were taking, so that his back was turned to them, straight and white—but once again Winslow recognized the hat. There was no use telling Henrietta, because he had other things to say.

"I wouldn't miss coming back for anything," he said, but he was never sure whether he said it or simply thought it, because that was when the shots came from the shadows of a doorway just a block ahead.

He could see the flashes just as he heard the sound, and instinctively he threw his arm around Henrietta's waist and pushed her to the wall of a building and stood in front of her. He had seen such things before, but he had never been so shaken. There were four shots that came almost together. There was a sickening fascination, watching that figure with the Panama. First it halted, then as it was hit again, the impact of the bullets made it whirl sideways. Then it fell and the hat rolled in the gutter. Next there was a thud of footsteps as two dark figures detached themselves from the doorway and ran, and finally the street was full of voices. People seemed to spring up from the ground, running toward the crumpled man who was lying on his face.

Winslow did not realize until then that he was holding Henrietta's hand.

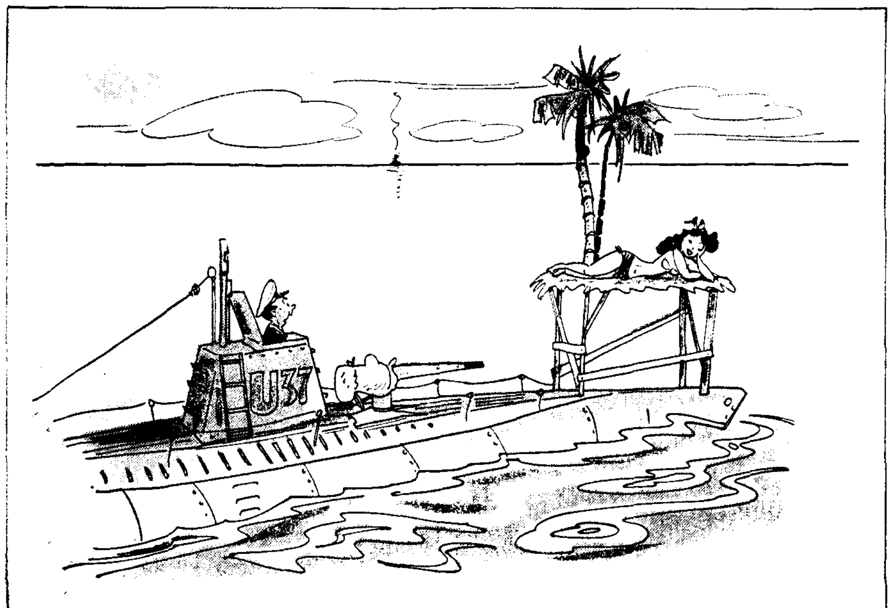
"Come," he said, "let's get out of here." But his heart was beating painfully. He was thinking of how Mr. Martinez had looked when he had seen the hat.

"Did they—" she stopped and caught her breath, "did they kill him?"

"Yes. Please try not to look. We'll be around the corner in a minute."

Then they turned a corner, walking very quickly, and the sight was gone.

"Try not to think of it," he said. "These things happen here. There are



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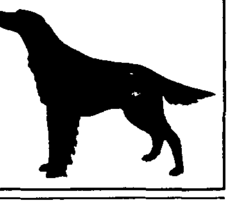

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always riots and revolutions." He felt her fingers tighten over his. "It hasn't anything to do with you or me, but I'm afraid it spoiled your evening."

"No," she said, "don't say that. It was such a nice evening. Do you think—"

"Don't talk about it," he said. "The police will be there now."

If she had not been with him, he would not have minded, for his life in mining camps and his life on the fringes of South American countries had made him inured to violence and to sudden death by accident or otherwise. He had seen a revolution sweep through a small town once, and sometimes he still would awaken with a start because his memories of the street fighting had disturbed his dreams. He had seen drunken men from the hill country fighting with machetes, and he had seen miners hideously mangled by accidents underground. He certainly would not have minded if she had not been there with him.

HE TRIED to talk to her casually about other things, but his voice at first sounded elaborate and unnatural. He explained to her that Captain Garcias would call for her in the morning and he repeated to her all the details of the trip she would make to Boca Grande. He wanted to put that moment from her mind, and he was sure that the best way of doing it was to resort to simple facts. He was glad to see that she was listening, and gradually his own mind dwelt only on her again, for he began to realize that he would not see her for a long while, and that the day they had spent together was almost over, and still the minutes were slipping by.

The lift moved slowly up to the fourth floor. She unlocked the door of her room, and then she turned on the lights. Her wardrobe trunk was packed with the things she would not need. He had gone over most of the details with her that afternoon.

"You're sure your bags are all closed tight?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "You closed them."

"Well," he said, "we checked over everything, didn't we? There'll be mosquito netting on the boat, and your stateroom windows are screened, but I wouldn't keep your lights on too long on the boat tomorrow night, particularly if she sticks on a sandbar. The malarial mosquitoes are thick upriver. Wait a minute. Have you a hot-water bottle with you?"

"What on earth would I need one for?" she asked. "It's hot enough without one, isn't it?"

"You can have mine," he said. "I always travel with one. What are you laughing at?"

"I didn't mean to laugh," she said. "I only did because it's like you. No, keep your hot-water bottle."

"Well," he said, "I guess everything's all ready. The hotel will keep your trunk."

"Yes. I'm all right," she said.

"Well," he said, "I mustn't keep you up any longer." But he still stood there in the center of her room. It was the first time in years that he had felt lonely.

"You'll come back, won't you?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I'll come back. Well, good night."

"Good night." She held out both her hands, and he took them.

"And don't worry about—what we saw," he said. "Those things happen sometimes."

"Of course," she answered. "I'm not thinking about that."

"Well," he said again. "Good night."

He never understood how he could have dared to kiss her, and he was sure that he had never consciously thought of taking such a liberty. It must have happened because the shooting had upset him. He felt a shock of surprise when his lips touched hers, and the next instant he was mortified and felt sure that he had spoiled it all.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to do that. Please excuse me."

He repeated what she said next in his mind for days and for weeks afterward. He hardly knew her. That was the amazing thing about it. It was unbelievable that such a thing could happen in the course of a single day.

"Why, I don't mind," she said. "I've been hoping you would all day. You can do it again if you like, so—so we'll both remember."

That was what she said. There was absolutely no doubt about it—"so we'll both remember." The words still pulsed in his temples when he walked across the hall and unlocked his own room door. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before. She had let him kiss her again, so that they would both remember; it might have meant a great deal or only a little; it might not be serious for her, but it was deadly serious for someone like him. He wondered whether she had realized that.

Thoughts such as these ran through his mind even when he closed his door and switched on his light. He was so bewildered by then that it was a minute before his instinctive sense of order told him that things were not exactly as he had left them. His bedding roll, still on the floor by the foot of his bed, jutted into the room at a slight angle, and he certainly had not left it so. He looked up from it slowly to the top of his bureau where he had left the battered leather case that contained his field notebooks and the engineering reports of the Boca Grande mine. He placed the case exactly in the center of the bureau out of his finicky instinct for order. He found the case closed, but it was not just where it had been left. Winslow moved very quickly and quietly to the door of his clothes closet and jerked it open. The closet was empty except for his travel-stained trench coat.

WHEN he opened the leather case, his notebooks, his papers, were all there, but the Boca Grande report was on top. It just happened that he was literal about such matters, and he recalled distinctly that the Boca Grande report had been at the bottom. There was nothing of any importance in his leather case; it was simply the general idea that disturbed him—that someone had been furtively watching him and that someone had known when his room was empty.

He was sure that if he were to ring for the room boy that either the boy would know nothing, or else he would have been bribed to be quiet.

Señor Lopez had asked him to call his room that night, room 410, and the room would be about twenty paces down the hall.

"I wonder," Winslow whispered to himself, and he knelt and loosened the straps of his bedding roll, and pushed his arm inside.

His .45 revolver was safe in its holster, wrapped in his spare clothing. He put on his raincoat and thrust the revolver into the right side pocket, and opened his room door softly. The corridor outside had that dreamy look peculiar to all hotels in the middle of the night.

The room boy was in his little cubbyhole near the elevator shaft with his head pillowed in his arms on a table in front of him, sound asleep, and above the table, hanging from a nail, was the pass key to the rooms. It was new in Winslow's experience, but it was very simple to take the key from the nail and walk quietly down the hall.

ALAS! A LACK in his meals!

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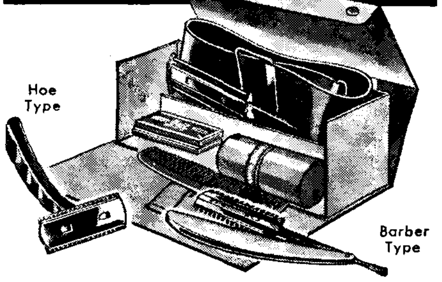

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Someone was inside Señor Lopez's room, for the glass transom above the door was bright with electric light, and when he listened, he could hear the sound of someone stirring. Winslow put his right hand in his coat pocket and turned the pass key noiselessly with his left. The door of 410 opened in an instant. The electric light from the ceiling was burning, and so were the lights by the bed and bureau. A man who had been seated in a chair by the window had dropped a paper-covered novel to the floor and was on his feet. He must have started the instant the key was turned in the lock.

"Wait a minute," Winslow said. "Don't move."

Winslow saw at once what the man wanted. He was reaching toward an automatic pistol which was lying on the foot of the bed, and his hand, with delicate tapering fingers, was just a foot over it when Winslow spoke. In an instant Winslow recognized him. It was Señor Lopez in his shirt sleeves with his blue soft shirt open at the neck. Señor Lopez drew his hand back slowly and his white teeth flashed in a most engaging smile.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "Excuse my instinctive gesture. Good evening, Mr. Greene."

If Señor Lopez expected him to be surprised, he was mistaken, and Winslow did not move his hand from his pocket.

"So they didn't get you," Winslow said. "I thought it wasn't you. I don't want any trouble, but you mind your business, Lopez, and I'll attend to mine."

Señor Lopez was still smiling, and now he laughed.

"Please, Señor Greene," he answered. "If I had wanted trouble, I should have moved much quicker. I stopped at once when I saw it was you, who unlocked my door and did not knock, but you are welcome. Everything I have is yours."

Señor Lopez's words were engagingly bright and merry, but Winslow Greene still watched him.

"About an hour ago they shot someone who wore your hat," he said. "That isn't news to you, is it?"

"Oh, yes." Señor Lopez moved his hands in a disarming gesture of pantomime. He swept an imaginary hat from his head and bowed. "That deadly beautiful sombrero. I left it at the restaurant. Careless of me, wasn't it?"

"Was it?" Winslow asked him.

Señor Lopez sat down and picked up the paper-covered novel he had been reading, and tapped his finger gently on the gaudy-colored cover.

"Señor Greene," he said, "you are nobody's fool, my friend. No, it was not entirely careless of me. I had a little idea that I might be happier if I left without that hat. So many useless fellows were hanging about on the sidewalk by the restaurant. I thought someone might take the hat and that I might observe what happened."

Señor Lopez paused and sighed, and his dark twinkling eyes met Winslow's frankly as though he had explained everything, but Winslow still gazed at him coldly.

"What did you want in my room?" he asked.

"In your room?" Señor Lopez repeated. "My friend! Was your room searched?"

"I guess you know it was," Winslow said. "Why did you want to look at the mine report?"

Señor Lopez raised his dark eyebrows.

"So that is what they wanted." He raised his hands protestingly. "But, my dear friend, you are mistaken. I was not in your room. Believe me, I am a gentleman."

WINSLOW gazed at the lithe delicate figure of Señor Lopez in his shirt sleeves, at his smooth shiny black hair, at his handsome aquiline face.

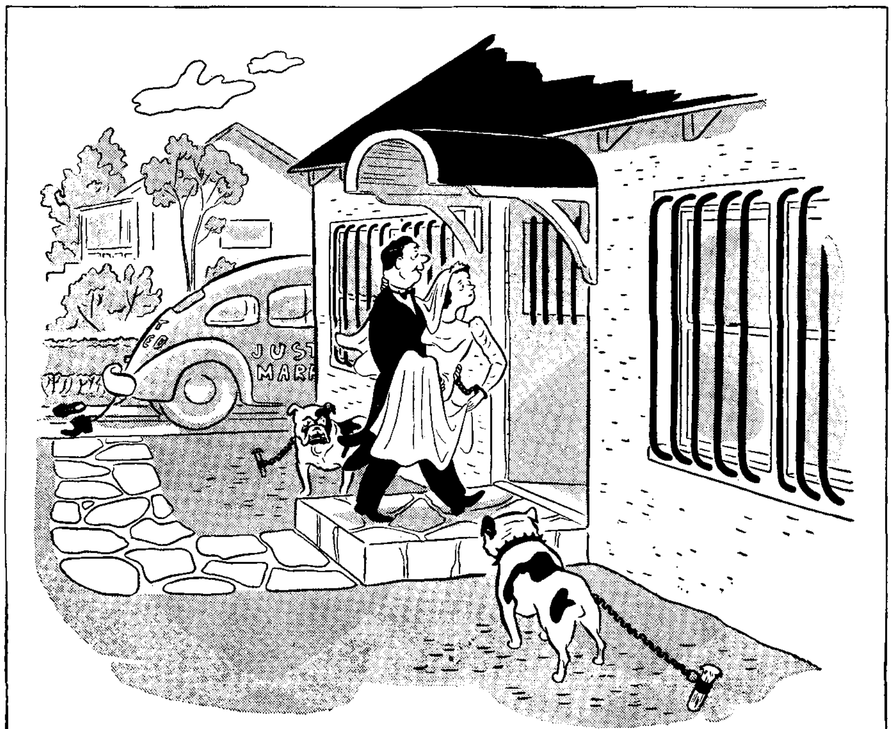
"I don't know what you are," Winslow said slowly, "or who you are. I just want to mind my own business and for you to mind yours. You said this morning you were from the police. I asked about you in the bar this afternoon. My friends said they had never heard of you, and they know a lot about Santa Rosa."

"But, my dear Señor Greene," Señor Lopez shrugged his shoulders eloquently and patiently, "of course they do not know me. I am from the President's own private bureau, and this is a delicate affair that cannot go on any record. I cannot show you my papers because I do not travel with them, but my word of honor—my word of honor as a gentleman—"

But Winslow was not impressed. He had a number of ideas as he stood there gazing thoughtfully at Señor Lopez.

"That would sound better," he said, "if you hadn't offered me that hat yourself this morning. How do you answer that one, Lopez?"

(To be continued next week)



"You're all mine now, darling" DAVID B. HUFFINE

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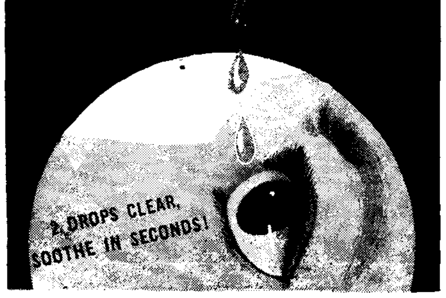
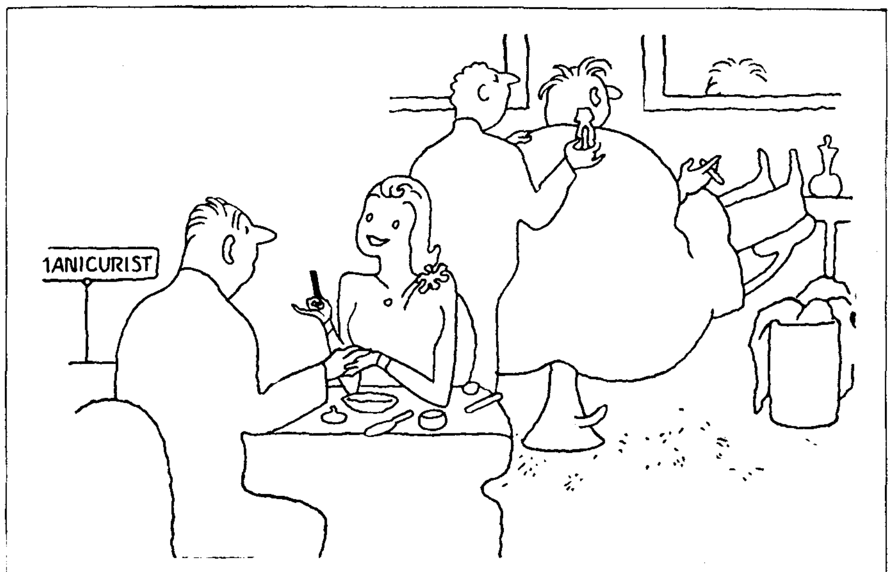




"Kings, tycoons, dopes. They're all the same to me. Not that I've worked on any kings or tycoons yet" GARDNER REA

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 18

FORT SILL, Okla. Whither he was being transferred was a very closely guarded secret, but one soldier here decided he'd try to find out anyway. For three days he made frantic but unproductive inquiries; then, resigned to fate, the frustrated fighter climbed into a truck with his buddies and nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. "MacArthur, here I come," said he. Three minutes later the truck stopped and the driver announced the termination of the transfer. With his cigarette still burning, the soldier hopped out and joined his new organization in the same general area where he got his basic training.

CAMP BLANDING, Fla. It's getting hot again and the boys who have been doing their stints in the heavy sands around this neck of the country have a fellow feeling for the Negro soldier who sat down the other day after a long drill session and remarked: "I sho wish dese shoes had fans in 'em."

AWARE that German subs off the Atlantic Coast comb the air for information about the weather, smart guys at Blanding are wondering if they couldn't befuddle the enemy by broadcasting roll calls from the Quartermaster outfit. In the pay-roll section alone are Snow, Fogg and Haile; furthermore, there's Dew in the Medical Department and Rain at Camp Headquarters.

AS SOON as Congress acted favorably upon the measure to increase Army pay, amateur sleuths at Blanding undertook to find out what the lads intended to do with the extra dough. Consensus was, some of it would go toward War Stamps and larger money orders homeward bound, but mainly the boys who were carrying $2,000 and $3,000 insurance policies planned to jump them to the $10,000 limit. Reminds us of the World War story about the officer who was assigned to address a regiment on the subject of investing in government insurance. He climbed onto a platform and made his spiel and waited for the men to react. The apathy was colossal. The officer cleared his throat and made one more stab. "Do you men think," asked he, "that Uncle Sam would send you into the front-line trenches after he had insured your lives for $10,000?" The rush that followed almost battered down the platform, and when the splinters stopped flying, every man in the outfit had signed up.

CAMP CROFT, S. C. So much has been said about the headaches of buck privates during their training period that officers at this post, where 60,000 rookies a year learn their basic infantry tricks, compared notes the other day and decided they probably have more trials and tribulations than the buck privates. Public Relations Officer Capt. Robert G. Stephens, Jr., presents two briefs in the case for the officers.

1. So many of the new gents in a company of the 39th Training Bn. were having trouble getting their mail a diagram was drawn on a blackboard at a company lecture one morning showing the correct way of addressing an envelope, thus:

Private John Doe
Company B, 39th Training Battalion
Camp Croft, S. C.

In less than a week the company mail clerk was staring at two letters addressed to Private John Doe. He knew there was none in the outfit, but when he yelled the name at mail call one of the soldiers stepped up. "Your name's not Joe Doe," said the mail clerk sourly. The soldier's defense was unquestionable. "I know," he said, "but that's the way you told us to have our letters addressed."

2. Over in the 37th Bn. a gang was being lectured on military etiquette. If a private wanted to speak to the battalion commander it would be necessary for him to first communicate with his company commander, etc, etc. Next day, a rookie stepped into his commanding officer's quarters, saluted smartly and said he'd like to secure a permit. "What kind of permit?" asked the C.O., impatiently ruffling a pile of papers on his desk. "Sir," implored the private, "I'd like permission to speak to my top sergeant."

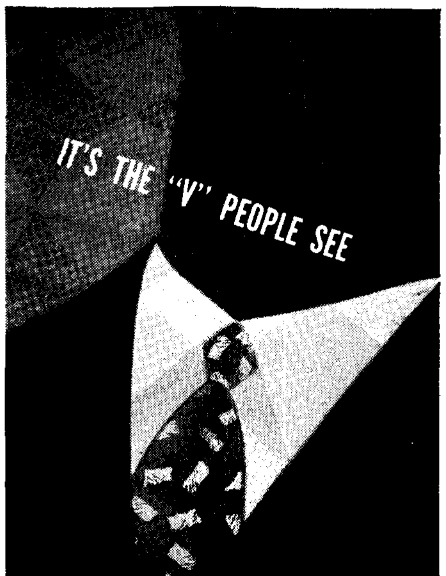
FORT BENNING, Ga. En route to a horse show in Atlanta, one Pvt. Tharpe of Richmond, Ind., and two buddies stopped to ask directions of a colored maid who was sweeping the front porch of a large farm house. The boys swear that after they got the directions the following dialogue took place:

"Who lives here?"

"The kunnel, but he ain't at home."

"Is he an Army colonel?"

"No, suh; indeed no. He is a natchel bawn kunnel."



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COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER

THE Artillerymen's song has been poured into so many microphones of late maybe we'd better say a few words about Fourth Corps Area Commander Maj. Gen. William Bryden, who, besides being an efficient officer, had a hand in the birth of The Caissons Go Rolling Along. When Lieutenant (he was then) Bill Bryden was sent to the Philippines from West Point he toted his guitar along and when evening mess was done and there was no duty the young officers at Fort Stotenberg, just north of Manila, used to gather around and sing to Bill's accompaniment. One of them was Lt. E. L. (Snitz) Gruber—he was a brigadier general when he died a year ago last Memorial Day—who liked to play Bryden's guitar and who worked out original songs, using barbershop chords, for his fellow officers. That was in 1908.

"Snitz," says General Bryden, "worked out the Caissons idea, and we were singing it in the barracks one day when the Colonel wandered in. He liked the tune and asked Gruber to do some more work on it with the bandmaster. As a matter of fact, we all worked on it. We cut out the barbershop chords and gave it a martial swing. But Snitz wrote it originally, had it copyrighted, and deserves all the credit."

Just before the first World War, John Philip Sousa added some dash to the now famous song and made it into a real, swinging march; but General Bryden likes to recall that it was created in the Philippines and he hopes it will be heard again in the Philippines as the caissons go rolling along—over the Nips.

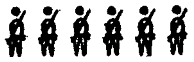
GENERAL

NOW we're going to have Our Fighting Women, seems as though. Until last week applications for enrollment for the Fort Des Moines, Iowa, Officers Training School of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps were being accepted by local Army recruiting stations throughout the country. Candidates must be between 21 and 50, married or unmarried, and with at least a high school education.

The initial cadre of about 450 women will take a 90-day course, at the end of which time general enrollment will begin for an ultimate army of perhaps 150,000 women to replace and release for combat duty enlisted men who are now performing noncombatant service. The W.A.A.C. will be under military discipline, with uniforms and insignia, living quarters, food, and medical and dental treatment provided by the government. Don't write to Washington for further information. The War Department has put the job in the hands of local Army recruiting stations.

MISS PEGGY LAMM of Richmond Heights, Mo., knows how to make socks last longer and thinks soldiers who have to darn their own might like to hear the secret. "Put hose over a mender," Miss Lamm postcards, "and rub paraffin wax on toes, heels and other parts where wear occurs each time socks are laundered. It saves a lot of mending."

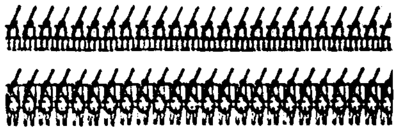
THE new chevrons hatched up some weeks ago for noncom technicians pleased the boys at first. The block letter T under the stripes looked swell. Then the lads at one post began to call the wearers Model-T corporals, etc. Besides, the T at first glance resembles the insignia worn by chaplains. The other day a rookie eased up to a Model-T sergeant and began: "Chaplain, sir, would you be kind enough to—" When he was interrupted by a string of words usually denoted in general publications by a row of dashes, the rookie almost went into what first-aiders know as severe shock.



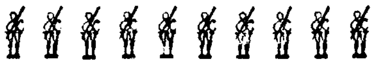
THE above, as you'll recall seeing in this column for May 23d, is a line of soldiers named Herbie, created and christened by Typewriter Doodler Jacquelyn Richardson, of Fort Bragg's office of the Senior Hospital Chaplain.

Without thought of discrediting Miss Richardson's originality and ingenuity, we present two reactions.

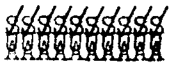
"Herbie," writes Miss Lillian H. Carter, of Columbia, La., "is an old friend of mine. I was introduced to him during the last war by my big sister. However, he was then known as Oscar the Yank. Here are some groups, both side and back views."



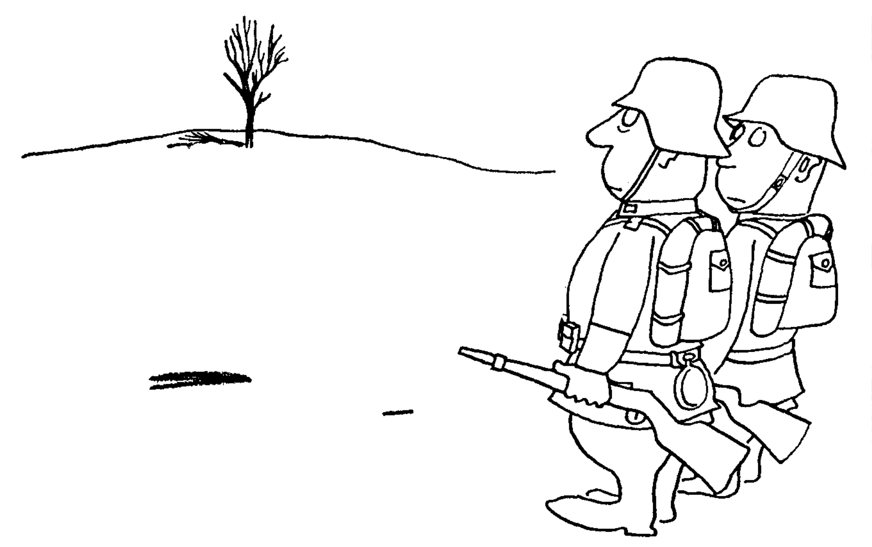
Paul E. Rohrbaugh, York, Pa., shows Herbie at Port Arms, but declines credit for originating it:



And, remaining modestly anonymous, "Another Typist" writes that the letters used by Miss Richardson are very appropriate, being N O W; but submits a line of Herbies made up of the letters U S A:



JUST goes to show an army is made up of all types. G. W.



"Must be a camouflaged gun—it looks too much like a tree"

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;
Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.
Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.

A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The *modern* thing to do.
"Although *you neither rub nor scrub*
Your teeth will 'look like new';
"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."

Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.

Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;
His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
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The *lesson?* POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

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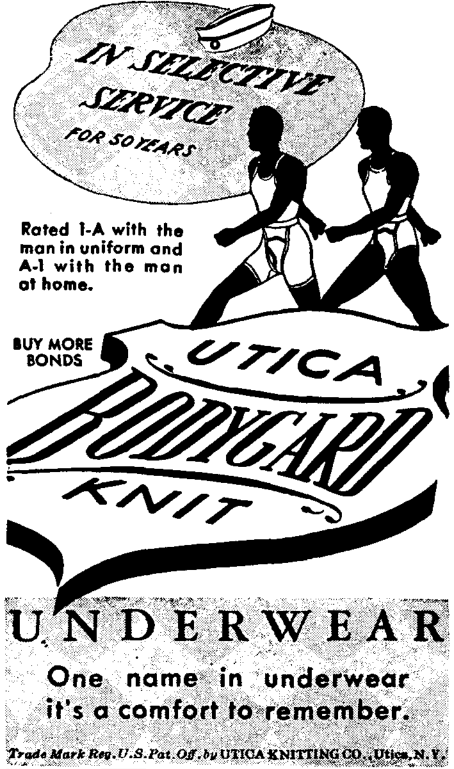

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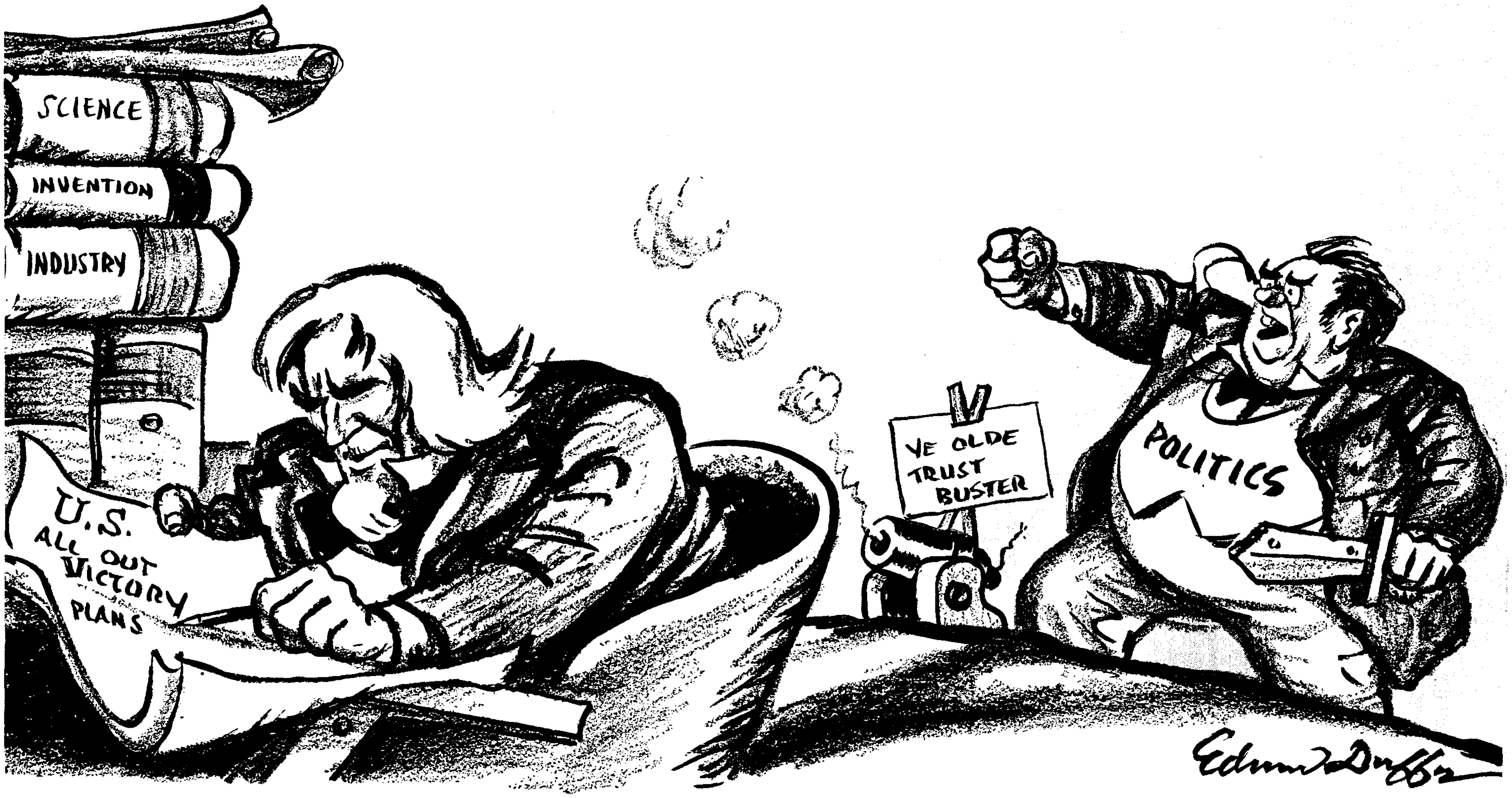


Why Fight Ourselves?

AMERICAN industry has been criticized as a laggard in war. Yet American factories are not only our first line of defense but actually our only line of defense if we are to triumph in this Second World War. Without the matchless organizing skill of industrial managers, without the technical competence of American engineers and scientists, without the zeal, energy and inventiveness of hundreds of thousands of American workers, our soldiers and sailors, our fliers and fighters, would be as helpless as the brave Chinese before the Japanese war machine or the well-drilled Frenchmen against the German blitz.

In peace, large-scale industry made practicable the incomparably high standard of American living. In war, large-scale industry is forging the weapons through which we mean to win the war in behalf of our liberty and our lives.

Thurman Arnold and the trust-busting politicians in Washington know this. They seem, however, to act on the assumption that large American corporations are so immensely productive that it is perfectly safe to continue their baiting campaigns even in the dark and anxious hours of this worst of all wars.

The fact is that the basic principles under which we as a people have developed have been distorted or ignored by Mr. Arnold and the Congressional committees before which he has attacked numerous large corporations that are helping magnificently to forge the weapons requisite for winning this war. Mr. Arnold without ever saying it plainly has implicitly assumed the immorality of patents as giving rise to monopolies.

Of course patents create monopolies. That's their purpose. Section 8, paragraph 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution gives Congress the power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries."

The purpose was to promote the progress of science and so to make it possible for people to live better. The section of the basic law, adopted at the very start of our national life, has been immensely fertile.

American corporations, large and small, make discoveries and seek to patent their inventions. American corporations and American individuals seek to buy the rights to use foreign inventions and to sell the rights to the foreign use of American discoveries.

Why not? No nation and no people do all the thinking and make all the useful discoveries and inventions. It is definitely to our national interest at any time to acquire interests in foreign discoveries. To acquire these interests we have to make contracts. Until war intervenes honorable men and corporations keep their contracts. Governments and not private individuals or corporations have the authority to suspend contracts because of war.

Thurman Arnold knows these things. So do the politicians in the Senate. Yet they do not hesitate to brand as base and even treasonable the sale and purchase of patents between American and German corporations under agreements made long before Congress or any other responsible group anticipated war.

Actually American interests were served through the purchase by an American oil company of German patents covering the manufacture of artificial rubber. American welfare was promoted by the purchase of other German discoveries by other American corporations.

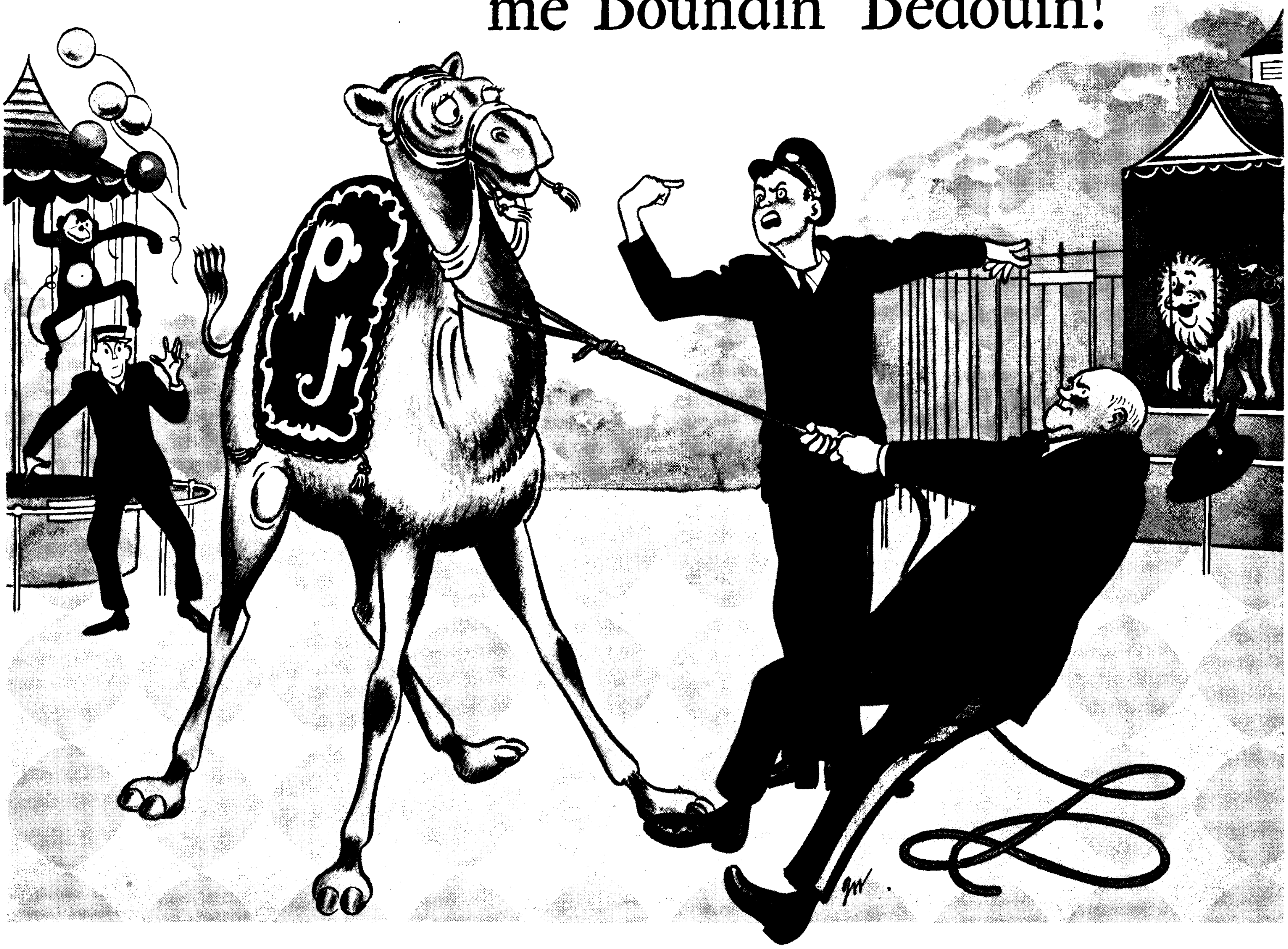
Once we have won this war, we won't have to use discoveries made by Germans or any other people unless we choose so to do. We shall live worse if we don't. We shall have to do without products as useful as aspirin, the sulfa drugs that have saved so many lives, salvarsan, the medicine so potent against syphilis, and many other products.

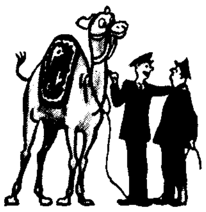
We can do without such things if we choose. We can refrain from exchanging ideas or patents with all other people. But until we decide as a national policy to live for and by ourselves alone, there is neither point nor decency to imputing improper motives to those corporations that buy the right to use foreign inventions in the United States.

Corporations, large and small, are obviously subject to all American laws. Violations can be prosecuted. The politicians who try to build reputations for themselves by continuing the old sport of corporation baiting, reckless of the consequences upon the production of goods required to win this war, are poor and faithless servants of our republic.

For the moment surely we have enough to do to fight the enemy. We don't have to waste our energies by fighting ourselves.

"Back to your corral, me Boundin' Bedouin!"





KEEPER: Now listen, me maunderin' Mohammedan, ye are nothing but an ordinary city zoo camel, an' it's back to yer cage ye go!

CAMEL: But Master, I am *not* one of your zoo camels! I am the *Paul Jones* camel! The living symbol of—

KEEPER: Whoosht! *Wurrooo*, Clancy, we've got hold of a symbol! Put some rivirince in your pullin' there, Clancy me lad, 'tis a symbol ye're draggin' around!

CAMEL: But Sahib, I *am* a symbol! I am the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey! The qual—

KEEPER: So! Ye've befuddled yerself, me Boundin' Bedouin! This *dryness* you talk of has to do with fancy champagne! It has no connection with whiskey at all!

CAMEL: But Master, it *has!* Have you never heard of that magnificently flavored whiskey, *Paul Jones?* Do you not know that it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones—its lack of sweetness—which permits its *full* flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted, for your greater enjoyment?

KEEPER: Me greater enjoyment, ye say, Camel? Shure I'm thinkin' t'would be me greater *amazement* if all this were true!

CAMEL: But Master, it is true! Go to *any* liquor store, and you will find this truly magnificent Paul Jones—at a price so modest that it does not tax the purse!

KEEPER: Wurroo! Clancy, ye gape-faced gossoon, what the blazes are ye pullin' that fine camel for? Can ye not distinctly see that he is an old friend of ours? Belay, Clancy, an' bring him the finest hay in the house!

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